UNFADING TREASURES

A COMPILATION OF

SACRED SONGS AND HYMNS

EDITORS:
W. J. Kirkpatrick,
John R. Sweney AND T. C. O'Kane.

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UNFADING TREASURES:

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A COMPILATION OF

Sacred Songs and Hymns,

ADAPTED FOR USE BY

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,
EPWORTH LEAGUES, ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES,
PASTORS,
EVANGELISTS, CHORISTERS, Etc.

EDITORS:
W. J. KIRKPATRICK, JNO. R. SWENEY,
AND T. C. O'KANE.

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PREFACE.

In the vast field of Sacred Song, to which numerous additions are annually made, of a truth it may be said, "Many are called, but few chosen." While the vast majority of these hymns and tunes either fall flat entirely, or have at the best but a brief existence, yet occasionally there are some which seem to be born with something of immortality in them, and they become what we may appropriately designate as "UNFADING TREASURES."

Many of these have come down to us through the hallowed days of the past, while others, though of more modern origin and inspiration, yet possess the same spirit that "brightened Isaiah's vivid page."

From the former, and the latter, through the kindness of authors, publishers, and other owners of copyrights, the compilers have made this collection of Sacred Songs, which, we trust, will enable all who use it to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

JNO. R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
T. C. O'KANE.

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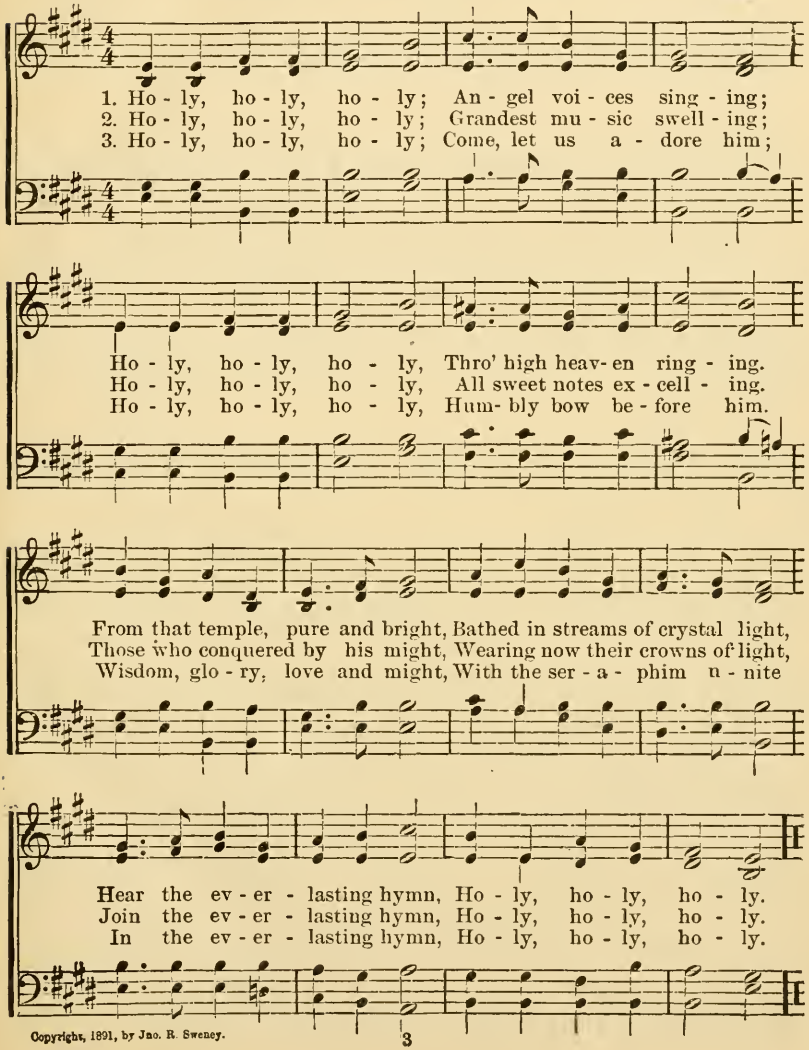
The Everlasting Hymn.

E. E. HEWITT. B. HILLYARD SWENEY.



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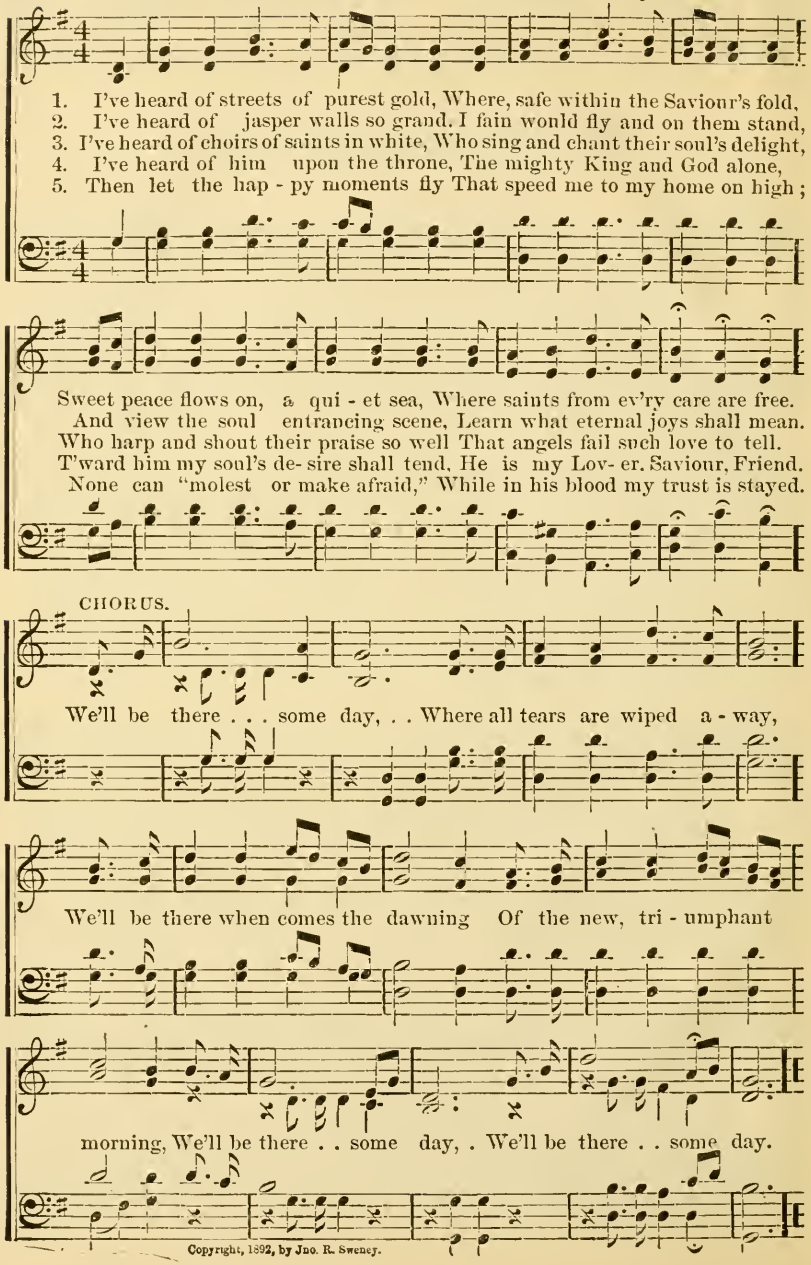
We'll be There Some Day.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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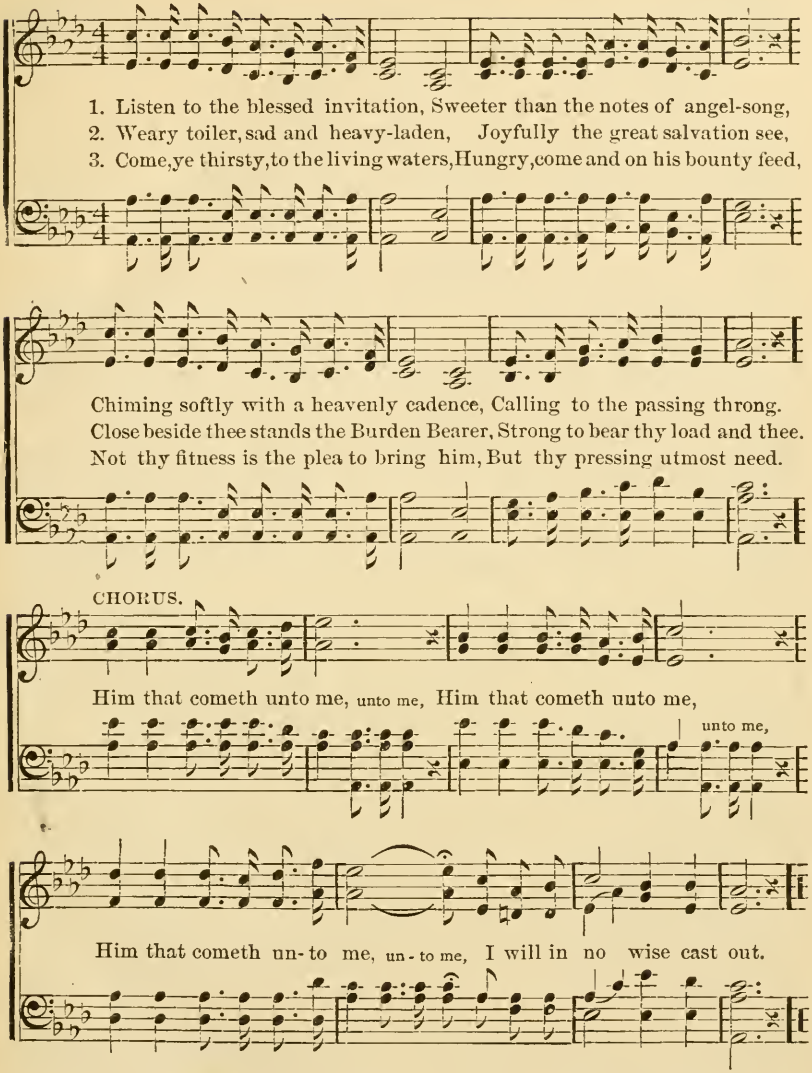
Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. John vi. 37. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful,
Cometh for his healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly [mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

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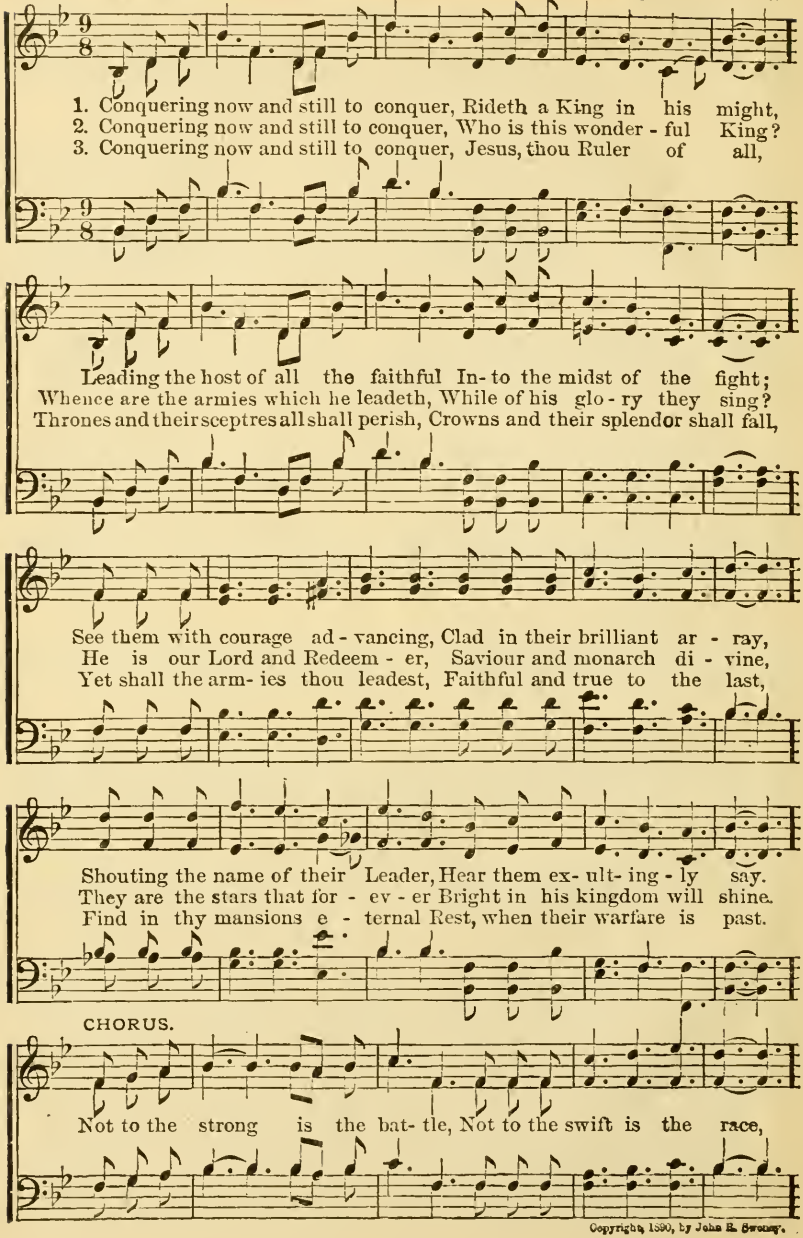
Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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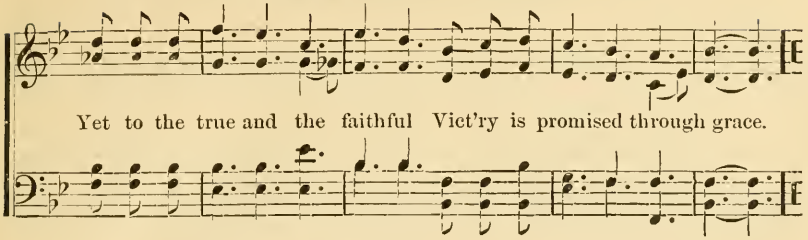
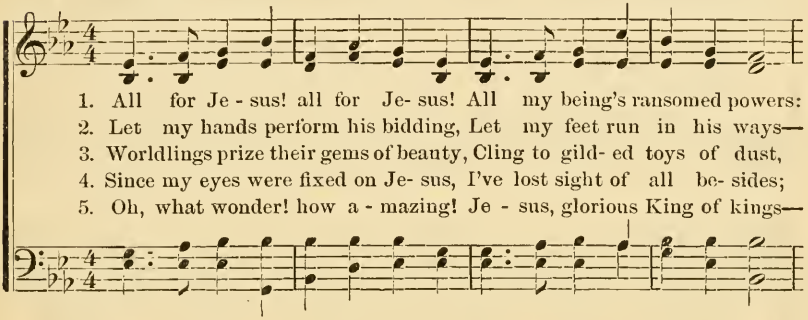
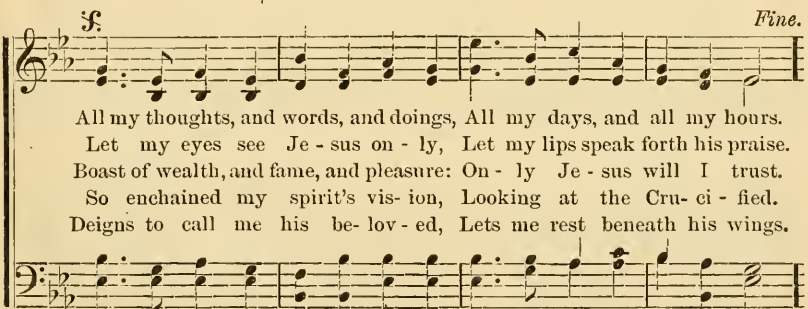
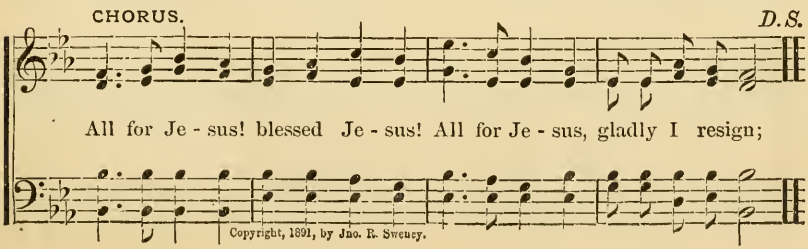


All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.







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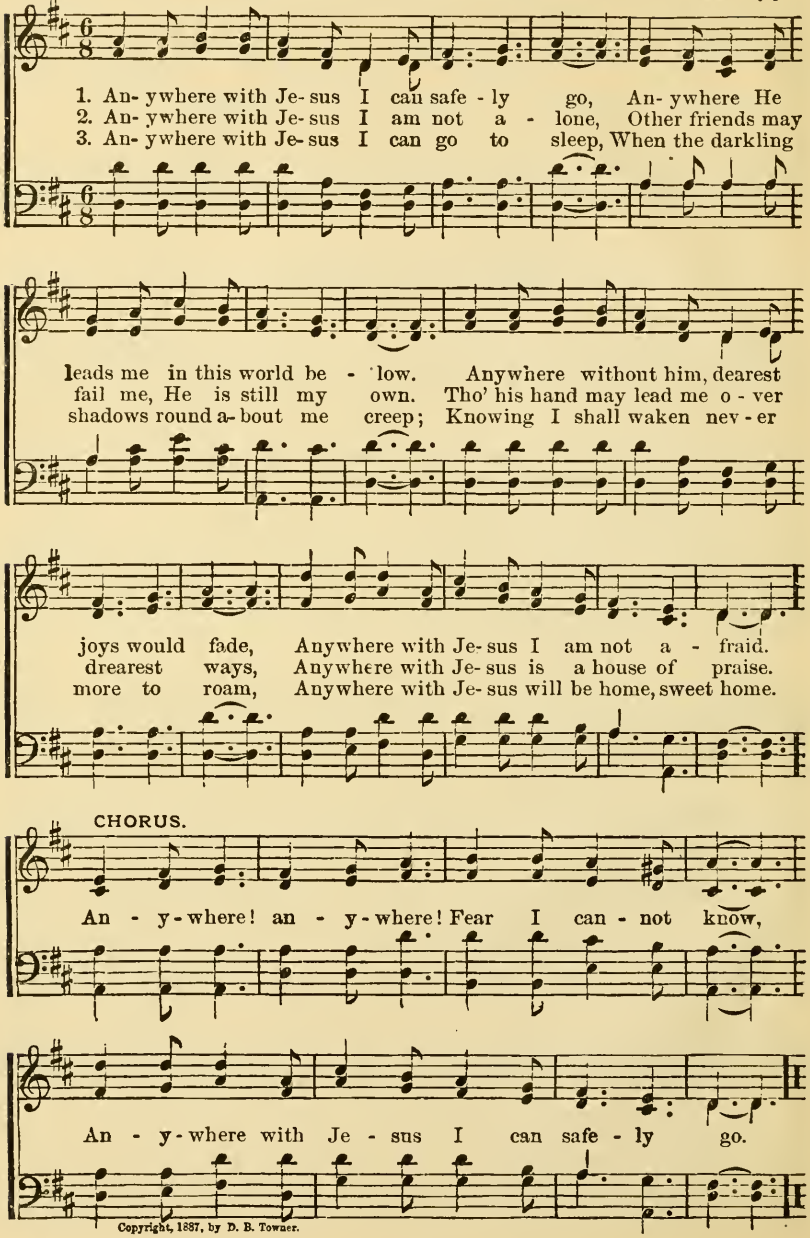
Anywhere With Jesus.

Jessie H. Brown. "I will trust and not be afraid." Isaiah xii. 2. D. B. Towner. By per.



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Glory, He Saves!

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves e - ven me! All my guilt
2. Wand'ring he found me a - far from the fold, Per - ish - ing
3. Safe - ly and sweet - ly he keeps me each day, Gent - ly, so
4. Bless - ed com - pan - ion- ship! cheer- ing 'me so! Sweet - er and

nail - ing to Cal - va- ry's tree; Paid is the debt and my
there in the dark - ness and cold; Half of his good - ness can
gent - ly he leads all the way; An- swers of peace sends he
sweet - er each day shall it grow, Till to be like him I

soul is set free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
nev - er be told, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
down when I pray, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
joy - ful - ly go, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!

CHORUS.

Glo- ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Saves a poor sinner like me;

Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Glory to Je - sus, he saves!

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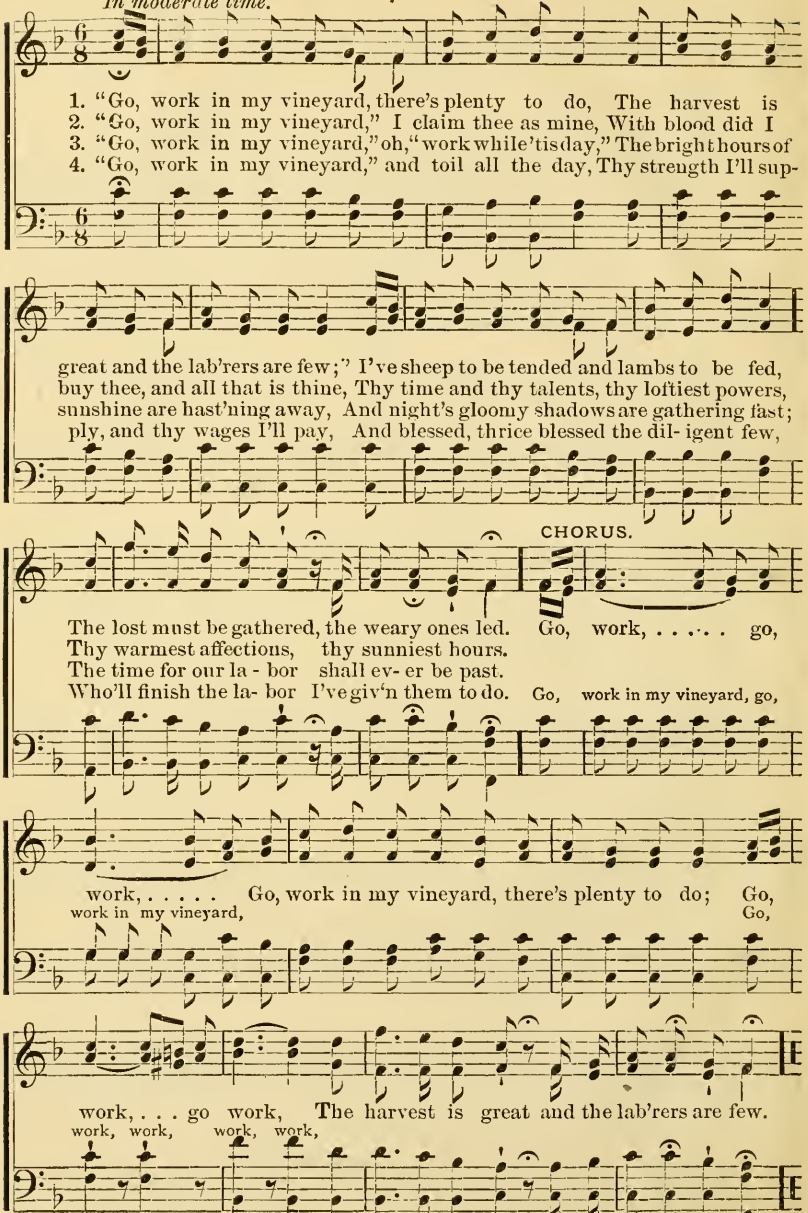
Plenty to Do.

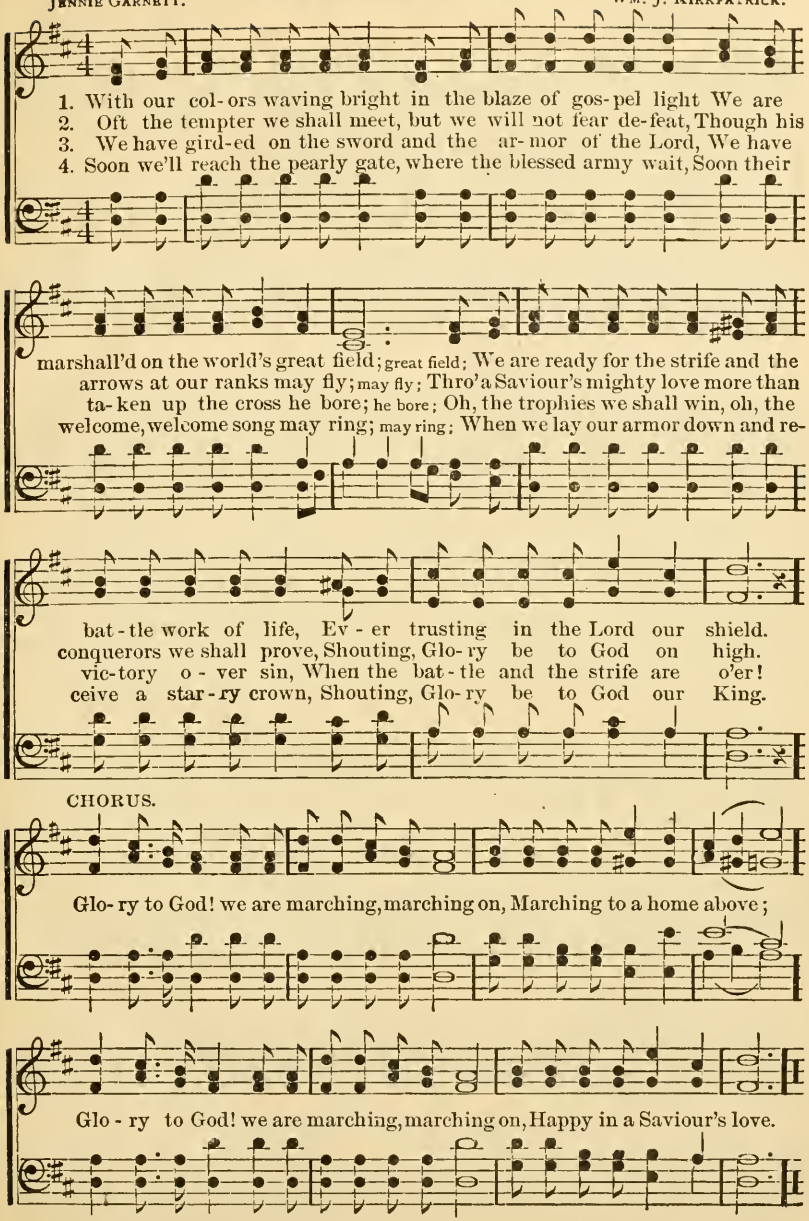
Words from "Wesleyan Juvenile Offering." T. C. O'Kane. By per.

In moderate time.



Marching On.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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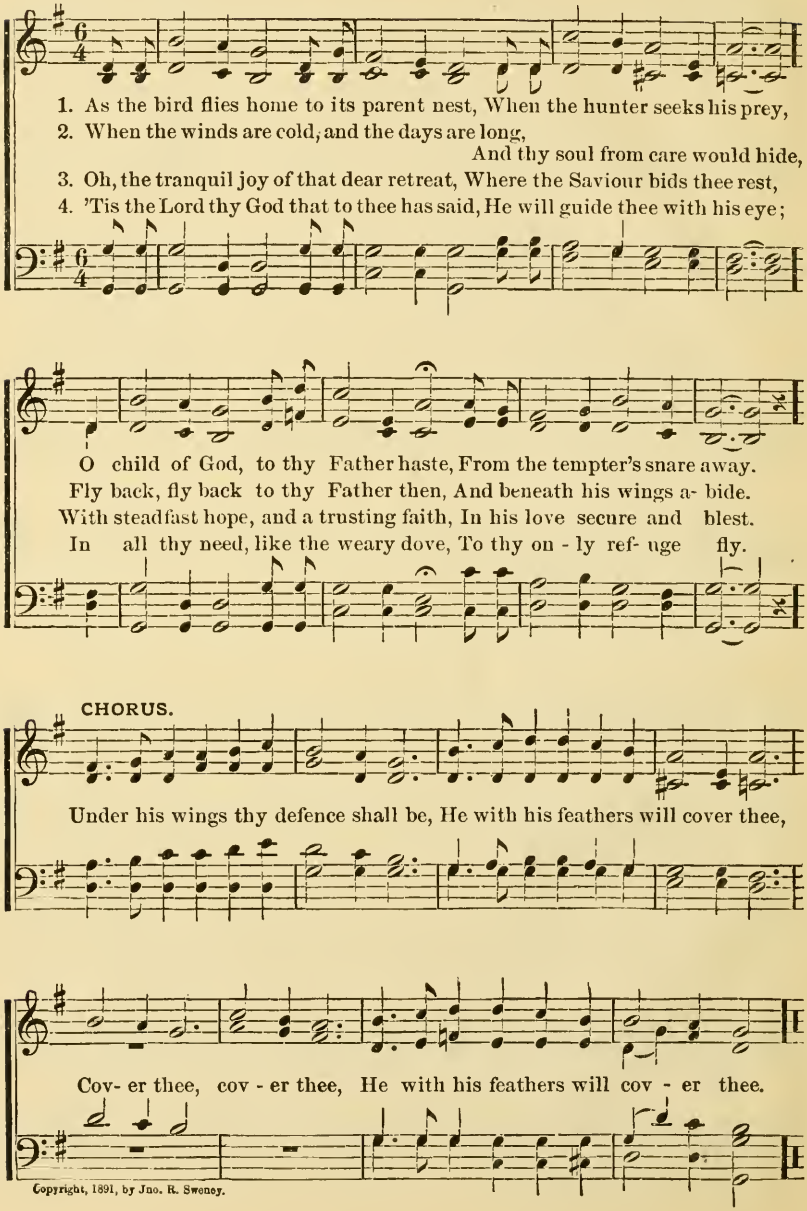
As the Bird Flies Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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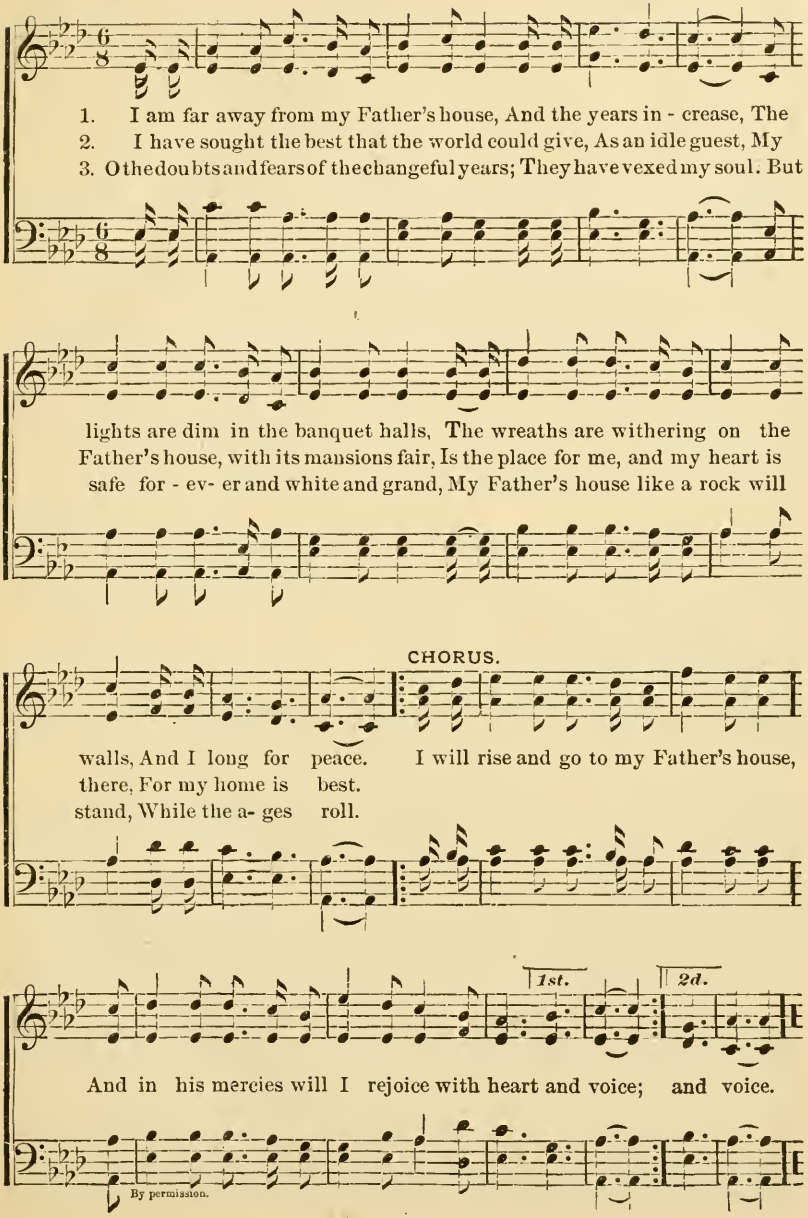
ELLEN M. H. GATES. W. O. PERKINS.



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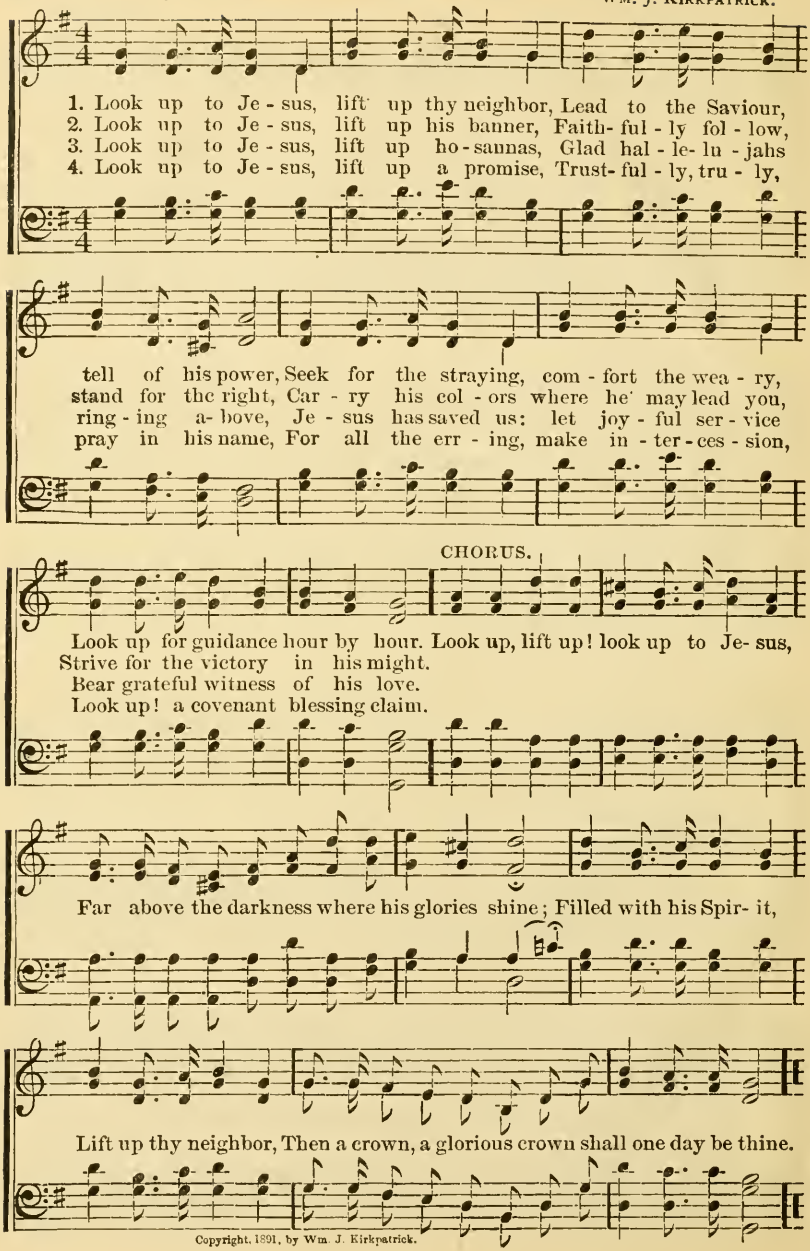
Look Up, Lift Up.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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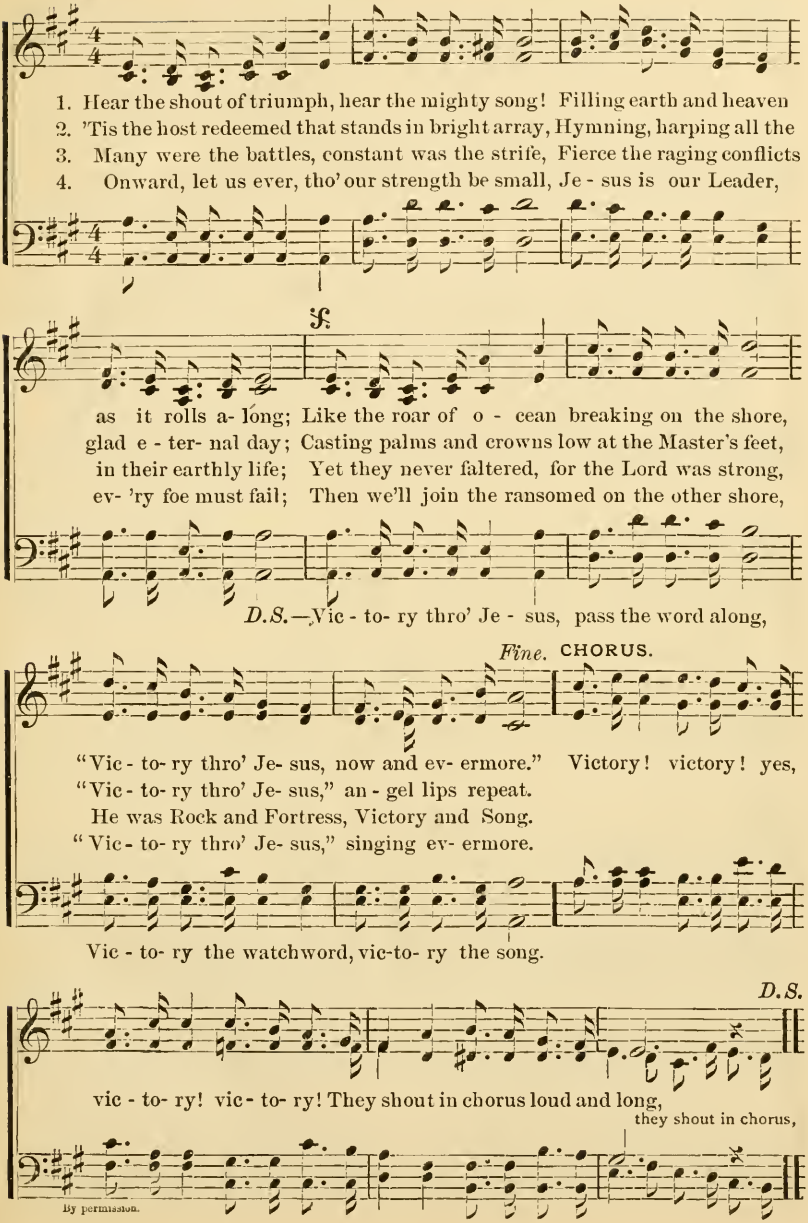
Victory Through Jesus.

E. D. Mund. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv: 5. E. S. Lorenz.



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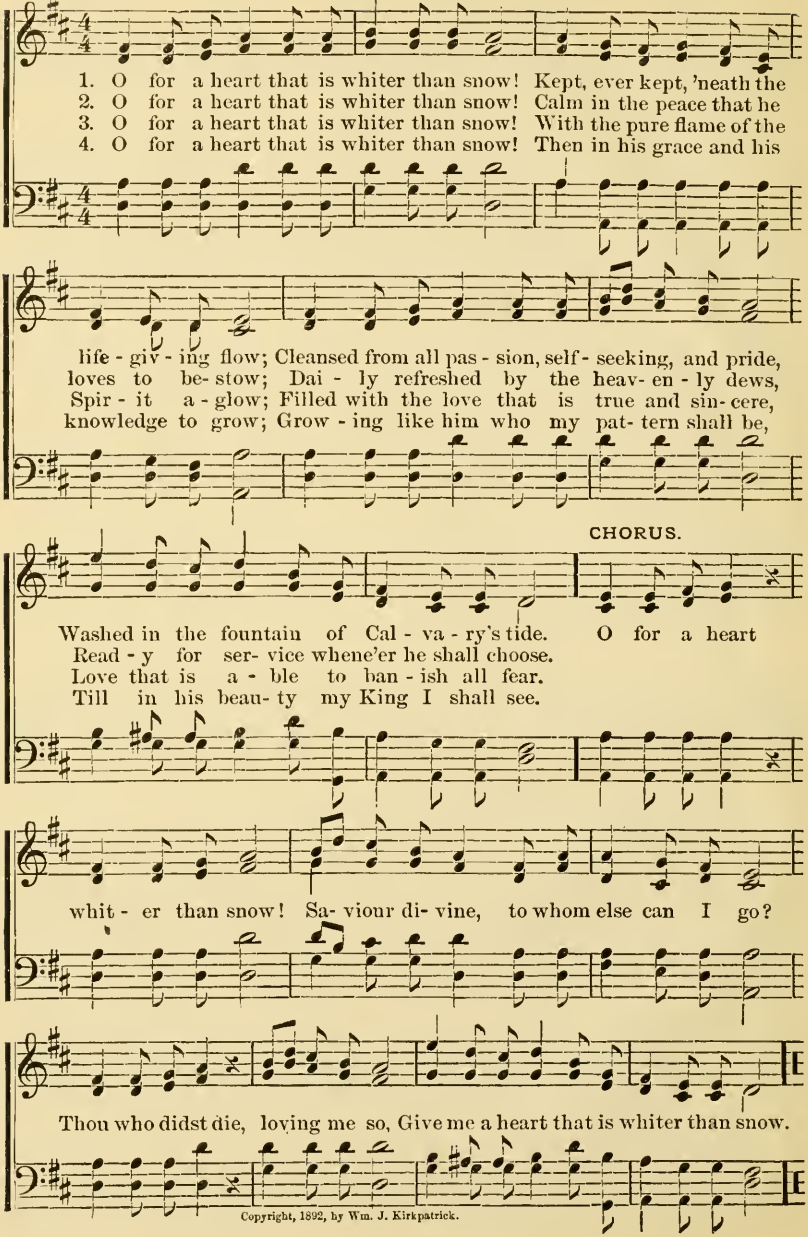
O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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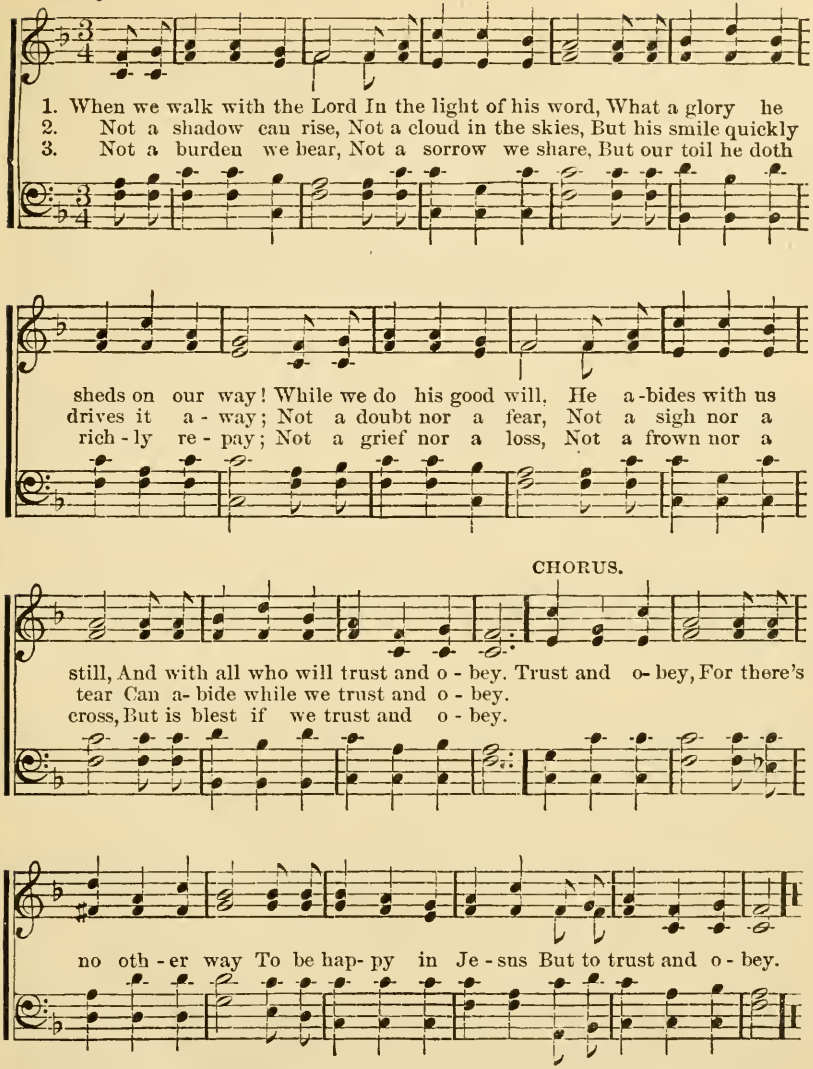
Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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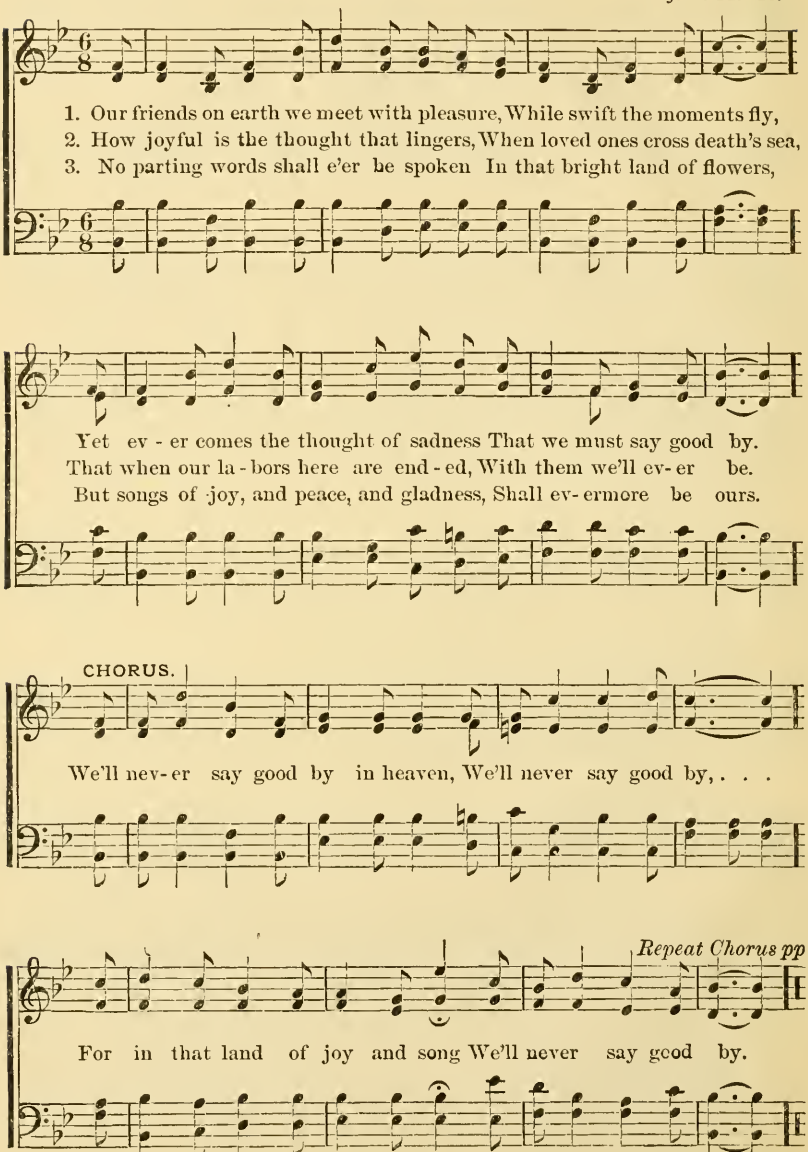
We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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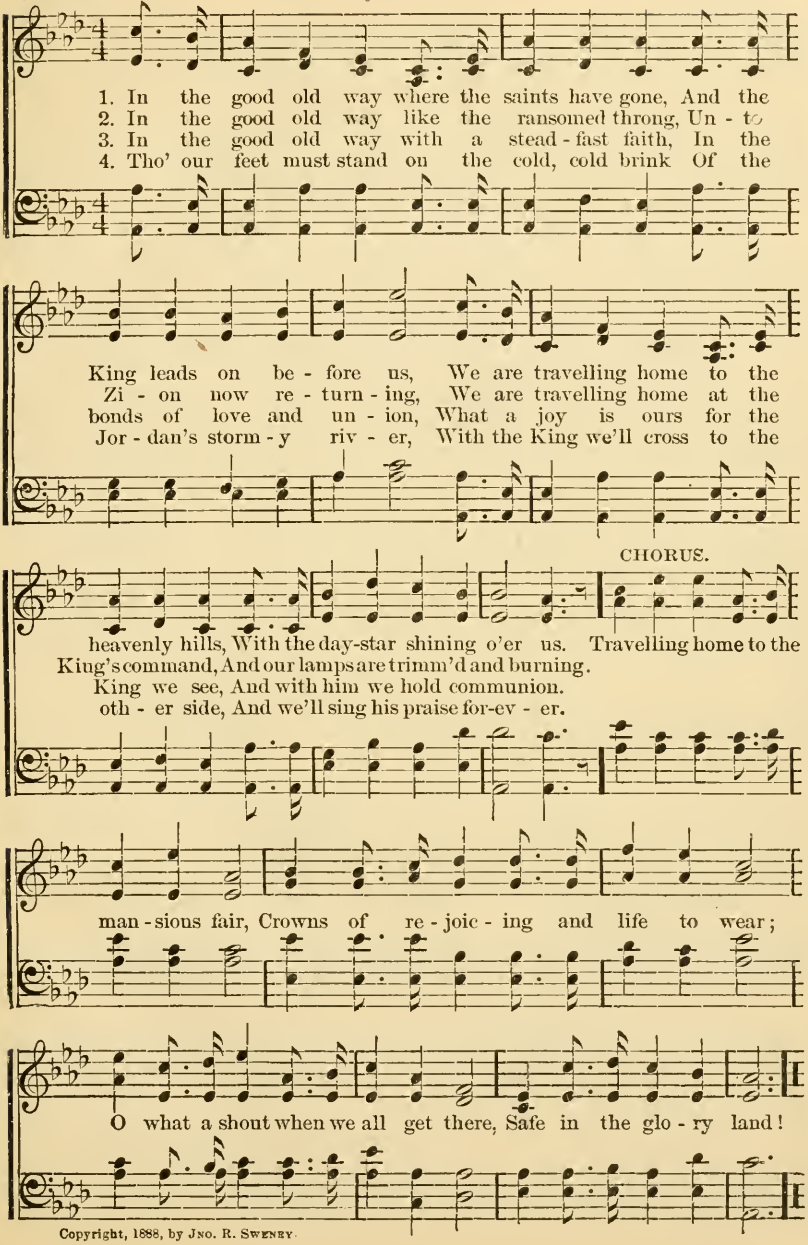
Safe in the Glory Land.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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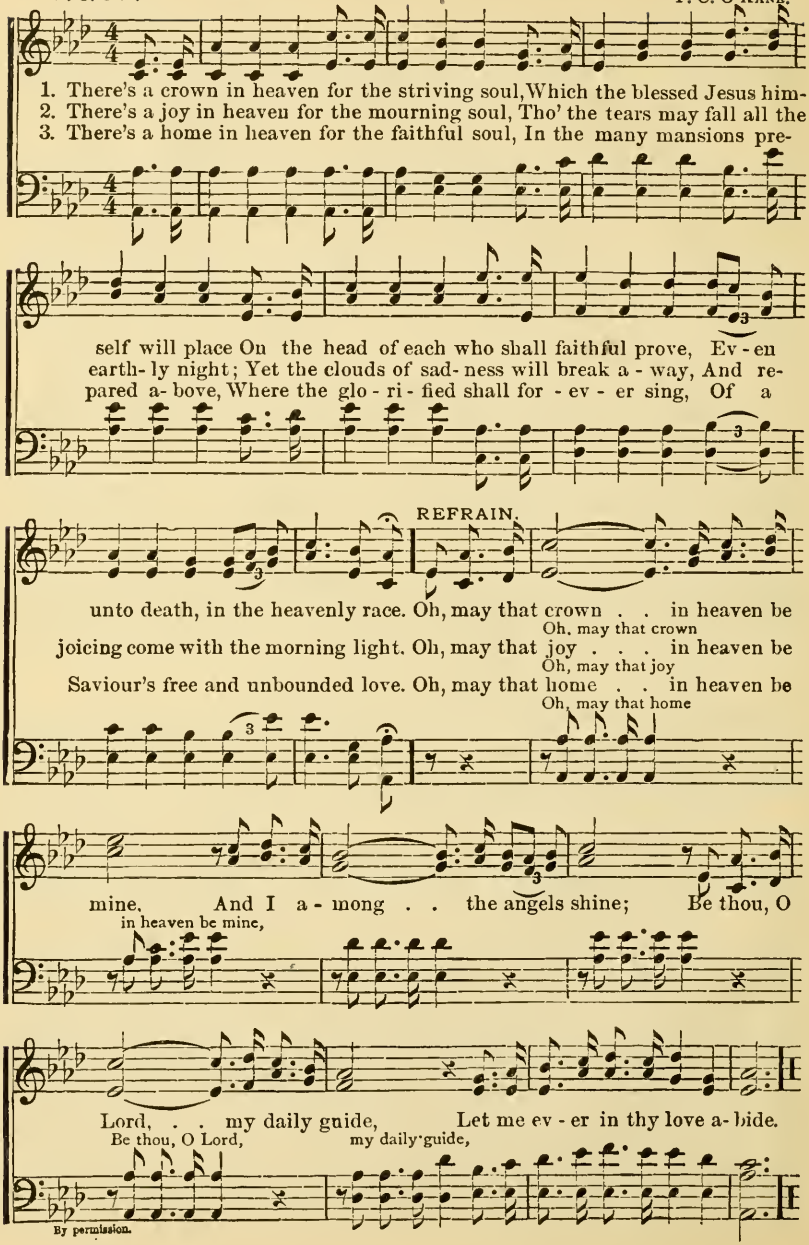
Treasures in Heaven.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.



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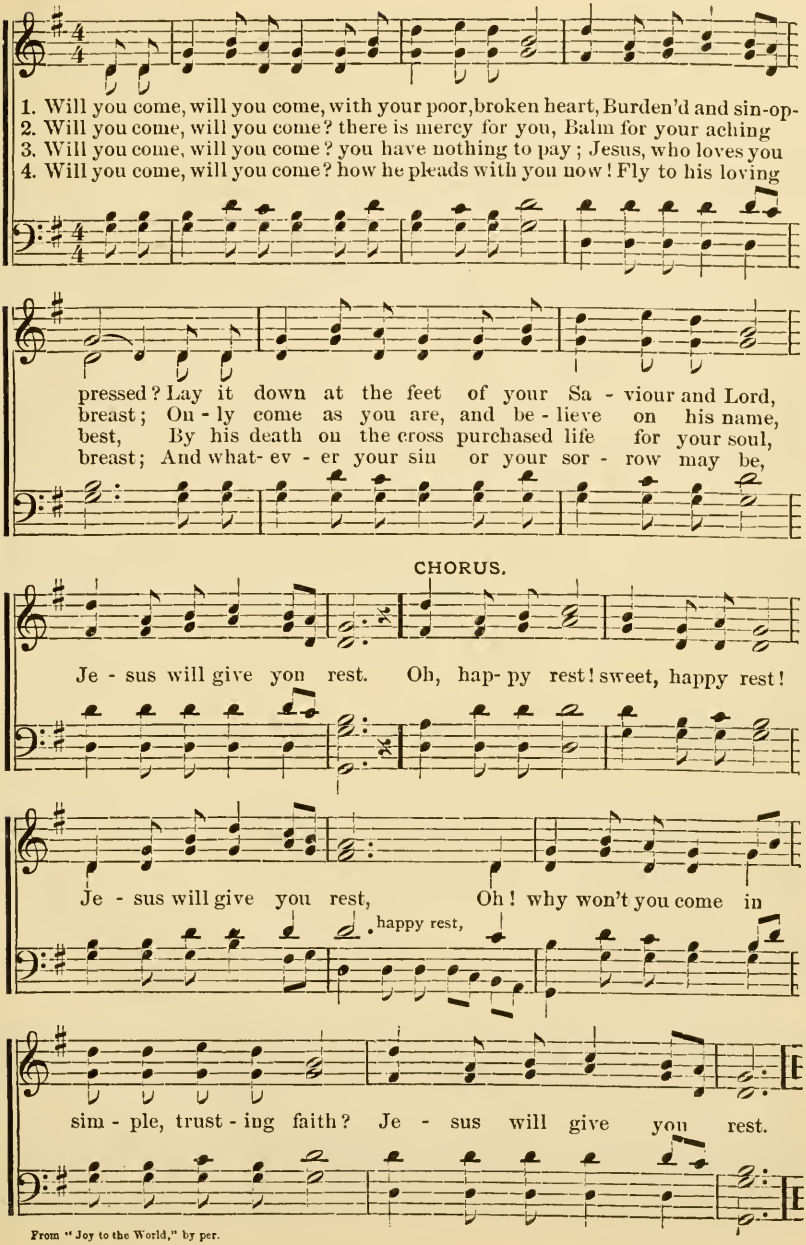
Jesus will Give You Rest. 21

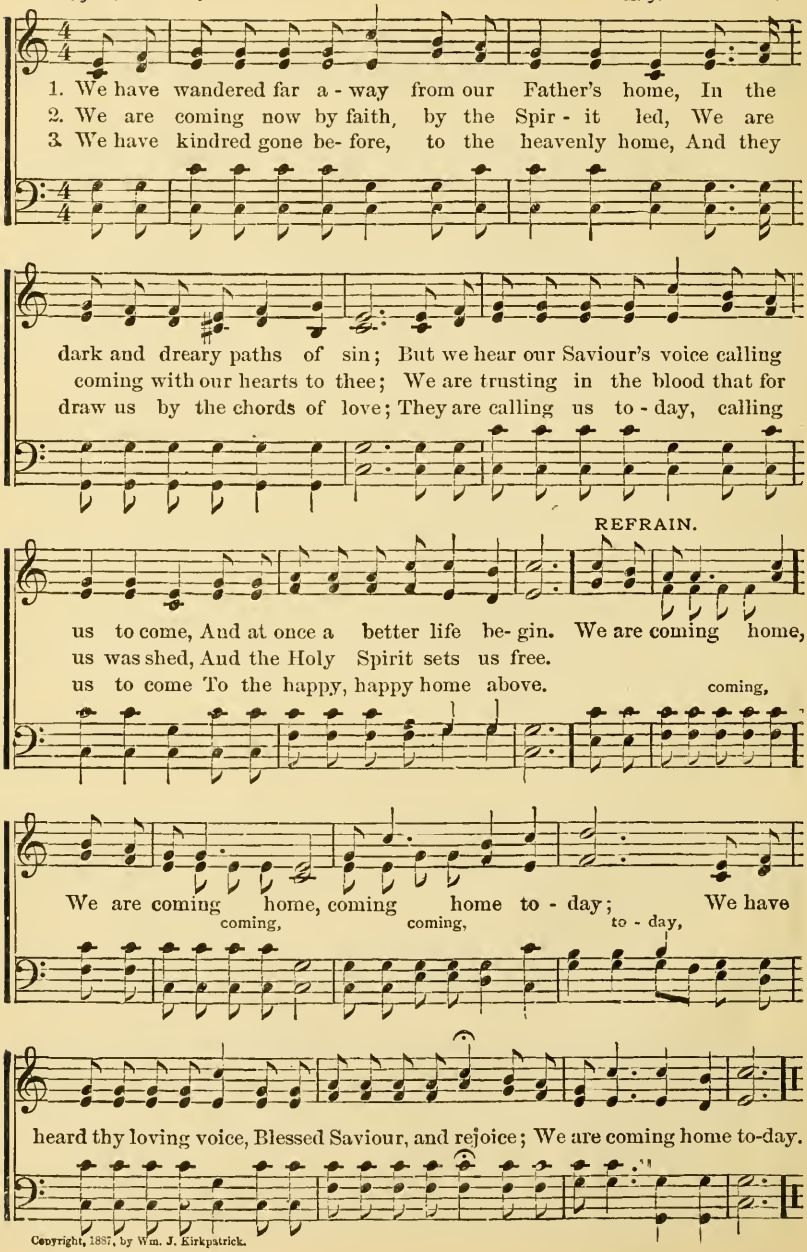
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



From "Joy to the World," by per.

Coming Home.

Rev. J. P. Dimmitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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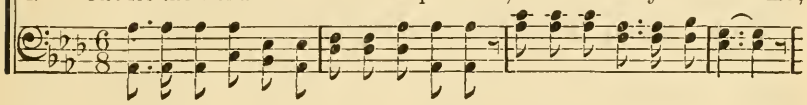
Softly and Tenderly.

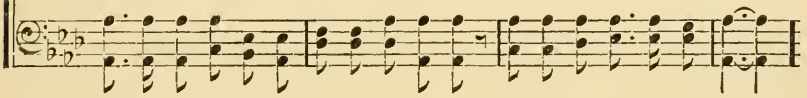
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp *m*

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;



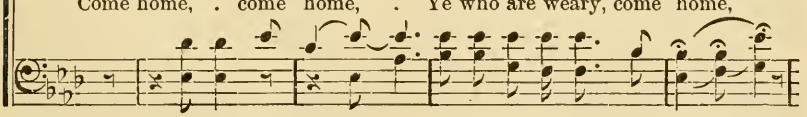
See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he, has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



CHORUS. *cres.*

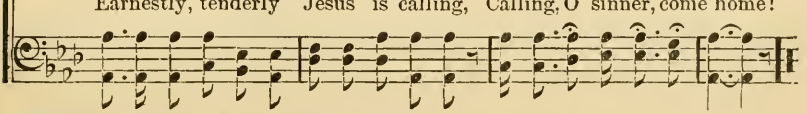
m

Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home,



pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!



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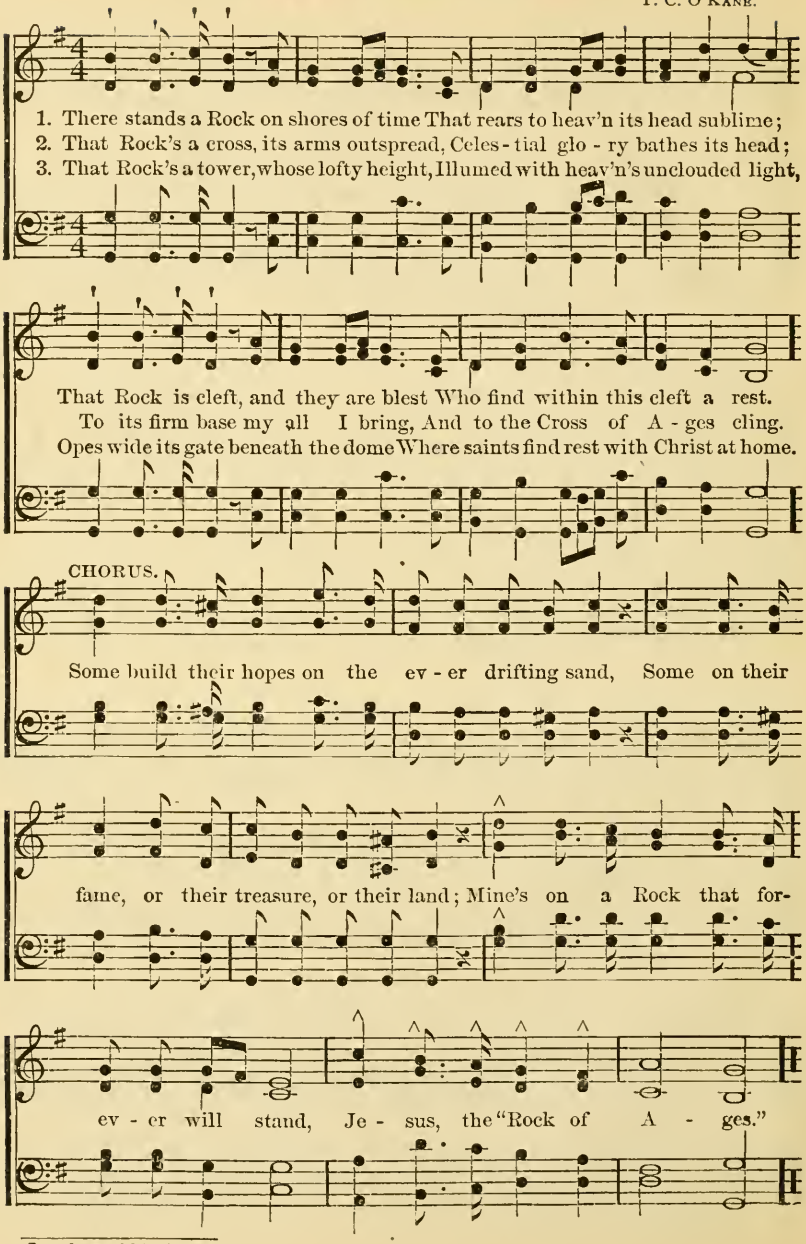
The Sure Foundation.

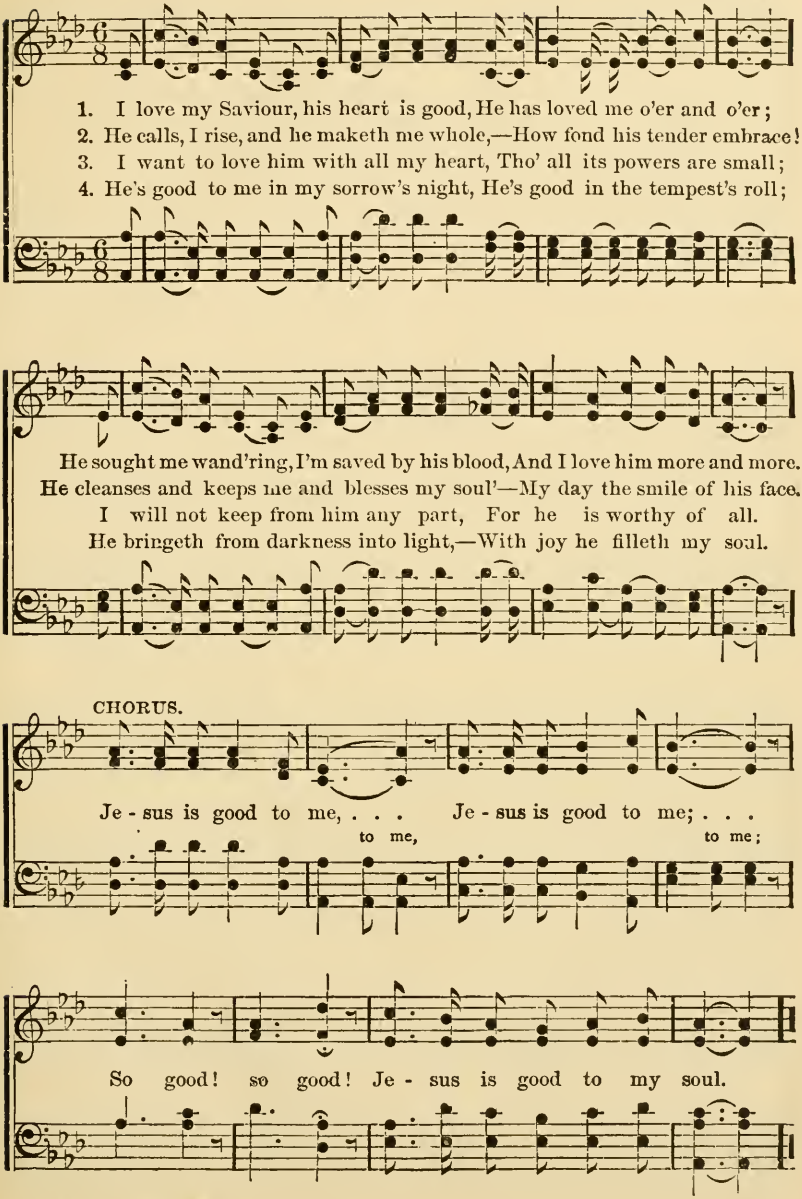
T. C. O'KANE.



From "Jasper and Gold," by per.

Jesus is Good to Me.

Rev. E. H. Stokes. D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.



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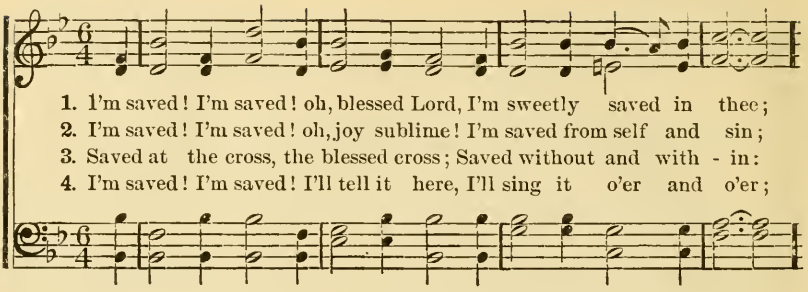
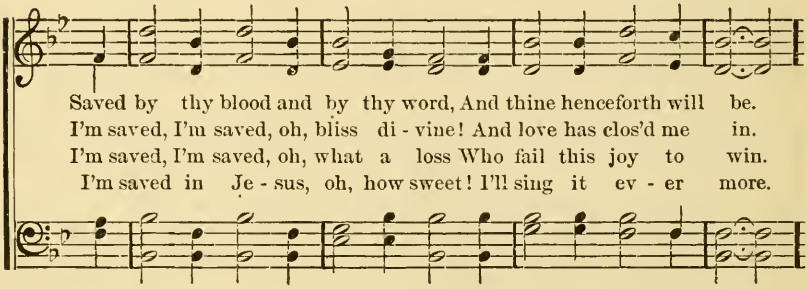
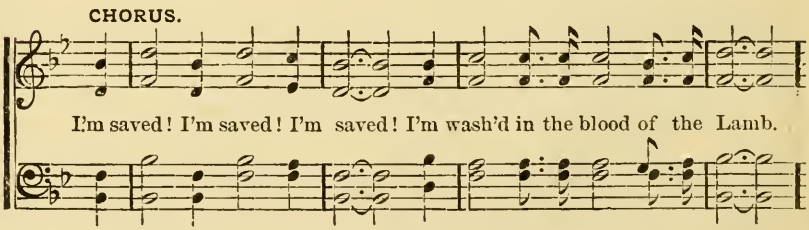
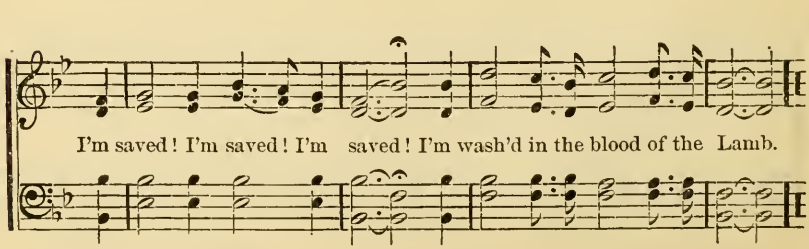
I'm Saved!

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. A. Duncan.









From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M Driver. By per.

1. Wonderful story of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful story of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful story of love: Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful

sto - ry of love: Wake the immor- tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's
sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, oh! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous chorus,

CHORUS.

Wonderful story of love. Won - der - ful! won-
Wonder- ful sto - ry of love: Wonder- ful

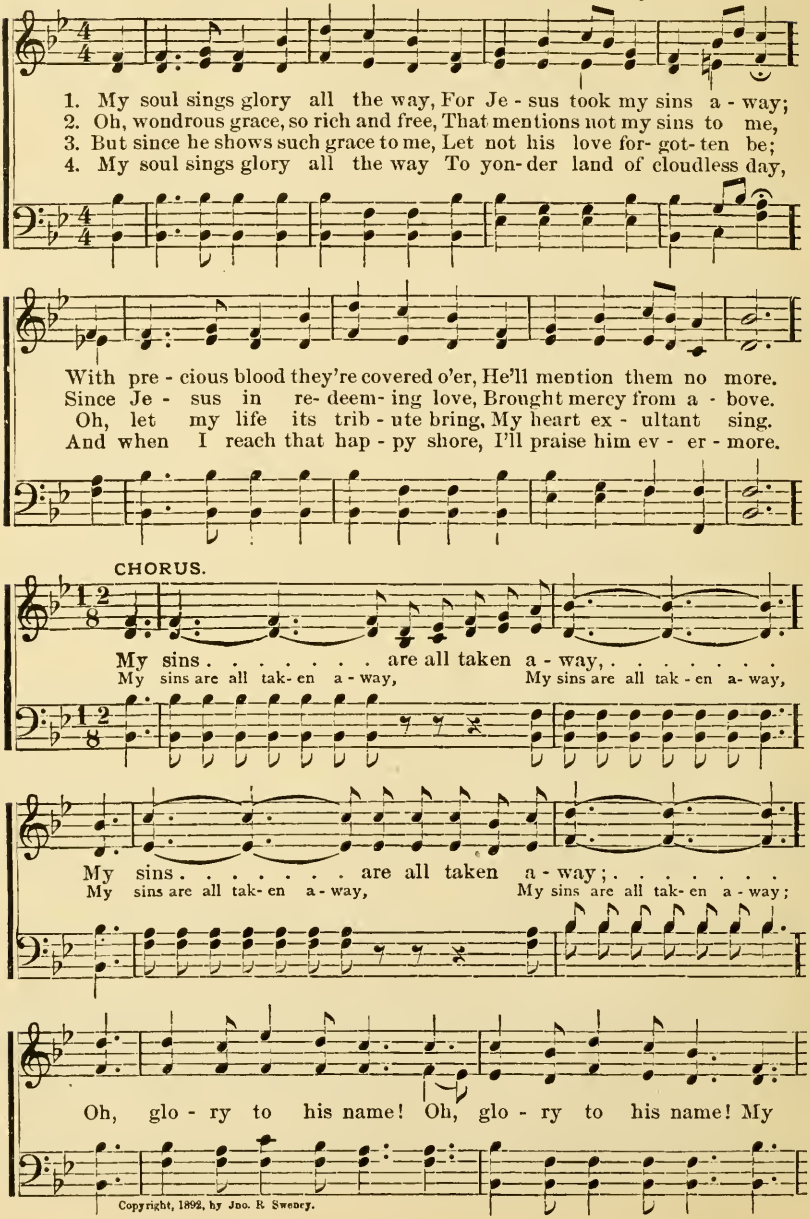
der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
story of love: Wonderful story of love:

Used by per. of the author.

He'll Mention Them no More.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—Ezek. xvii: 22.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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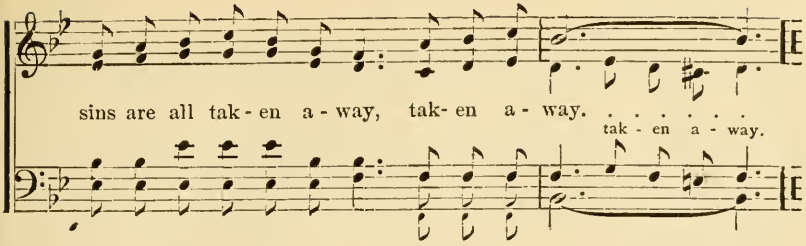
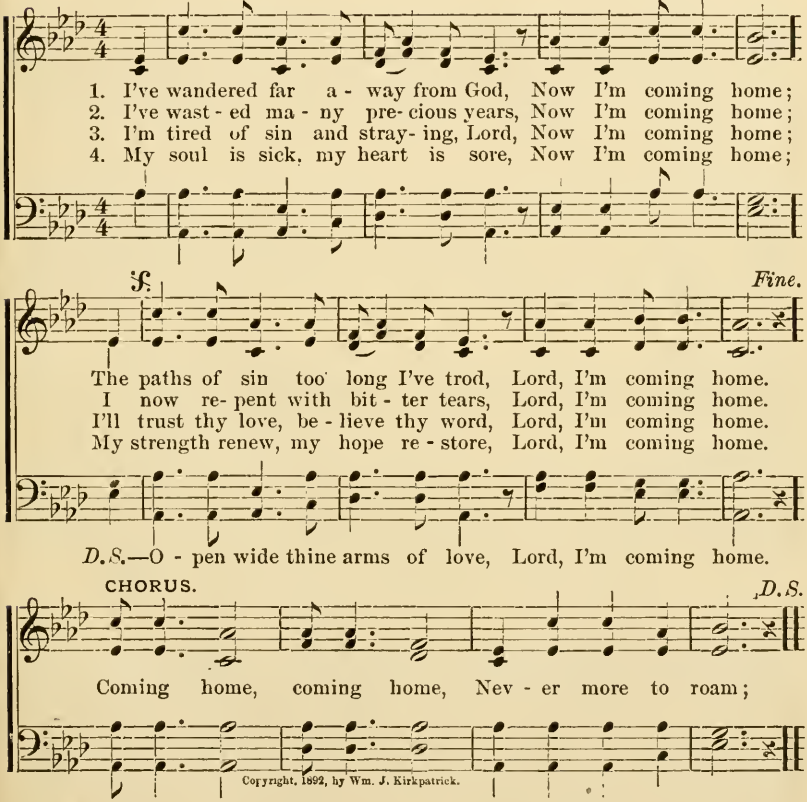


Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

With great feeling.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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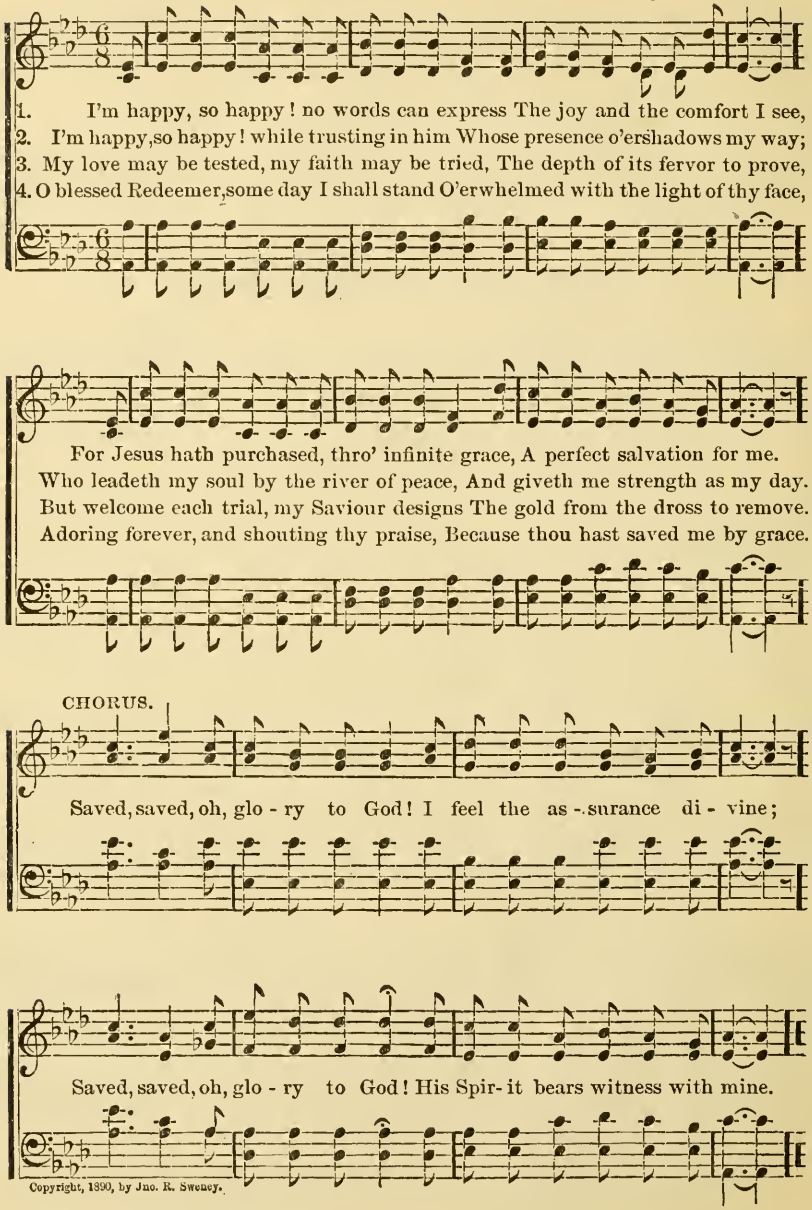
5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

I'm Happy, so Happy!

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.



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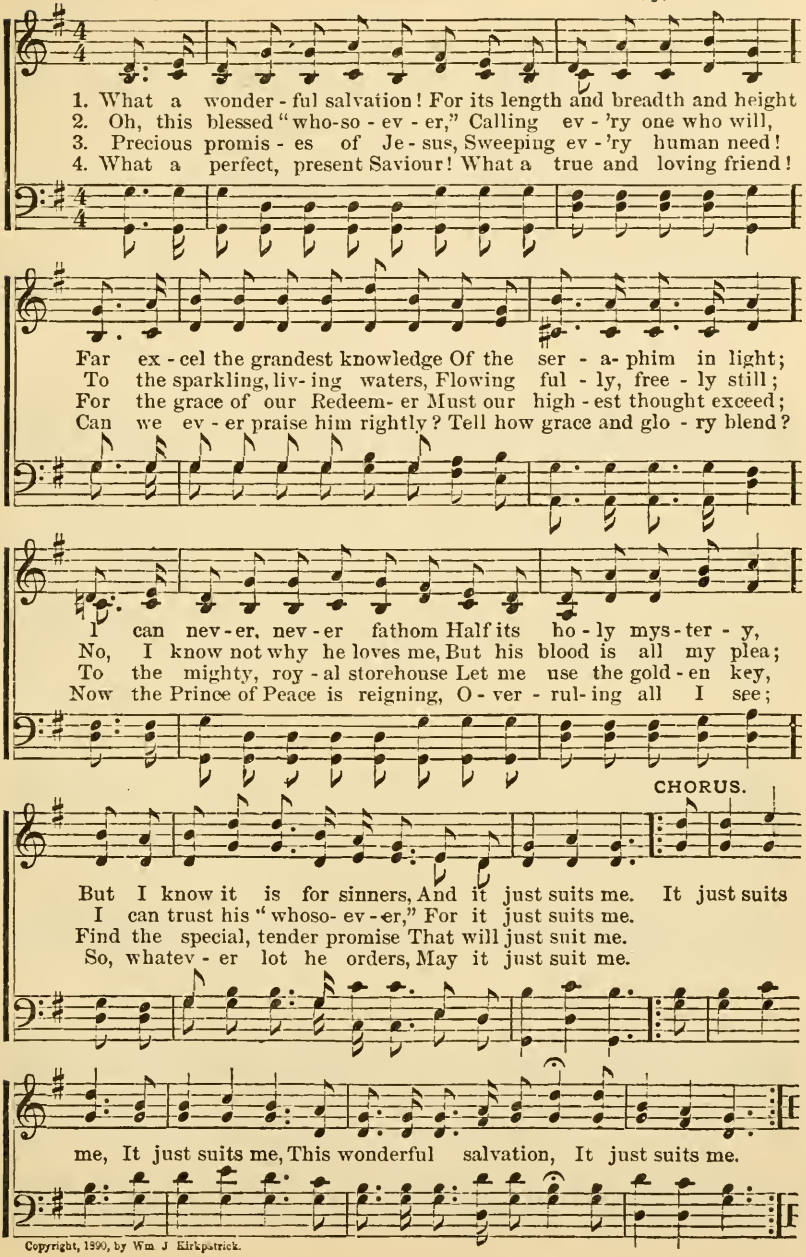
It Just Suits Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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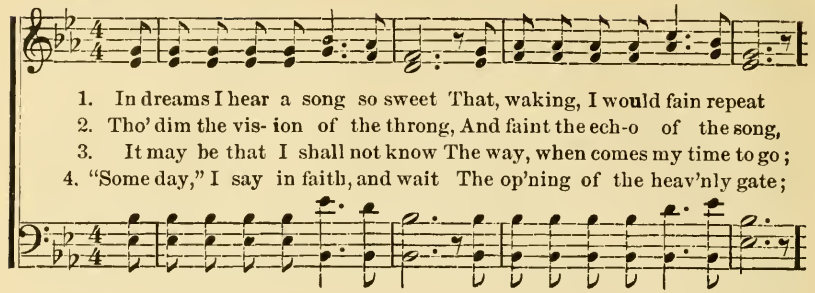
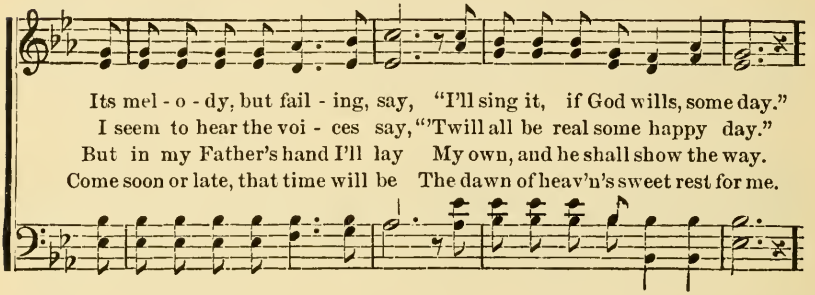
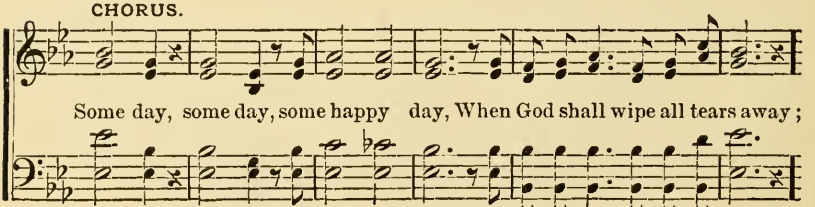
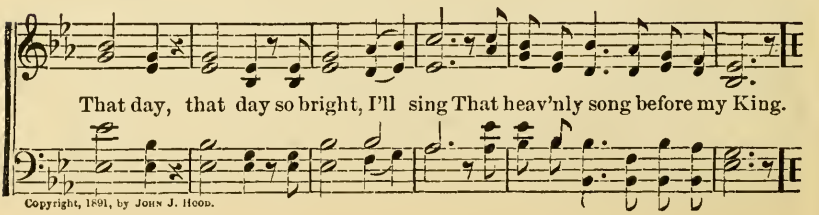
Some Happy Day.

EBEN E. REXFORD. F. A. BLACKMER.









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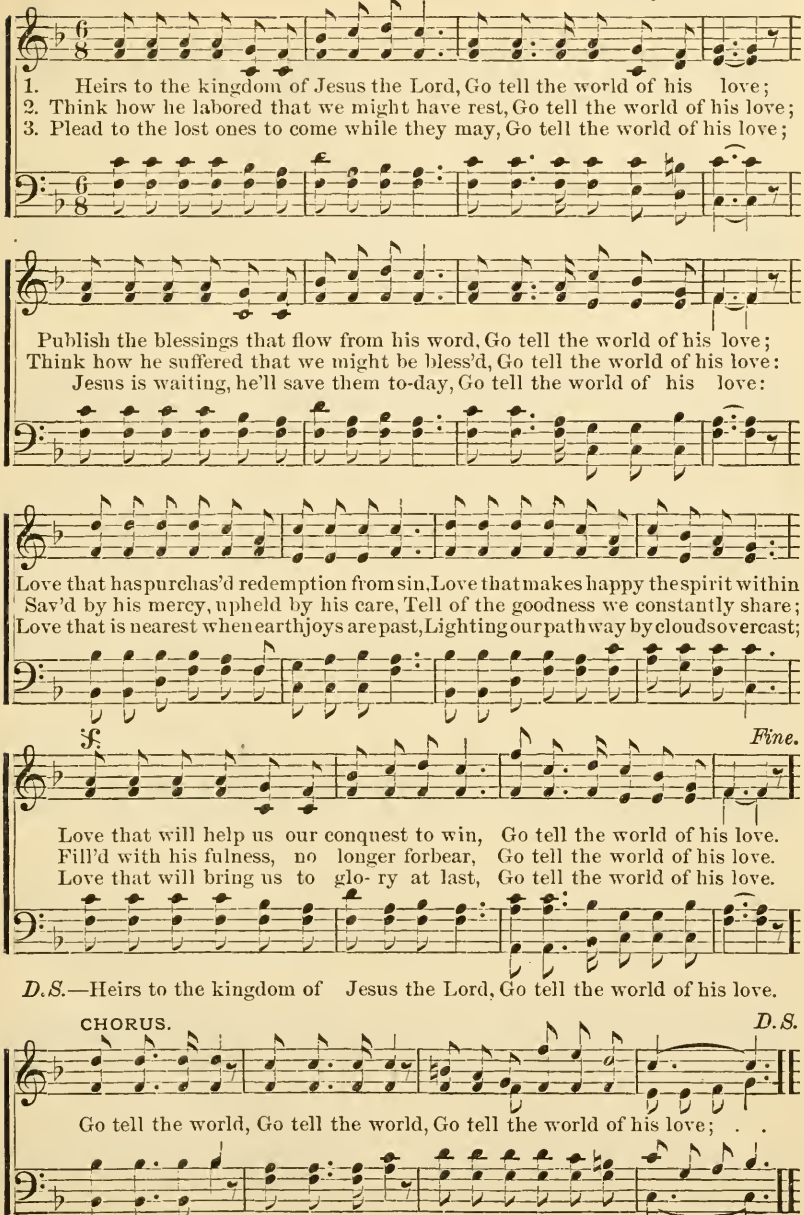
Go Tell the World of His Love.

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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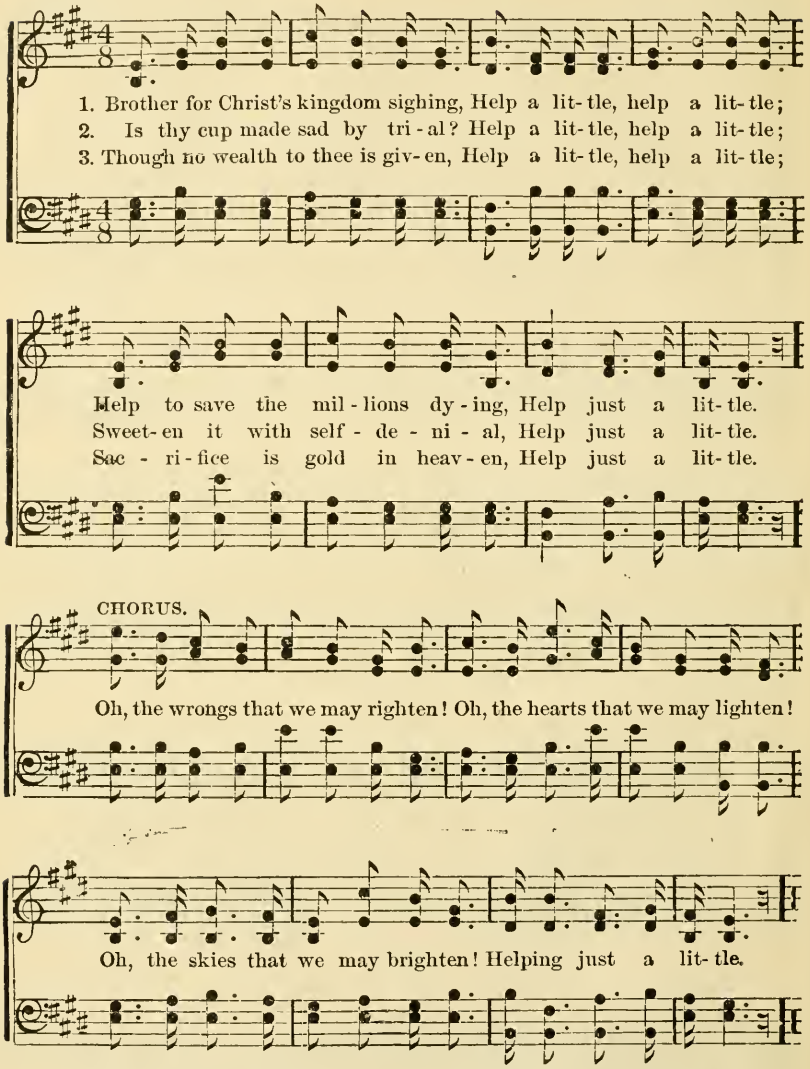
Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," new words by Rev. W. A. Spencer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

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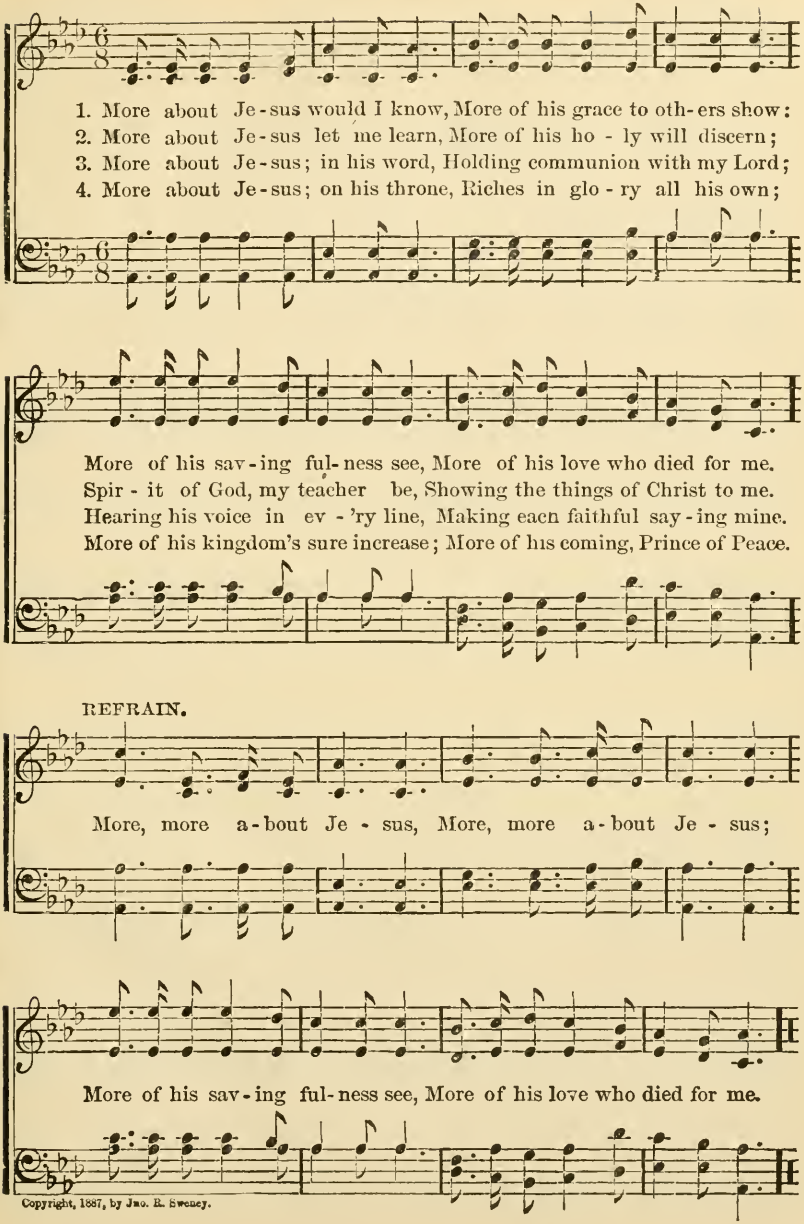
More about Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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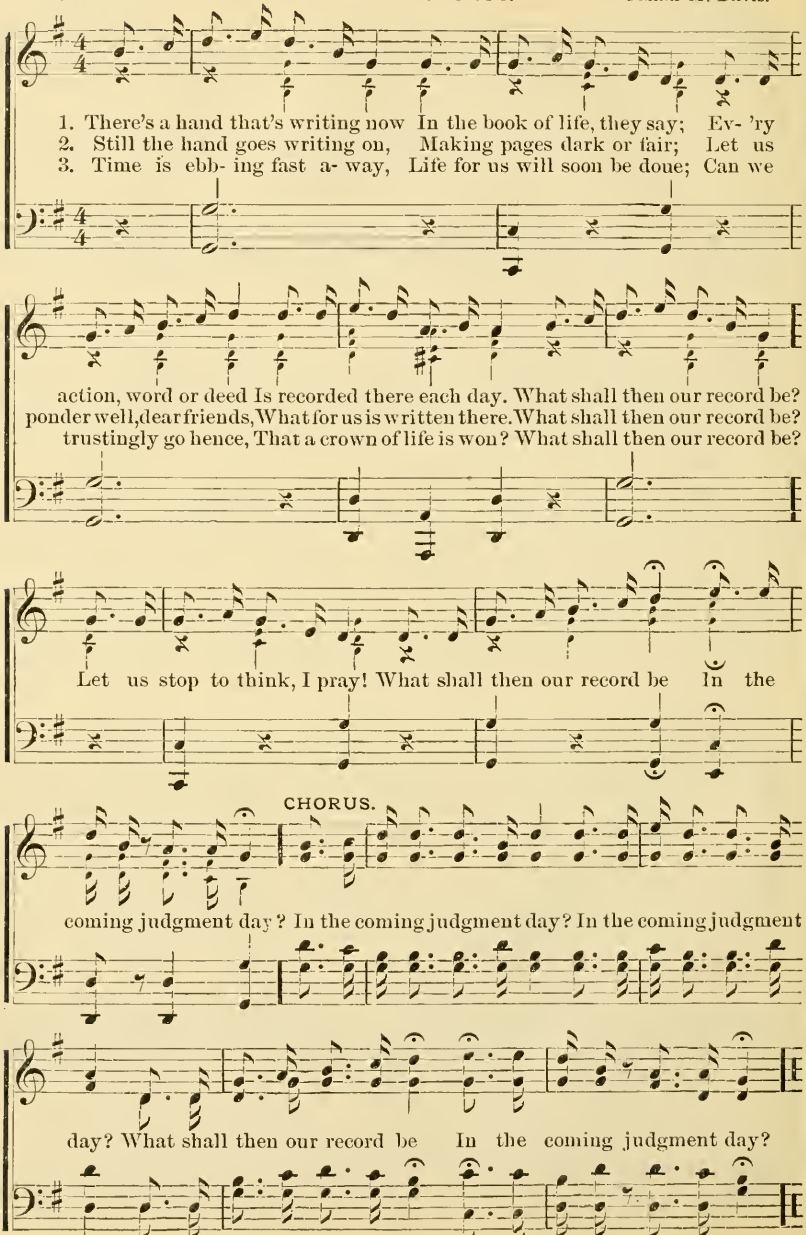
What shall Our Record be?

F. M. D. SOLO AND CHORUS. Frank M. Davis.



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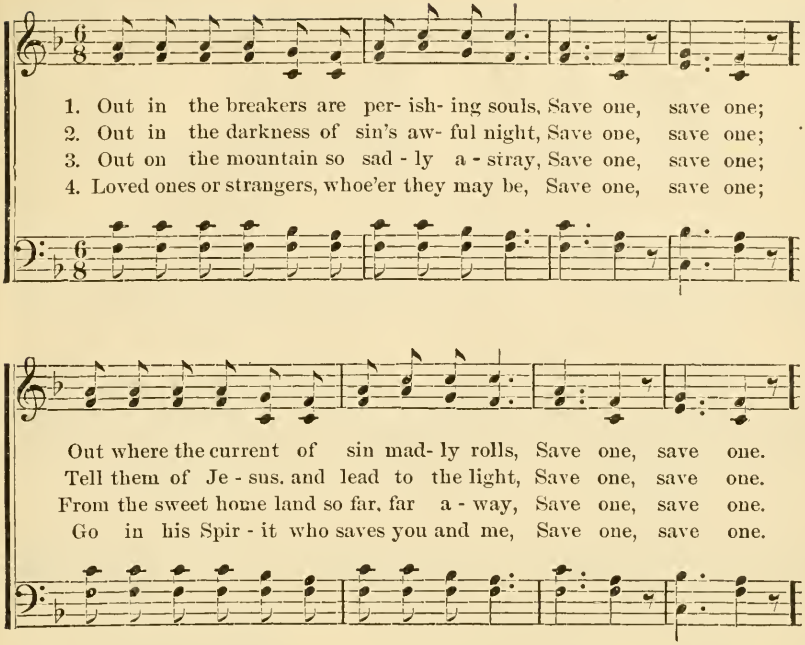
Save One.

E. E Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith, . . . and oh, how sweet . . The flow'rs that grow . . . beneath our feet, . . And fragrance breathe a-long the way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day. . . .
2. We walk by faith, . . . he wills it so, ... And marks the path . . . that we should go; . . And when at times . . . our sky is dim, . . . He gen-tly draws . . . us close to him. . . .
3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine-ly blest, . . . On him we lean, . . . in him we rest; . . . The more we trust . . our Shepherd's care, . . . The more his love . . . 'tis ours to share. . . .
4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . . We'll walk with him, . . . our dearest Friend, . . Till safe we tread . . . . the fields of light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . . in per-fect sight. . . .

CHORUS.

express.

We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear, And feel his hand within our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

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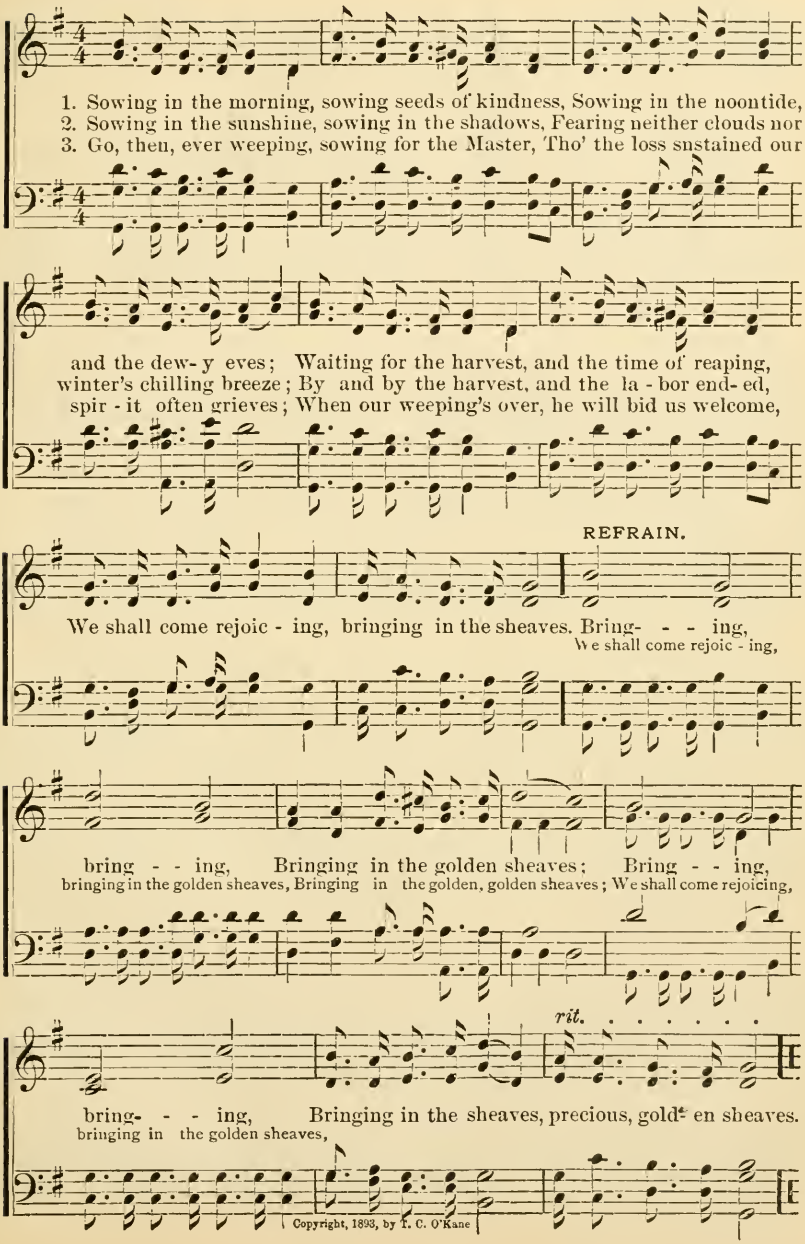
Golden Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. T. C. O'KANE.



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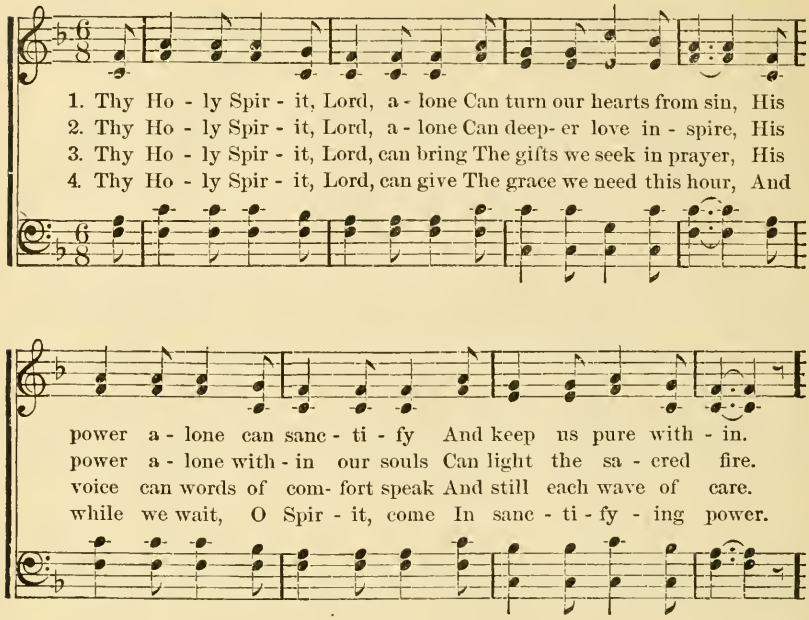
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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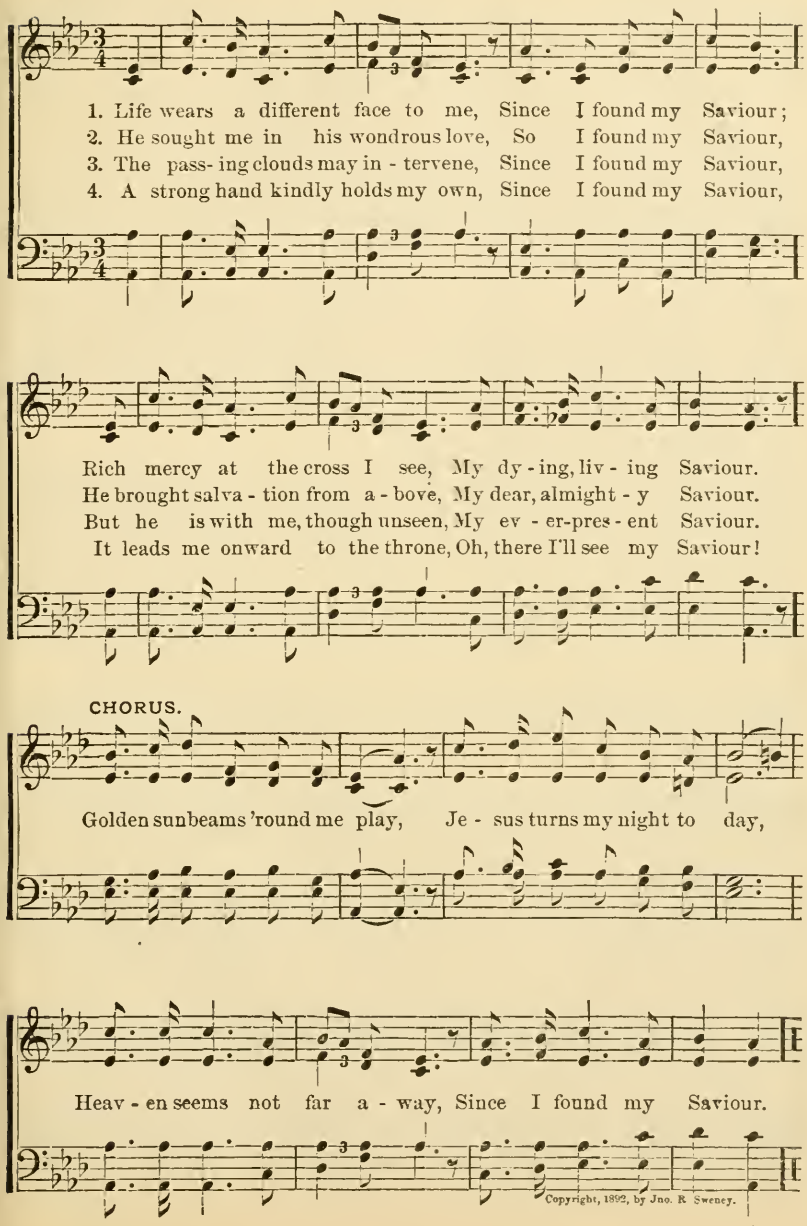
Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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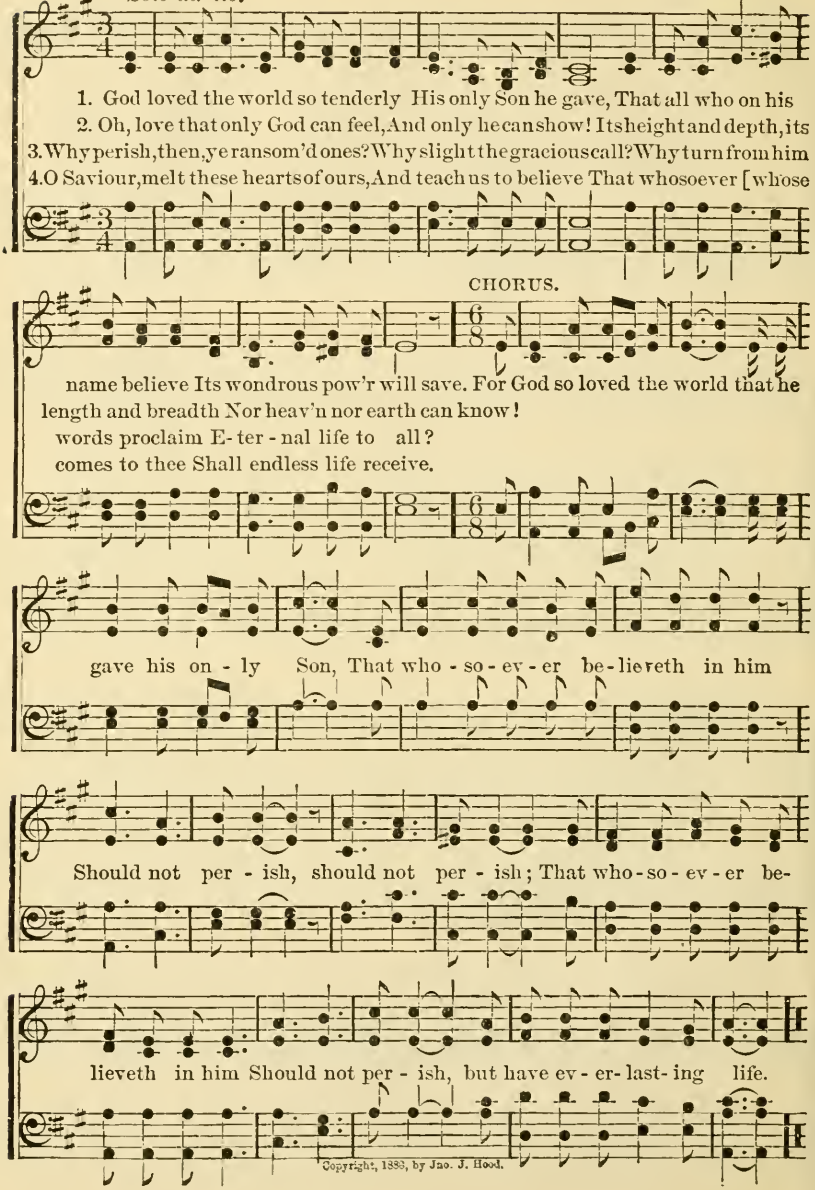
God so Loved the World.

FANNY J. CROSBY. John iii. 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.



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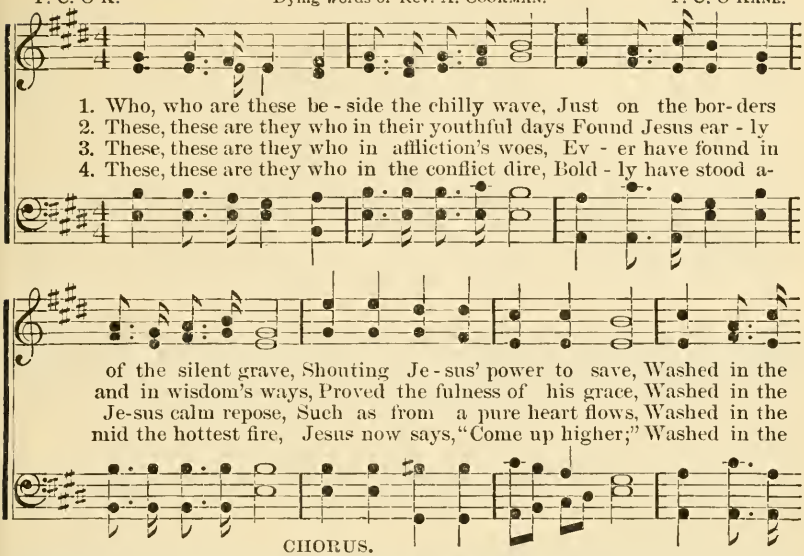
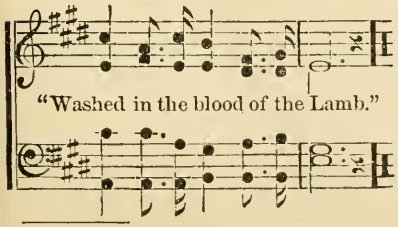
Sweeping through the Gates.

"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

T. C. O'K. Dying words of Rev. A. Cookman. T. C. O'Kane.





5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are
Happy now and evermore, [o'er;
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Cho.—Sweeping through the streets of, etc.

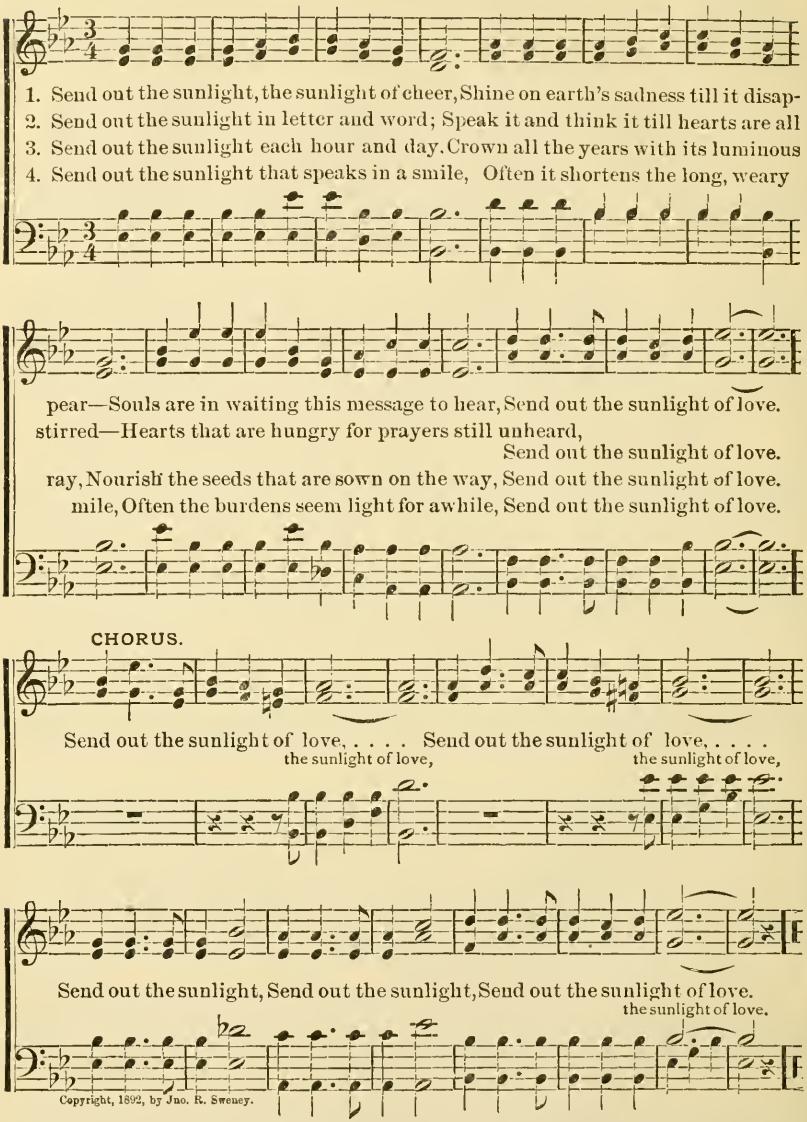
6 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily from sin be kept by power divine,
Then in heaven the saints we'll join,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Cho.—Sweeping through the streets of, etc.

By permission.

Send out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY.



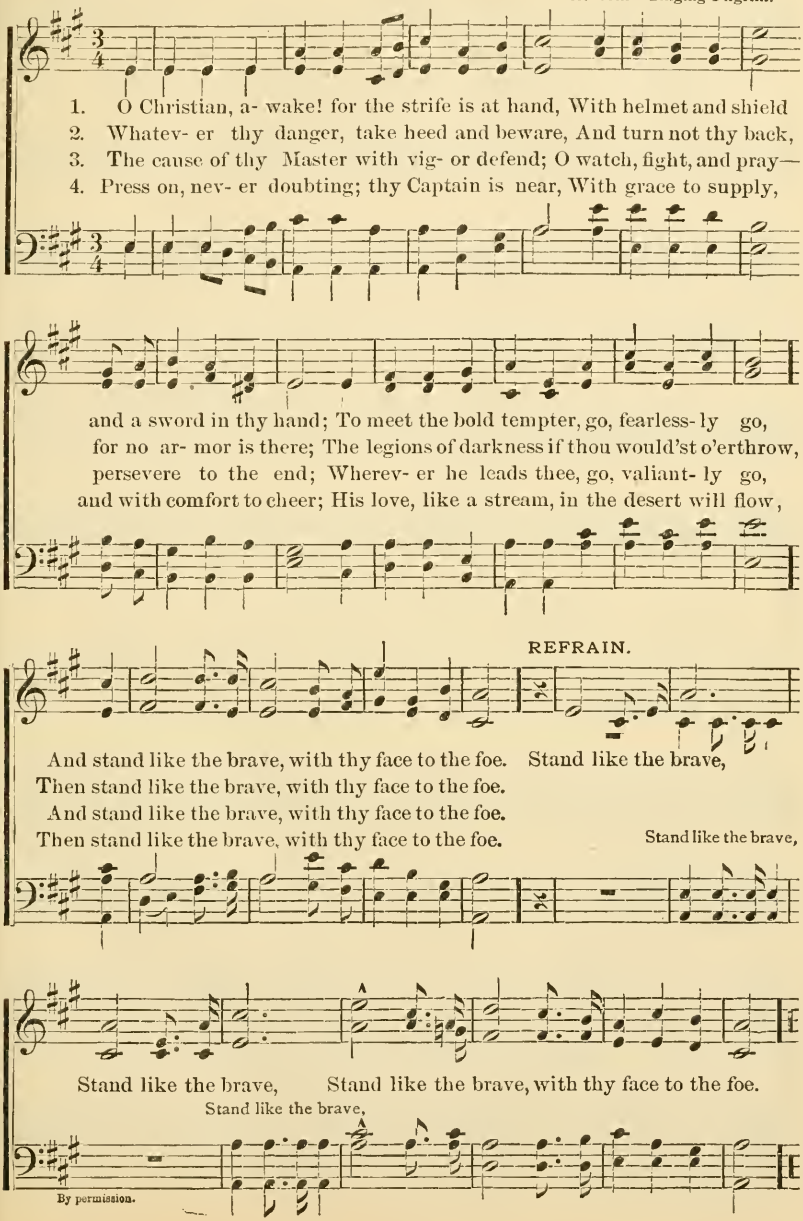
5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
Blessings will follow with none to compare,
Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair!
Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you!
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;
Pray for its presence! your prayer will come true,
Send out the sunlight of love.

O Christian, Awake!

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness."

Arr. from "Singing Pilgrim."



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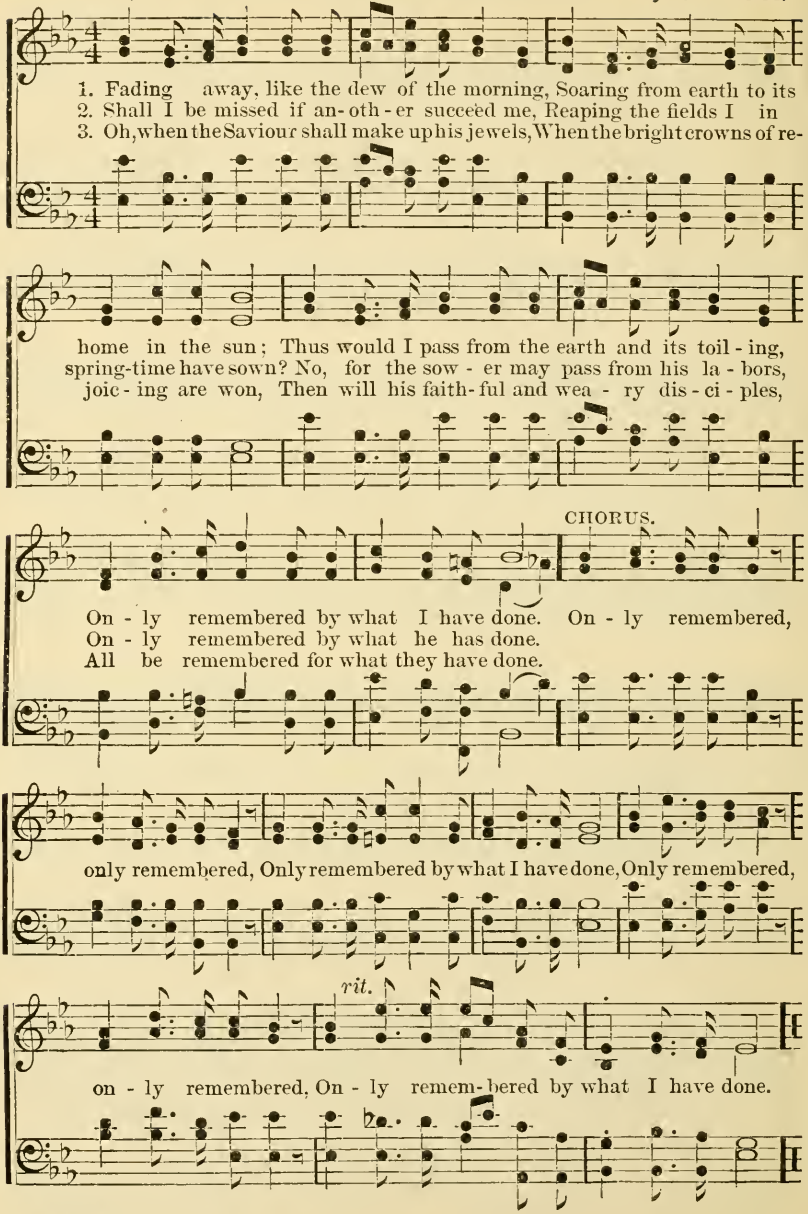
Only Remembered.

H. Bonar, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.



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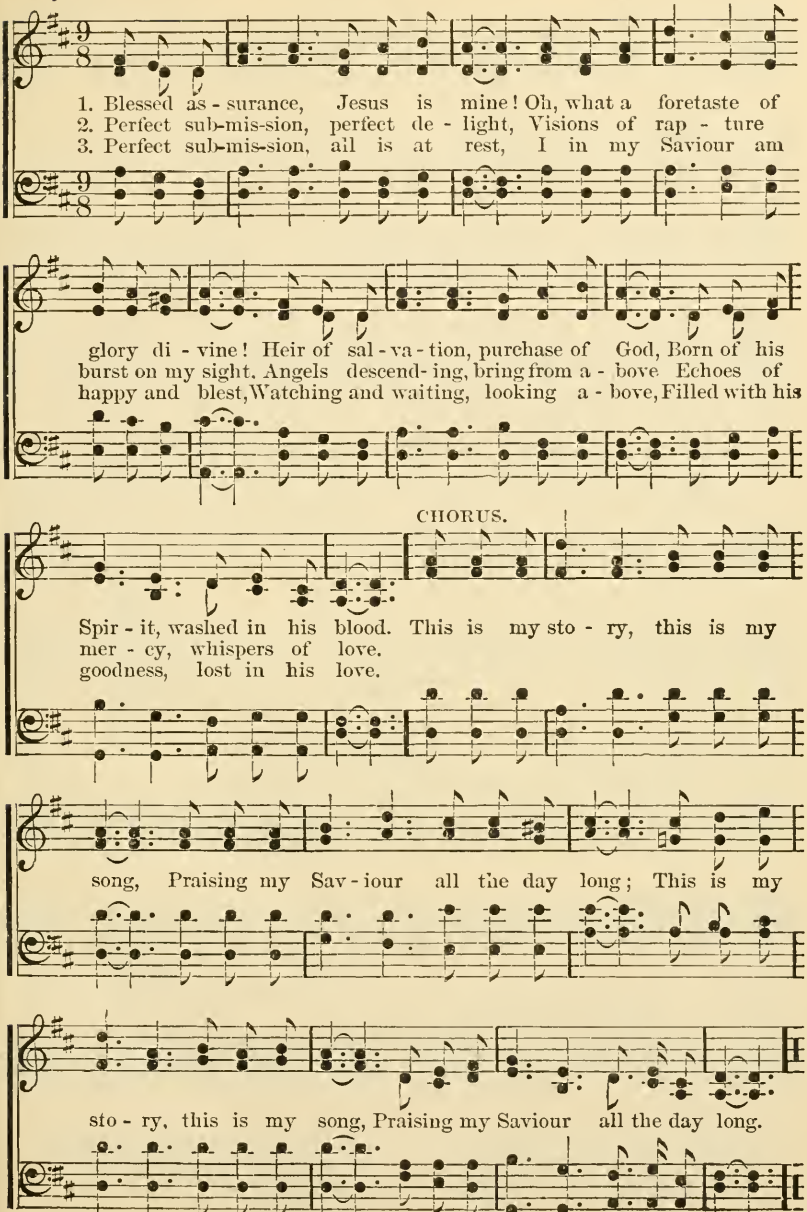
Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



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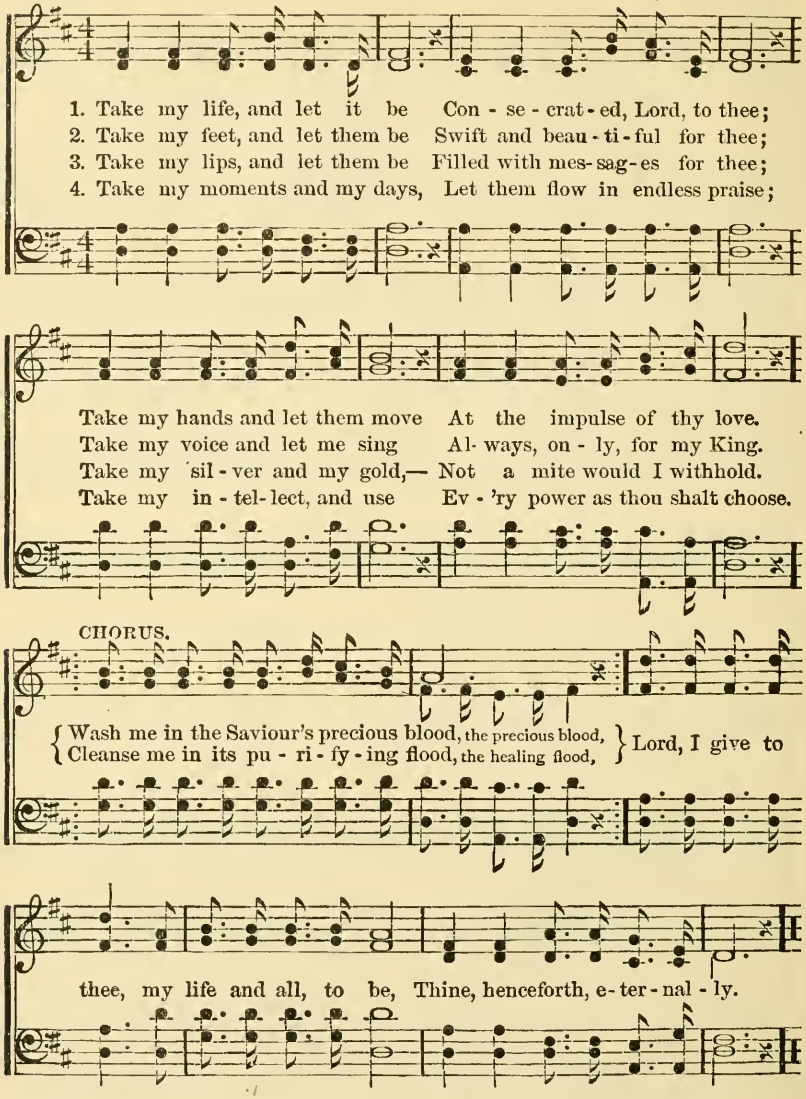
Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart.—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

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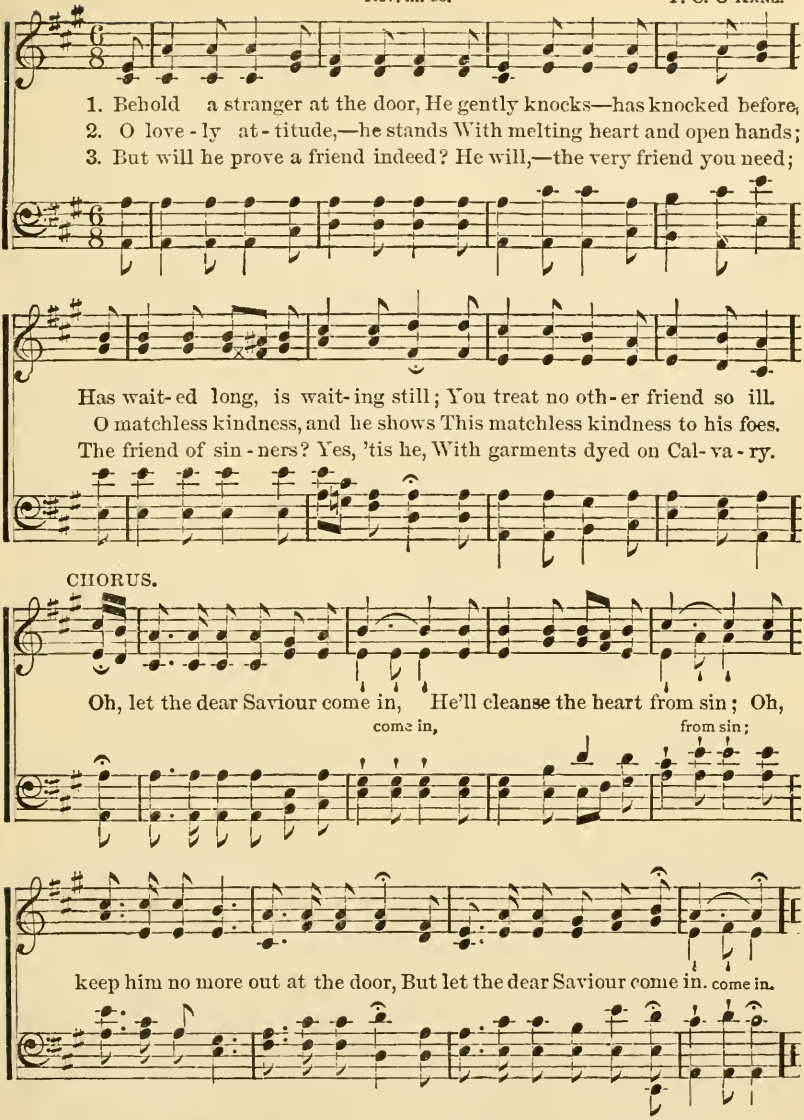
Rev. iii. 20. T. C. O'Kane.

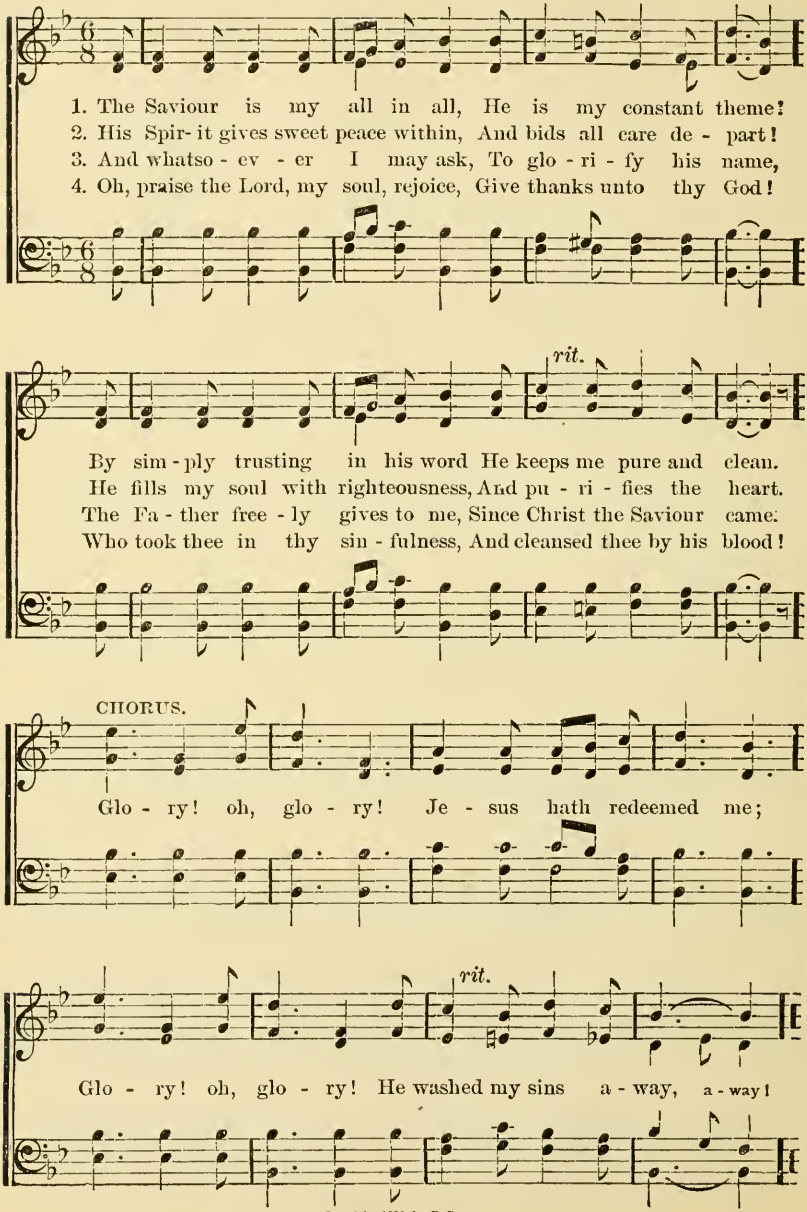


4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at HIS door rejected stand.

The Saviour is My All in All.

P. B. "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.



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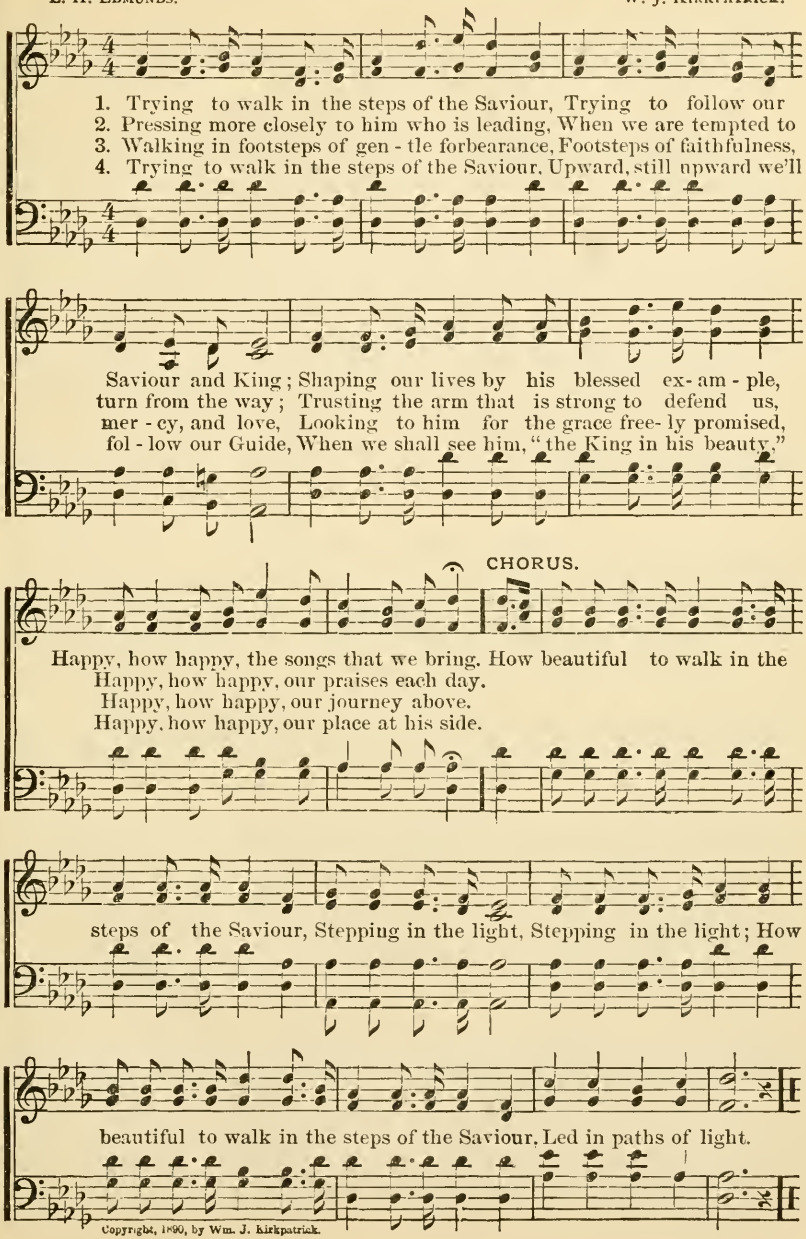
Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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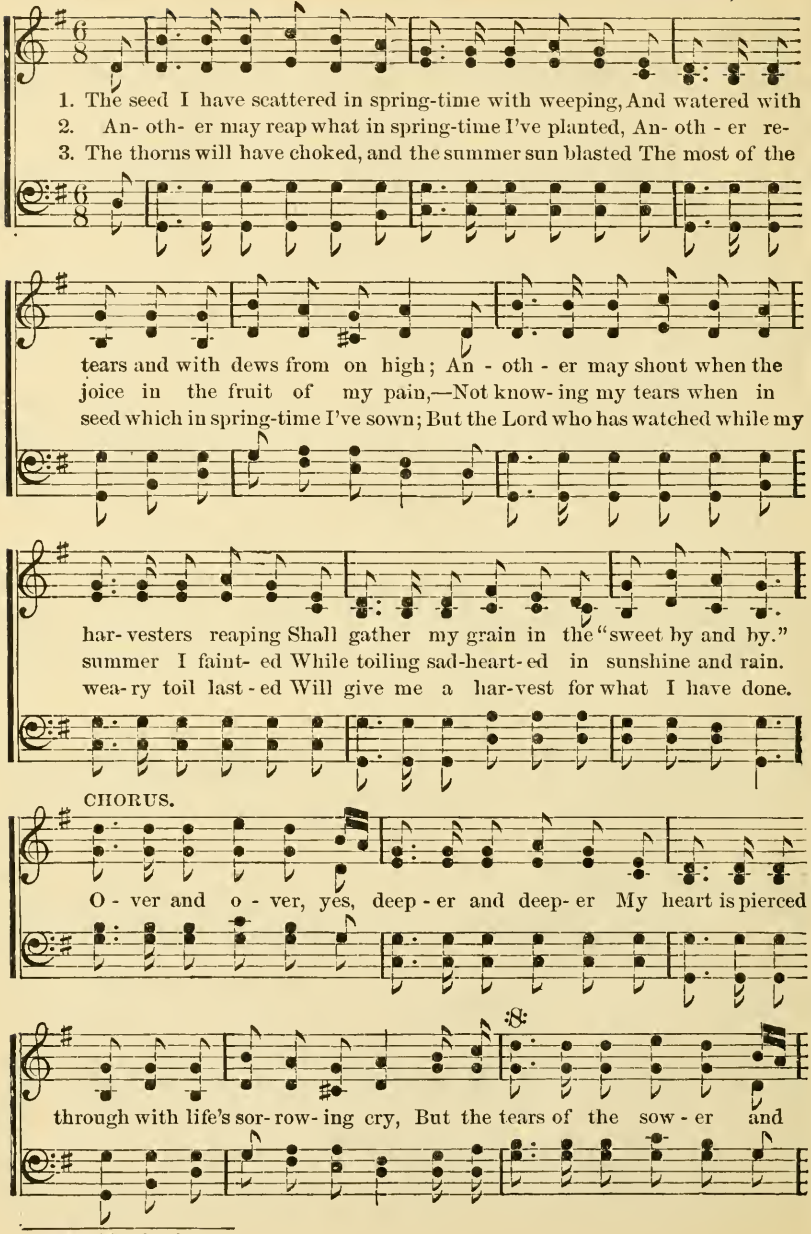
Harvest Time.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.



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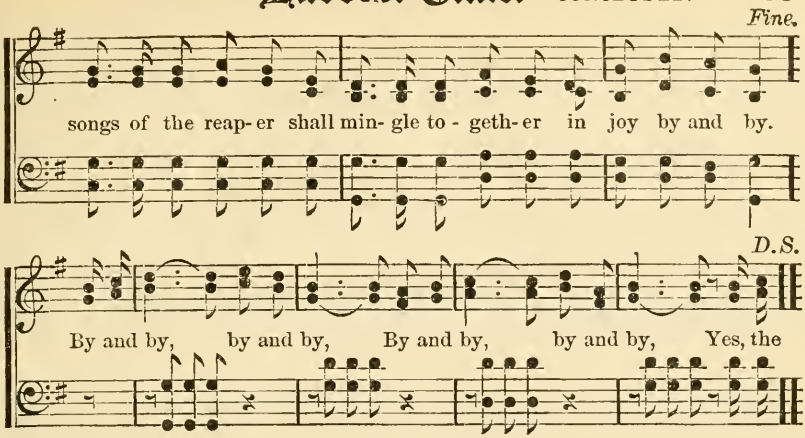
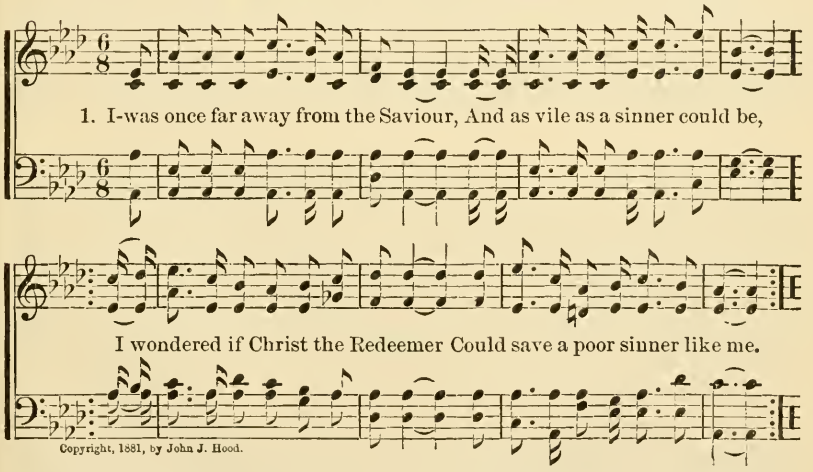


C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



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2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

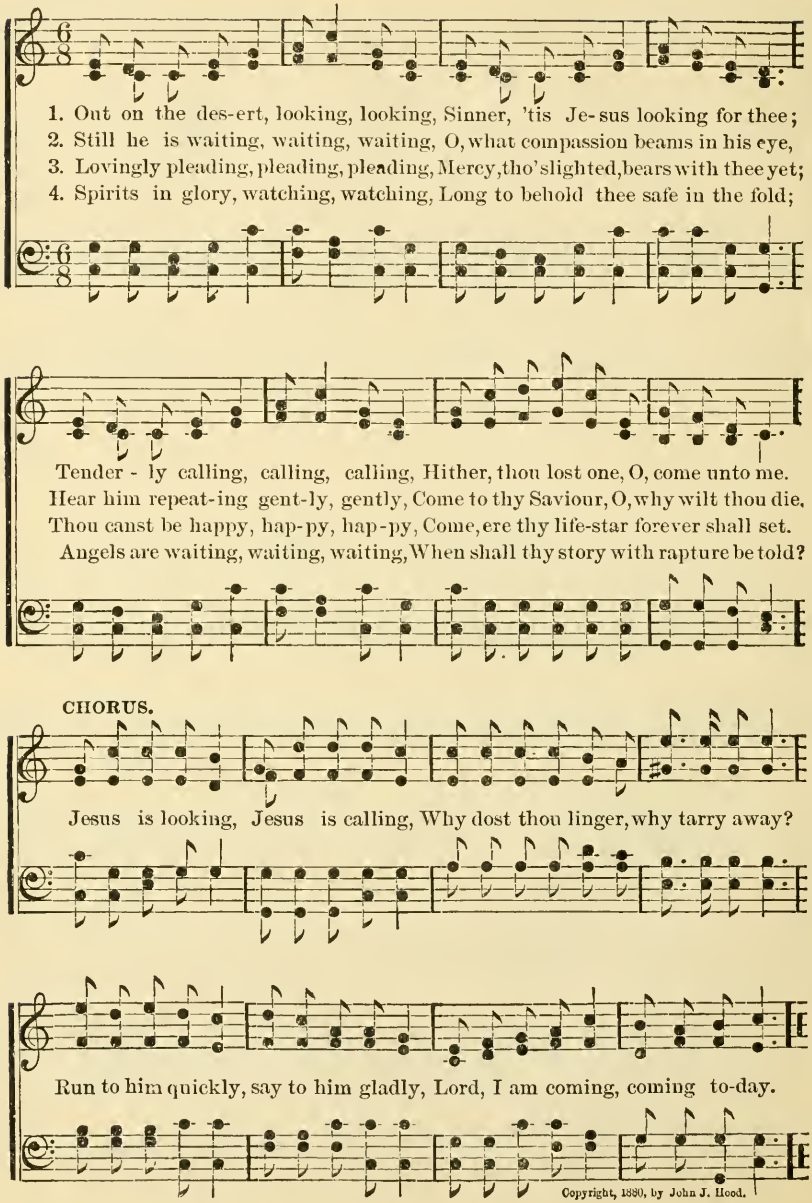
3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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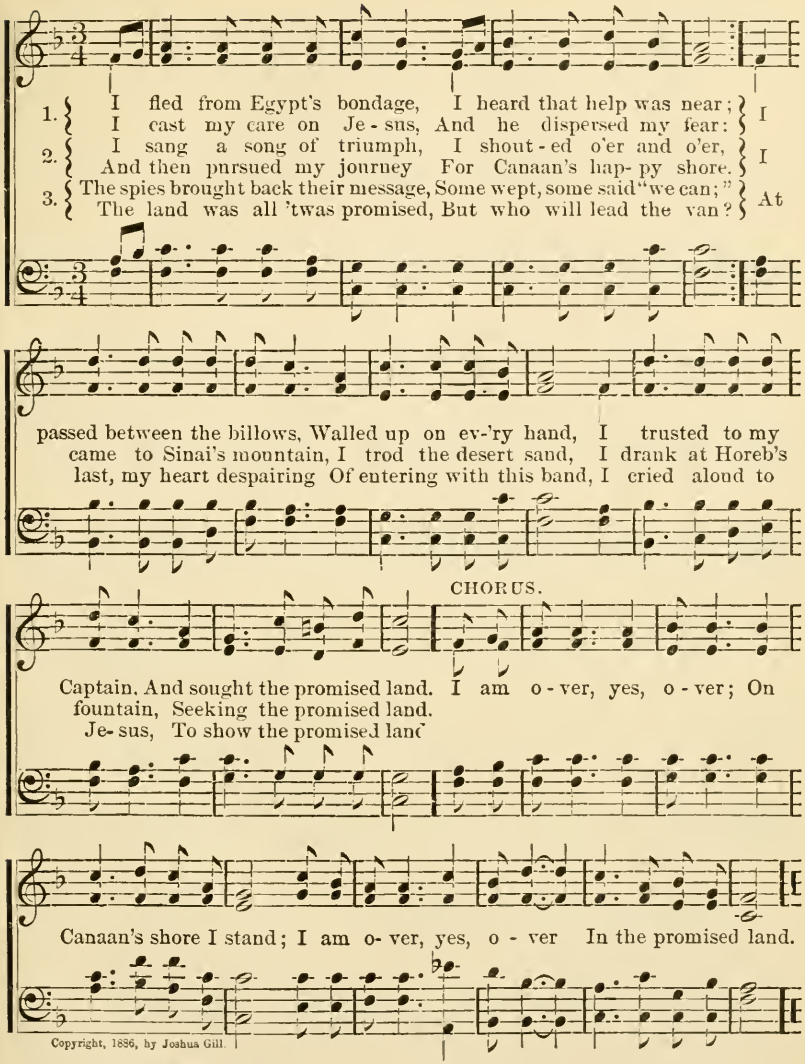
I'm in the Promised Land.

JOSHUA GILL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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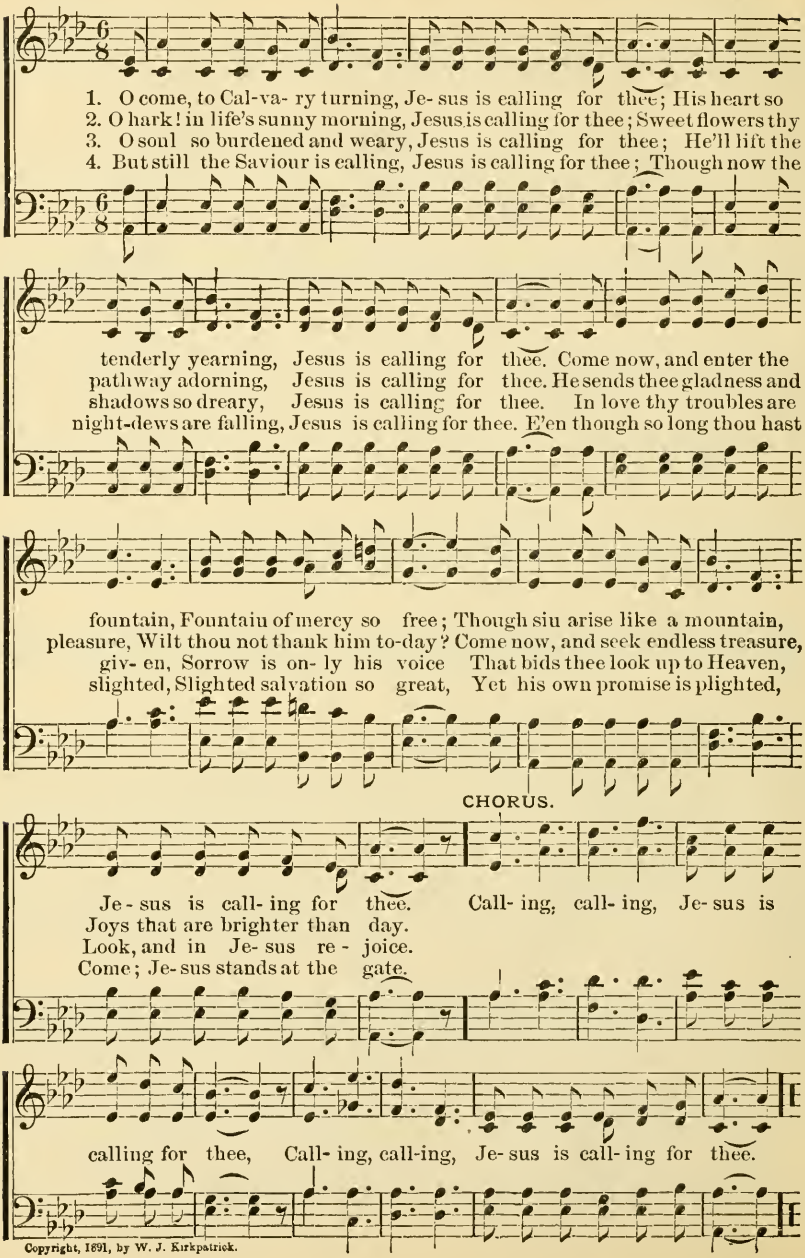
4 Then, after weary marches,
And many a longing sigh,
I found the river-crossing,
And saw the land was nigh.
The Lord looked down in mercy,
By faith I touched his hand,
I followed close beside him,
And found the promised land.

5 And now my song of gladness
I'm singing day by day,
For fellowship with Jesus
Makes calm and bright my way.
I fear not for the morrow,
For his almighty hand
I know shall lead and keep me
In this the promised land.

Jesus is Calling for Thee.

Lidie H. Edmunds. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



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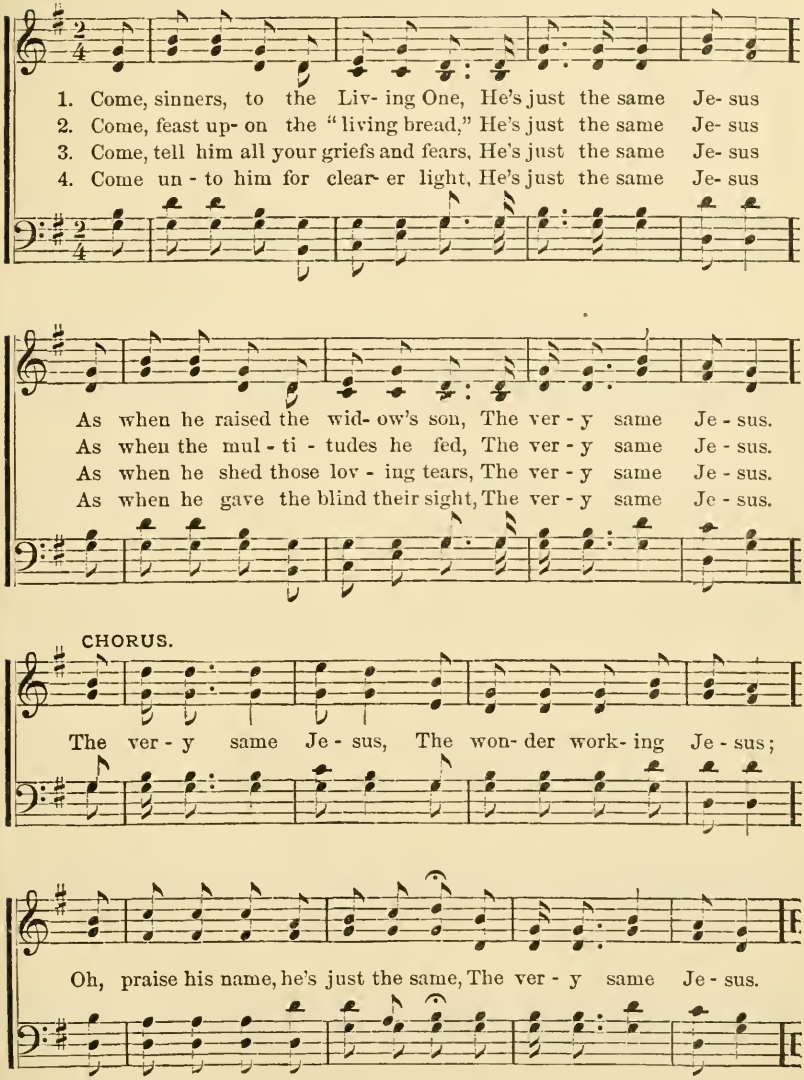
The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. Edmunds. "This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

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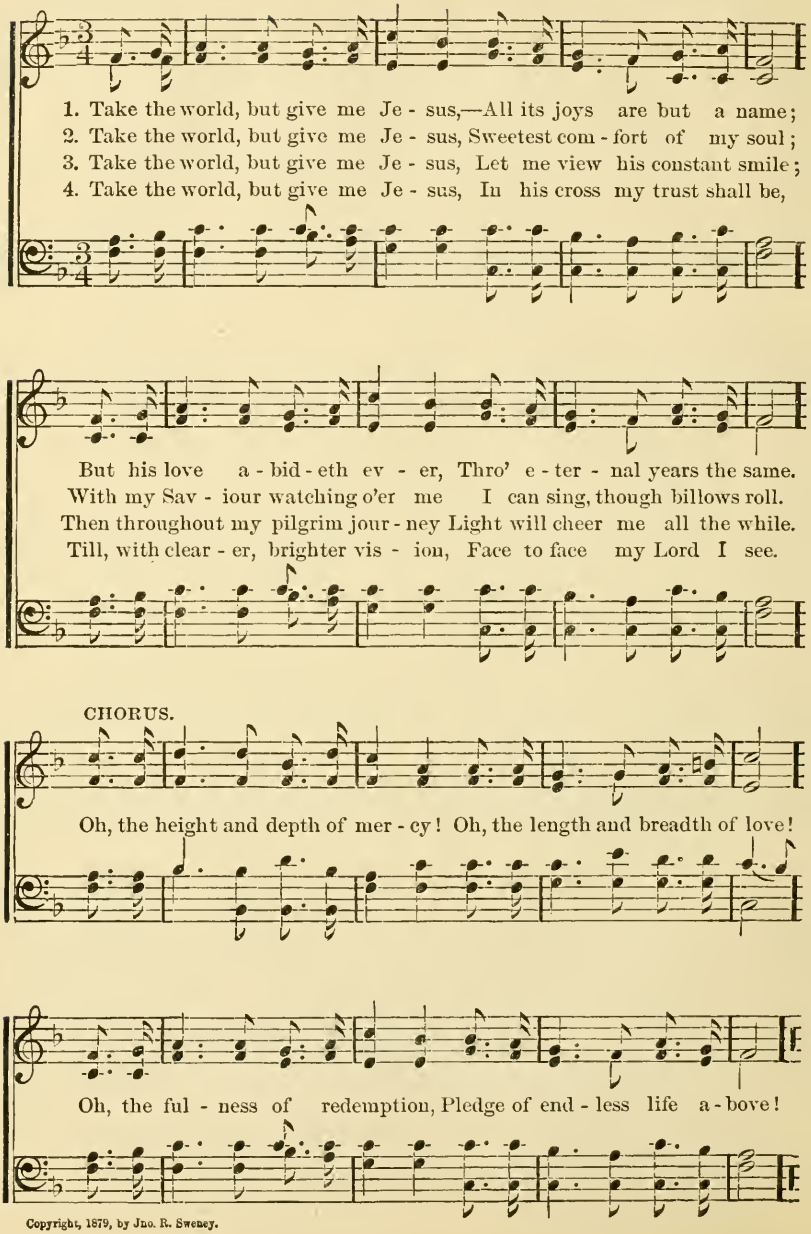
Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.



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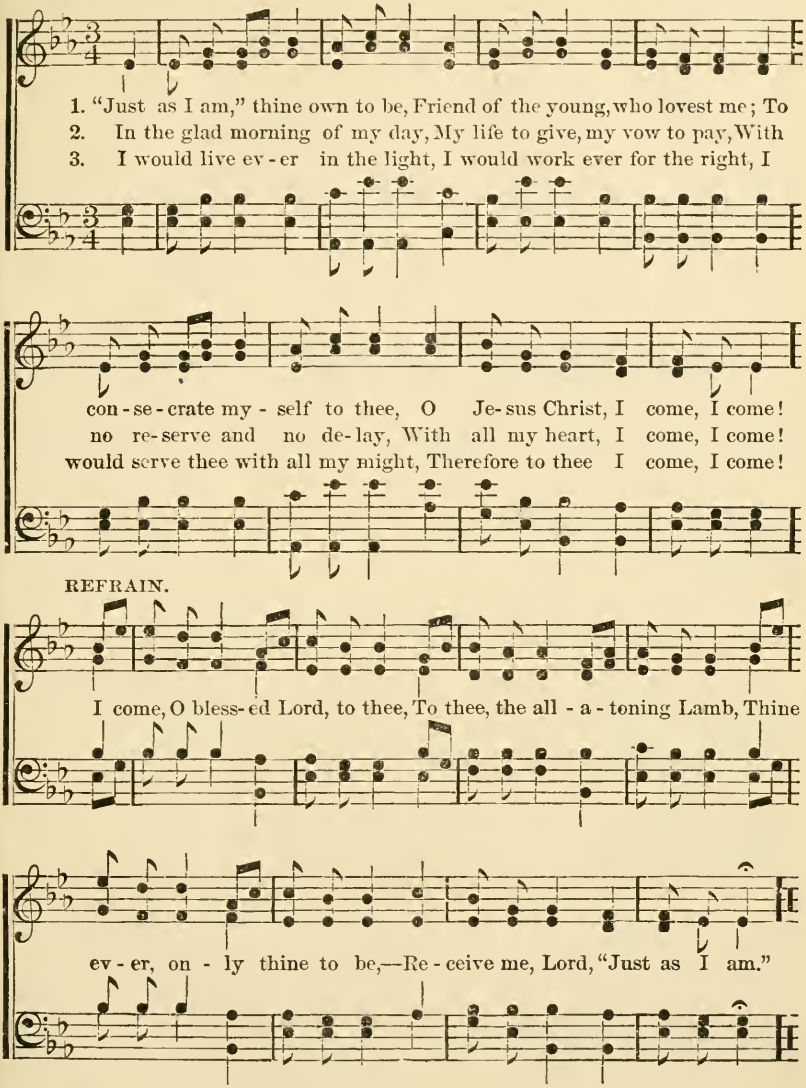
Receive me as I am.

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM. T. C. O'KANE.



4 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But, dearer still, my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come, I come!

5 And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come, I come!

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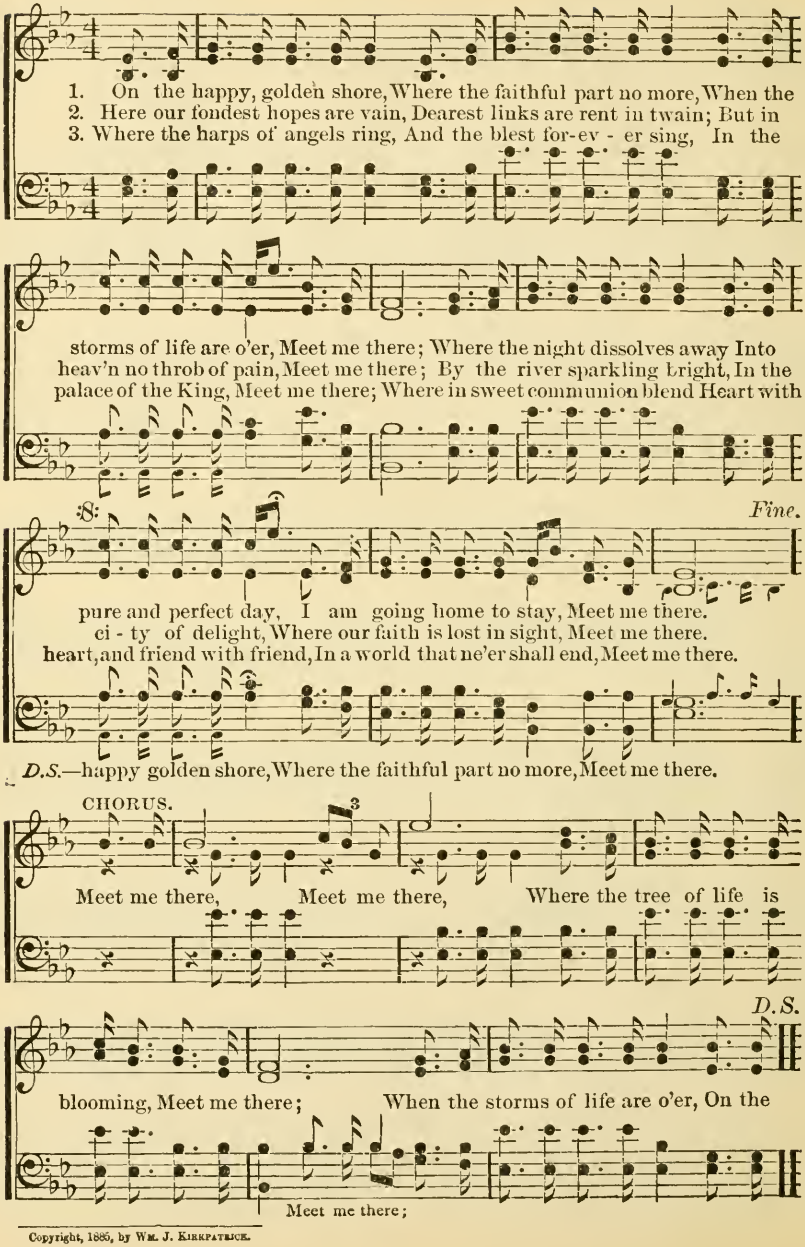
Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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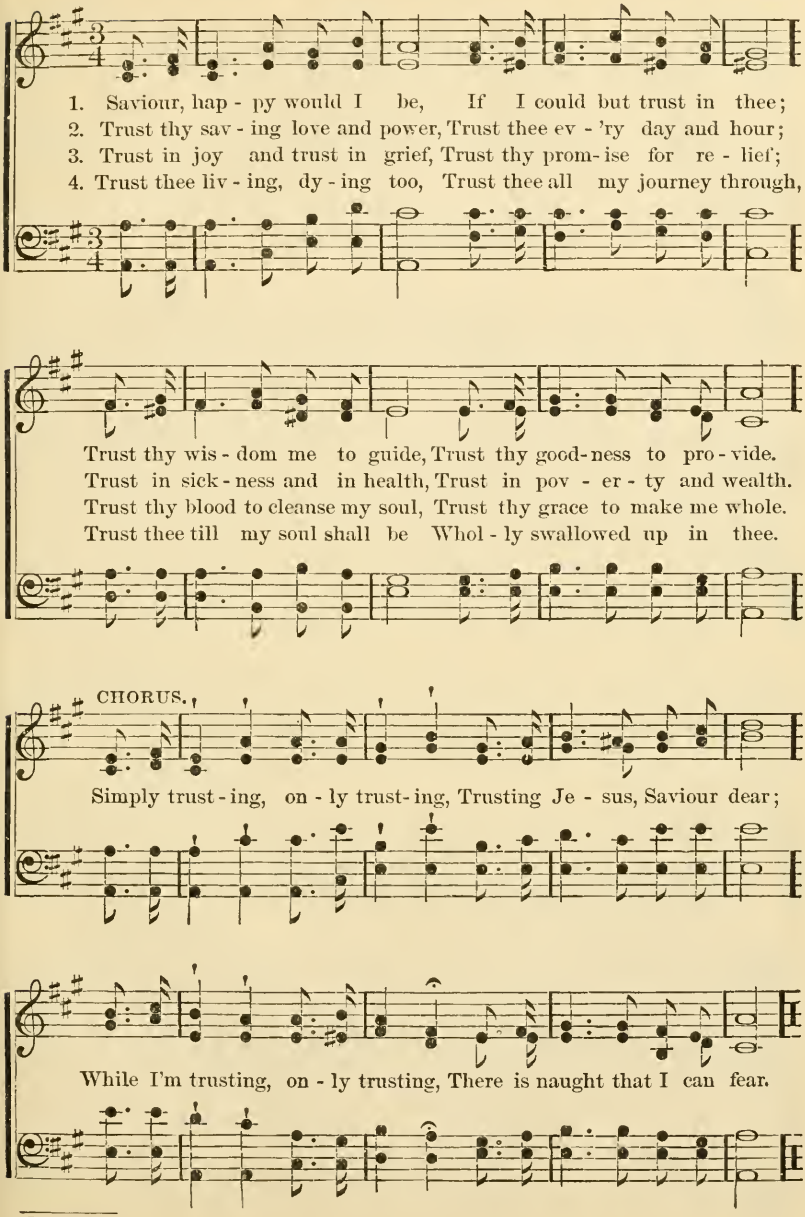
Trusting Jesus, Saviour Dear.

ANON. T. C. O'KANE.

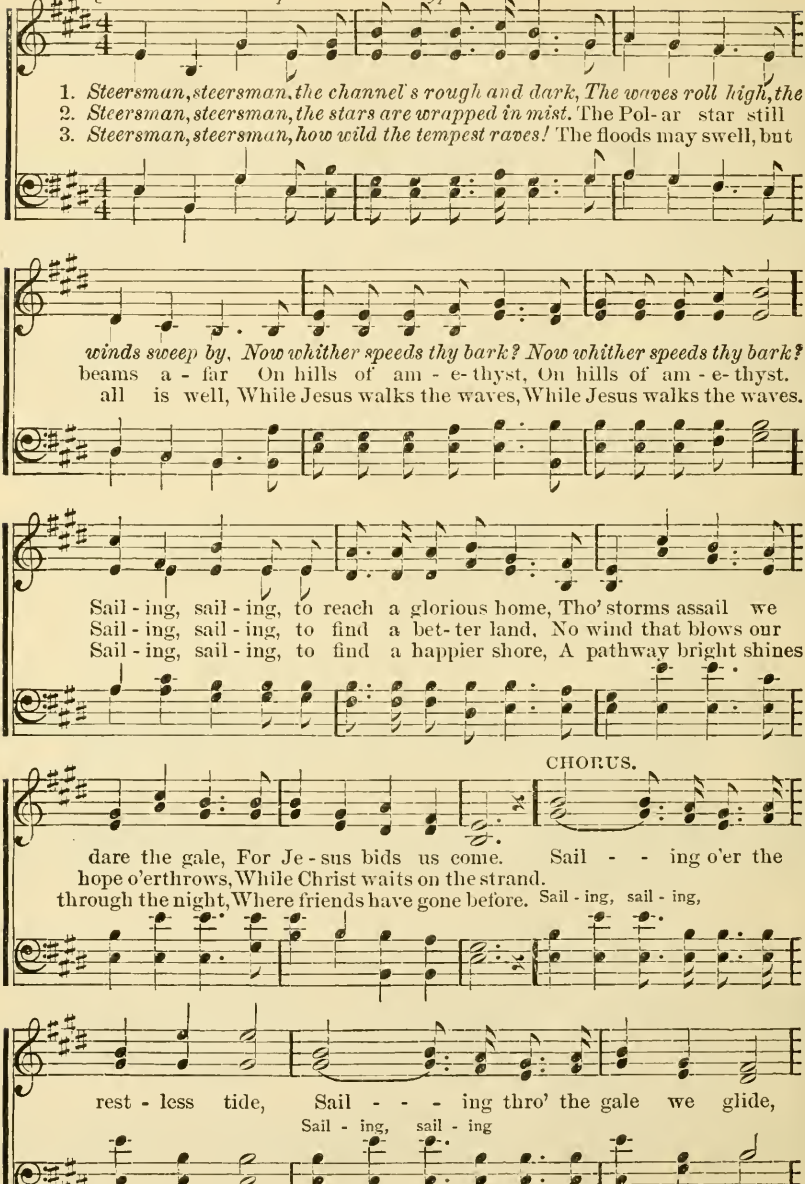


By permission.

The Lights of Home.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question in italics responses in roman type.



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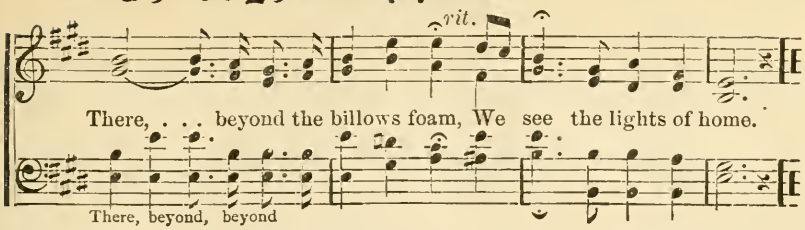
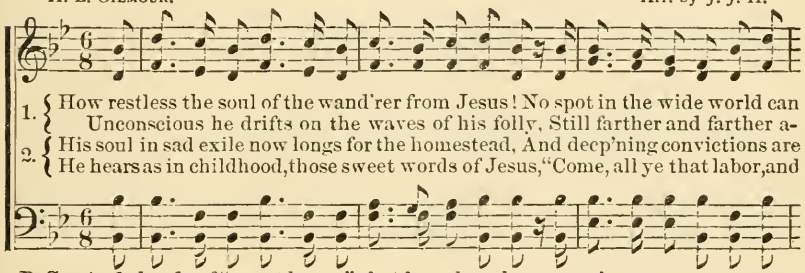
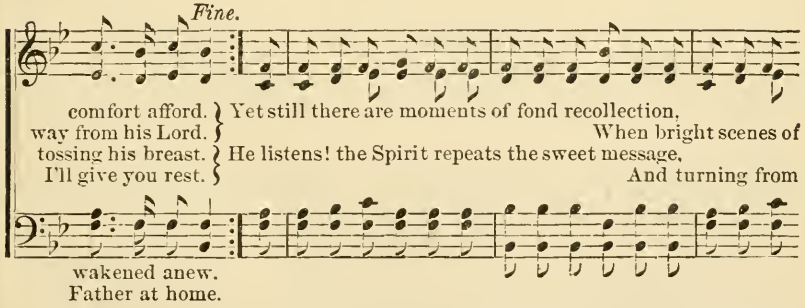
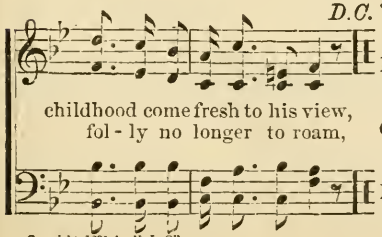


Brought Back.

H. L. Gilmour. Arr. by J. J. H.







3 New songs of rejoicing now thrill that old homestead, [for his feet;
The best robe brought forth, ring and shoes
He's clad in the garments his Father provided, [plete.
Has feasting for famine, and resting com-
Come, ye that are wand'ring, now haste to the Saviour.
He patiently lingers to lavish his love;
His arm is outstretched to rescue the needy,
And bring you to mansions he's promised above.

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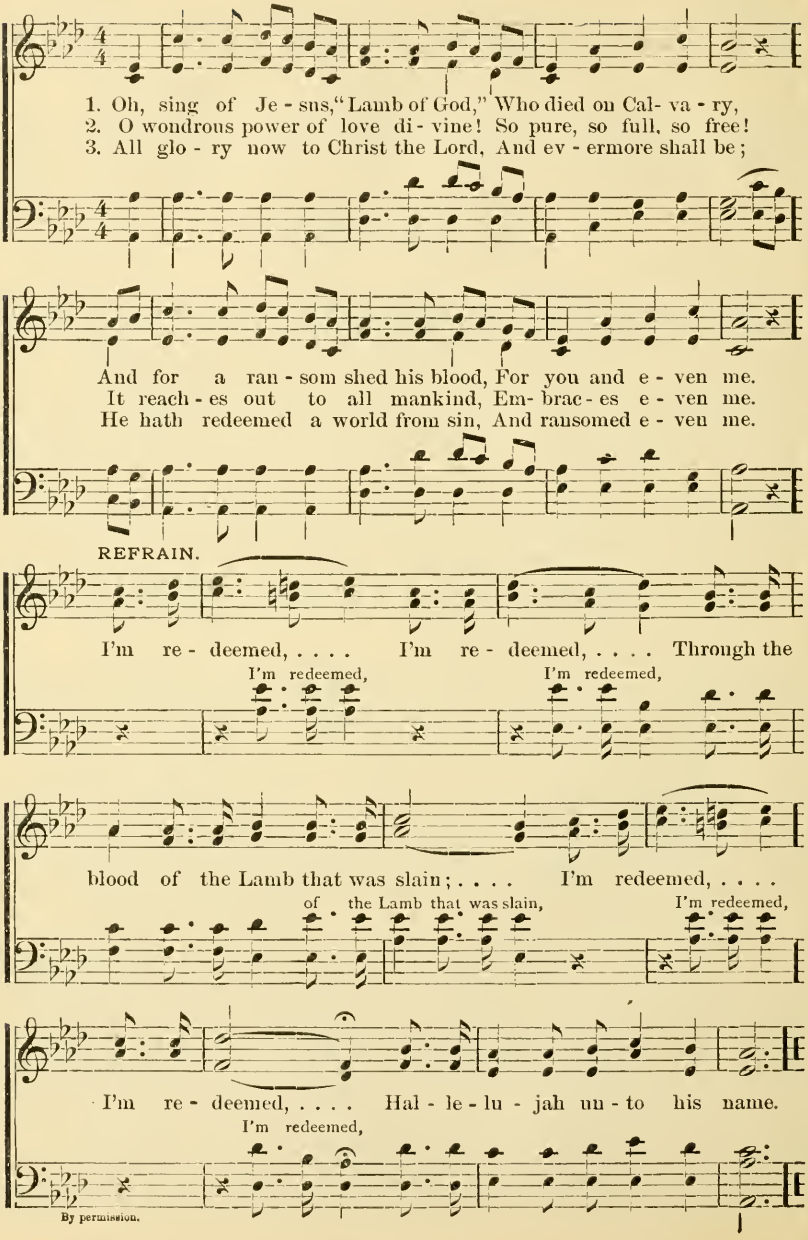
I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God."—John i: 29. T. C. O'Kane.



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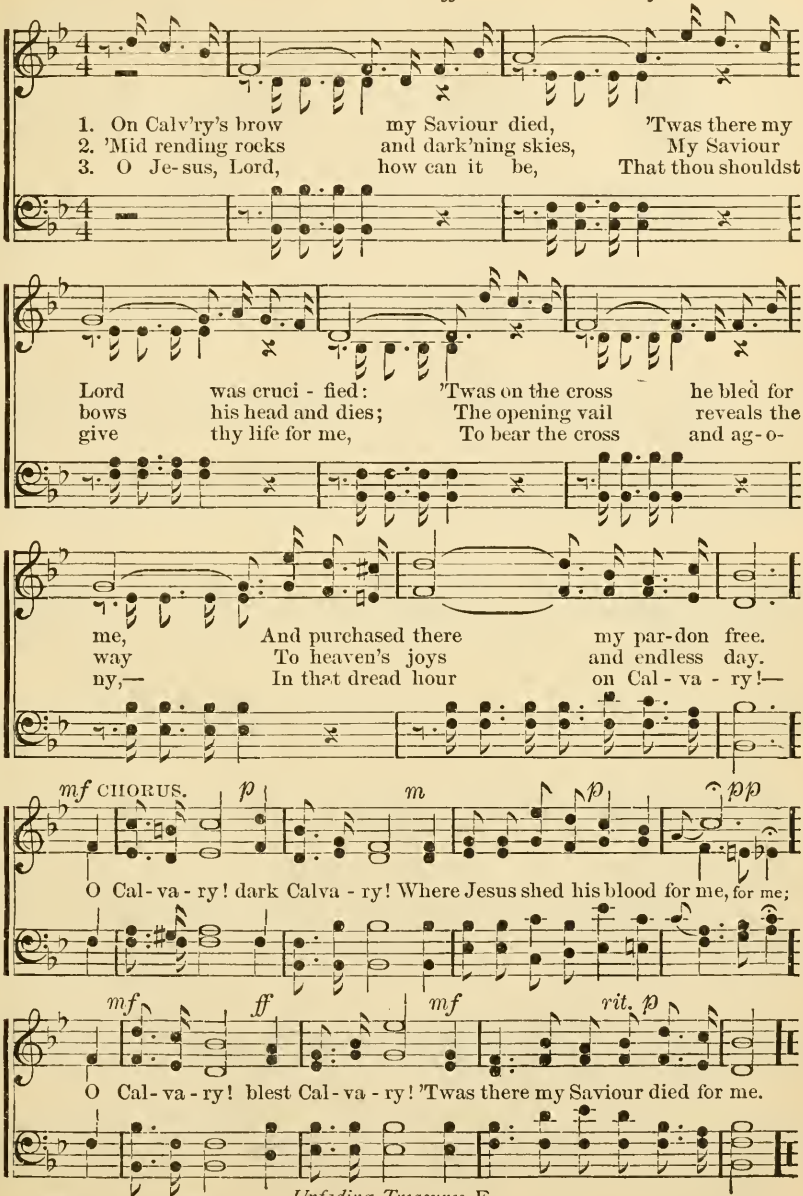
Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."

Rev. W. M'K. Darwood. Luke xxiii. 33. Jno. R. Sweney.



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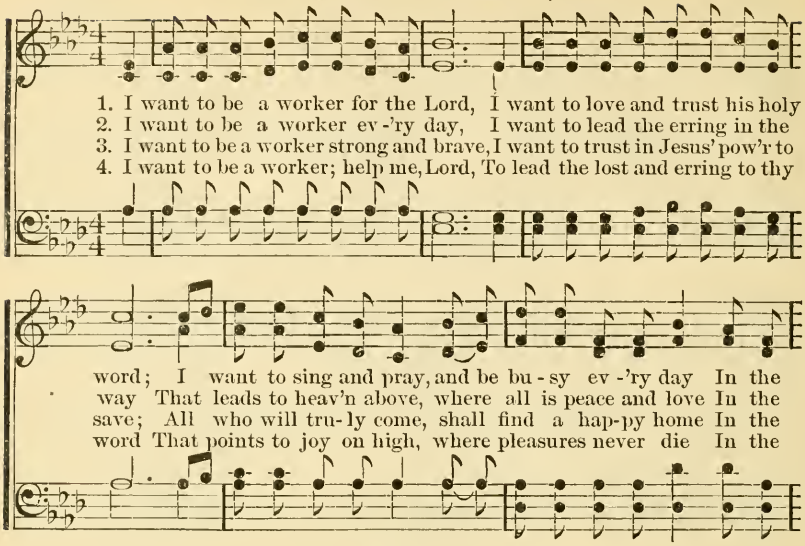
I Want to be a Worker.

I B. "The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27. I. BALTZELL.



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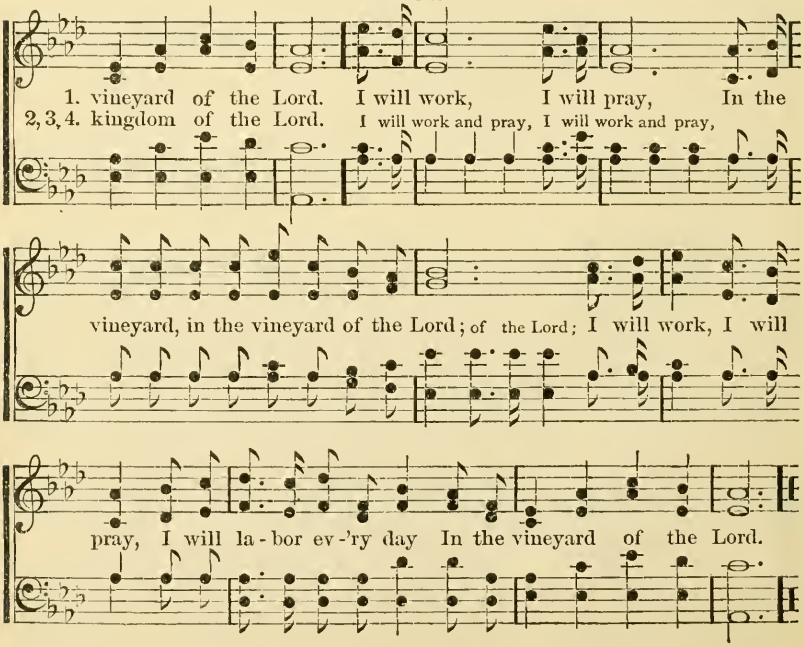

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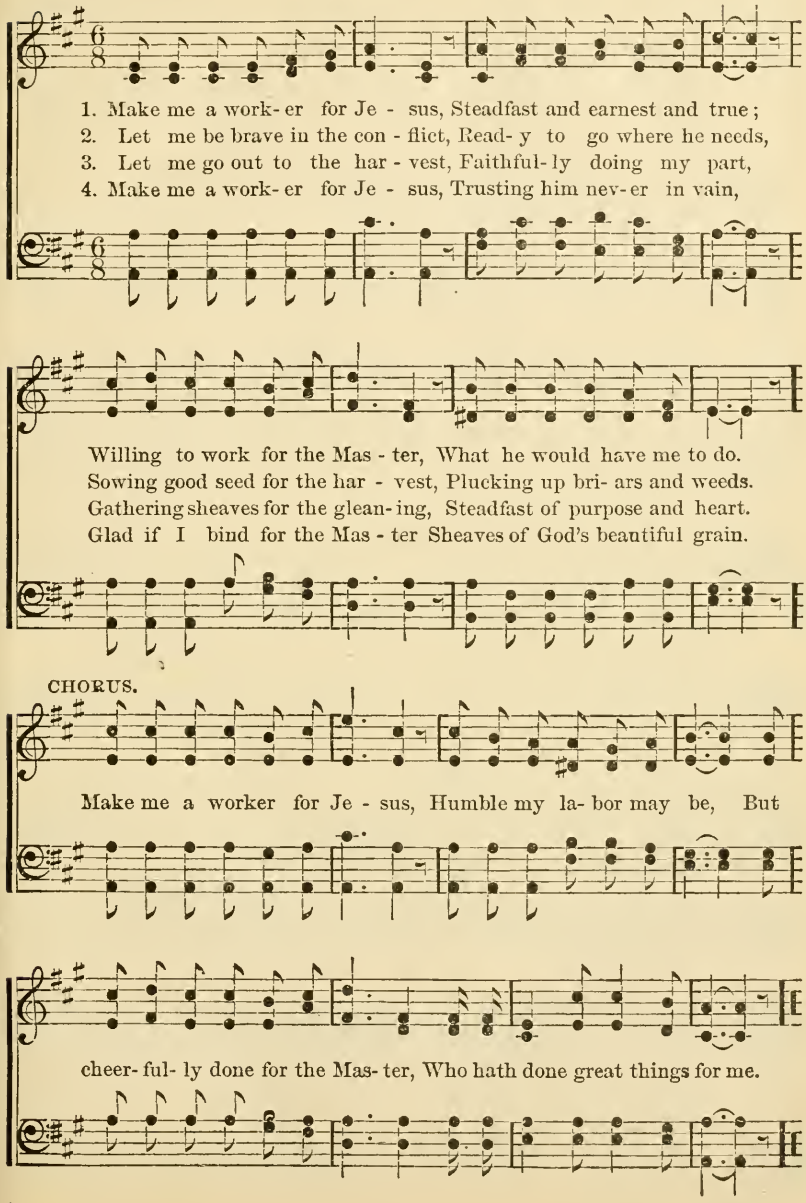
Make me a Worker for Jesus.

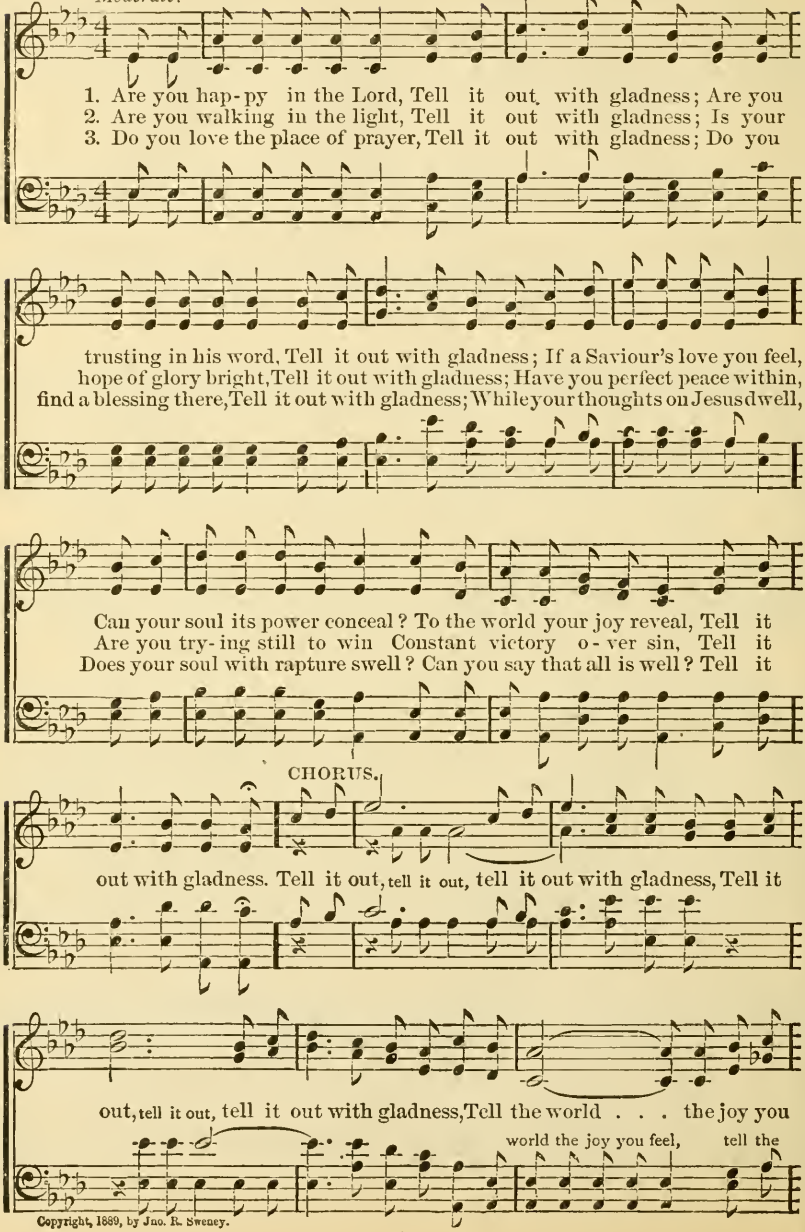
EBEN E. REXFORD. "And every man to his work."—Mark xiii. 34. T. C. O'KANE.



Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.



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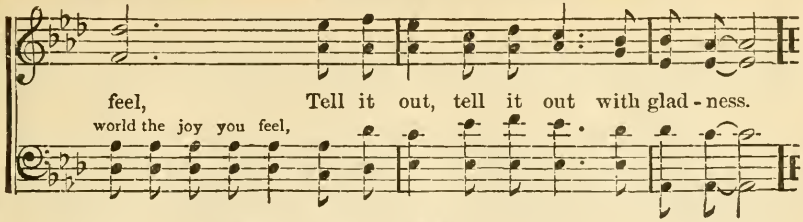
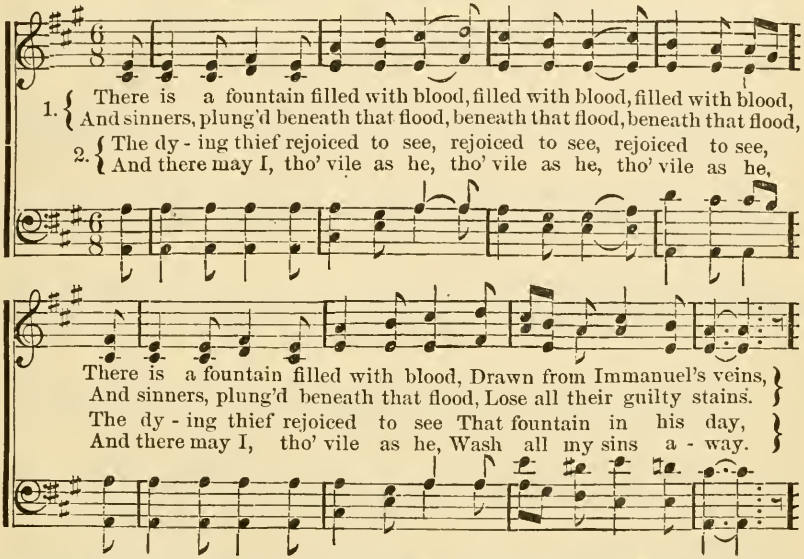
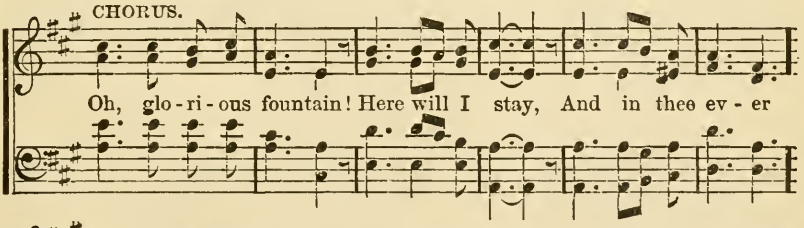
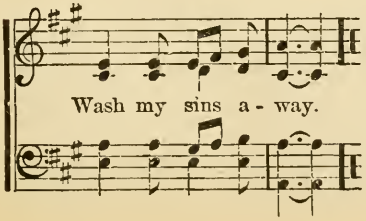


Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE. By per.





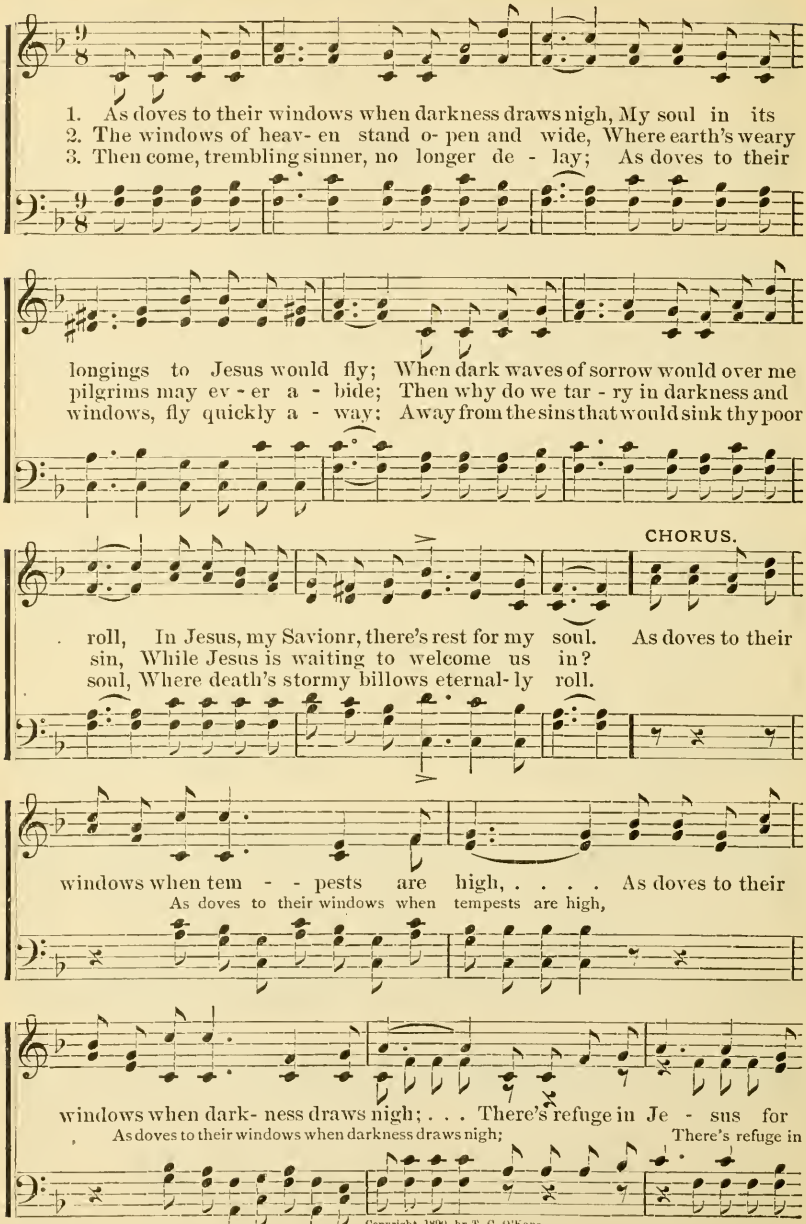


3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God :‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

As Doves to their Windows.

W. E. Penn. Isaiah lx : 8. E. T. O'Kane.



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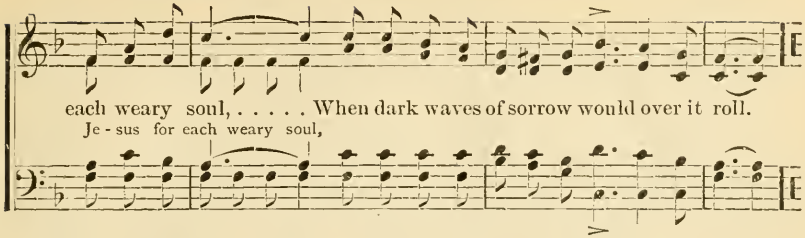
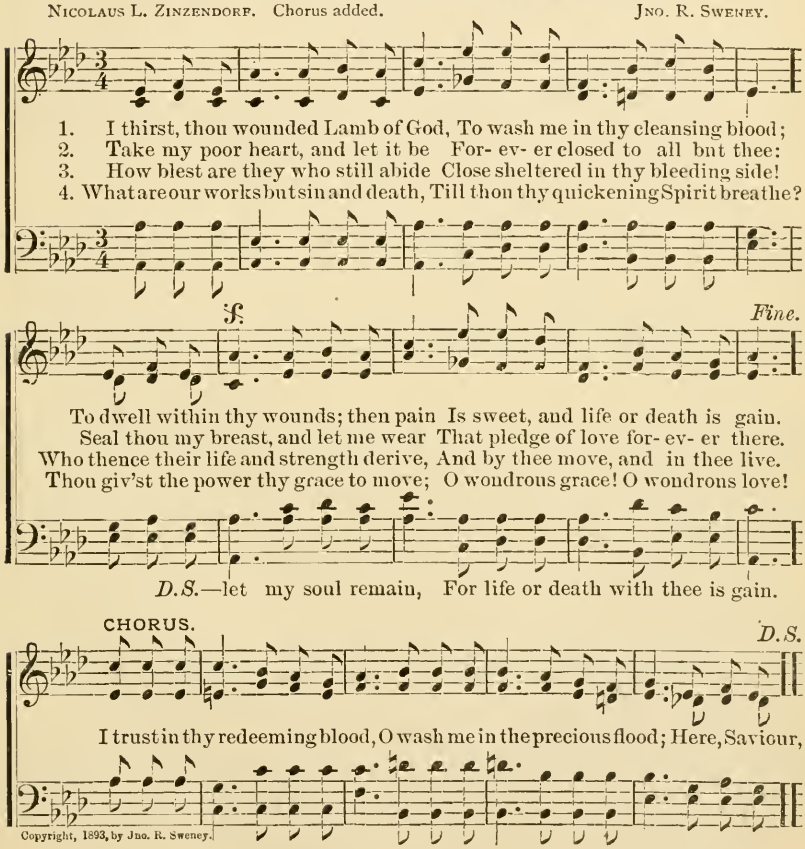


I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb.

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF. Chorus added. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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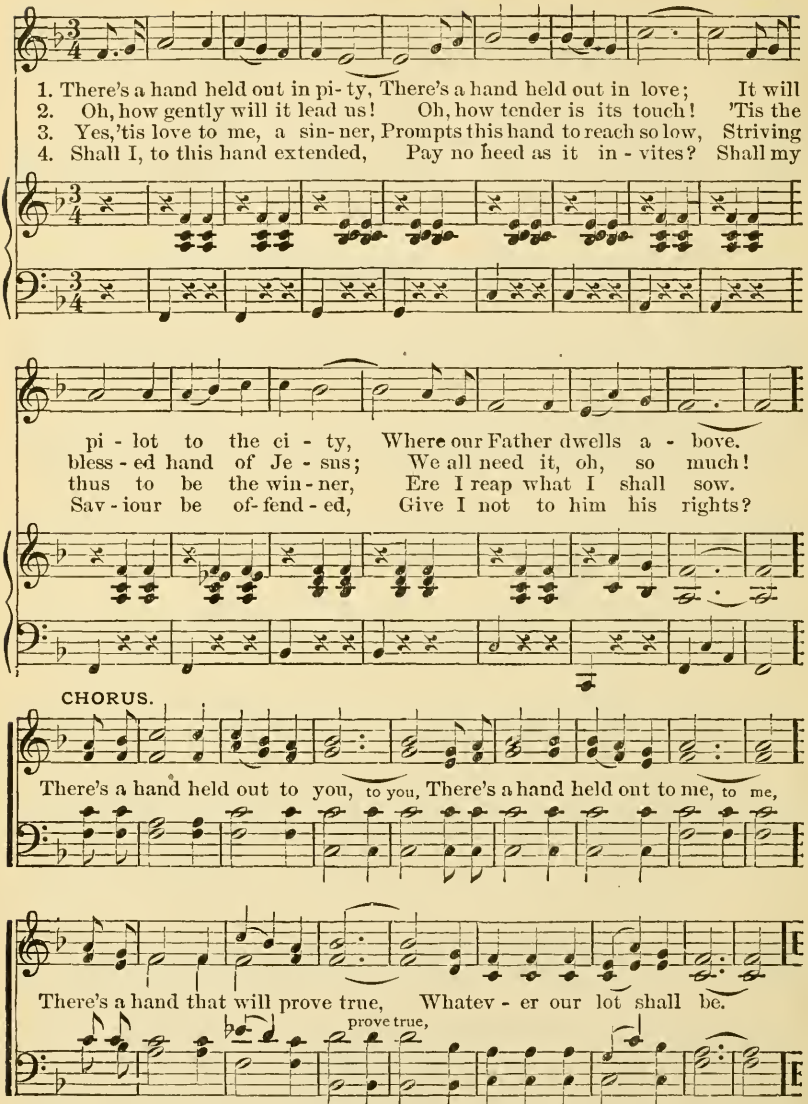
5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. Morse. Jno. R. Sweney.



5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take,
Knowing that it leads aright;
Yes, I would this loving choice make;
Trusting in his love and might.

6 Then, as hand in hand together
With my Saviour, with my Friend,
With my Christ, my Elder Brother,
Let him lead till life shall end.

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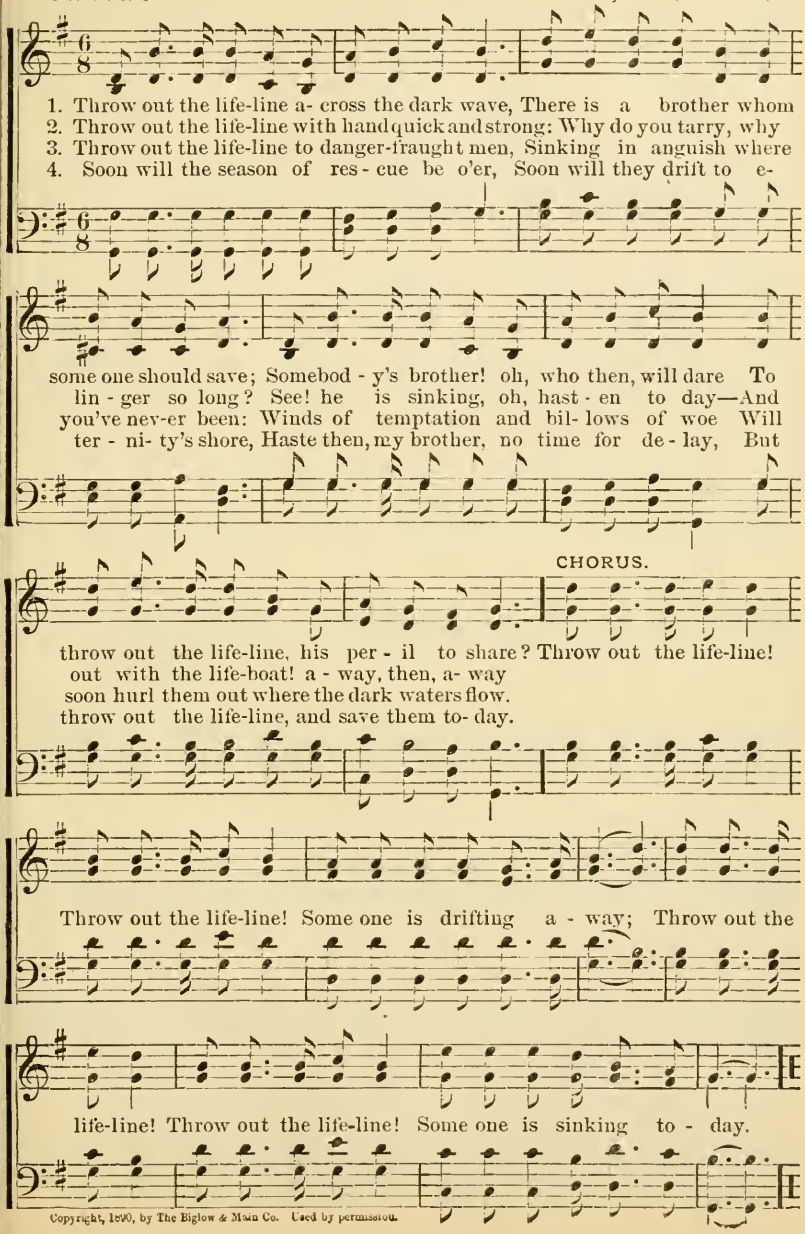
Throw Out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



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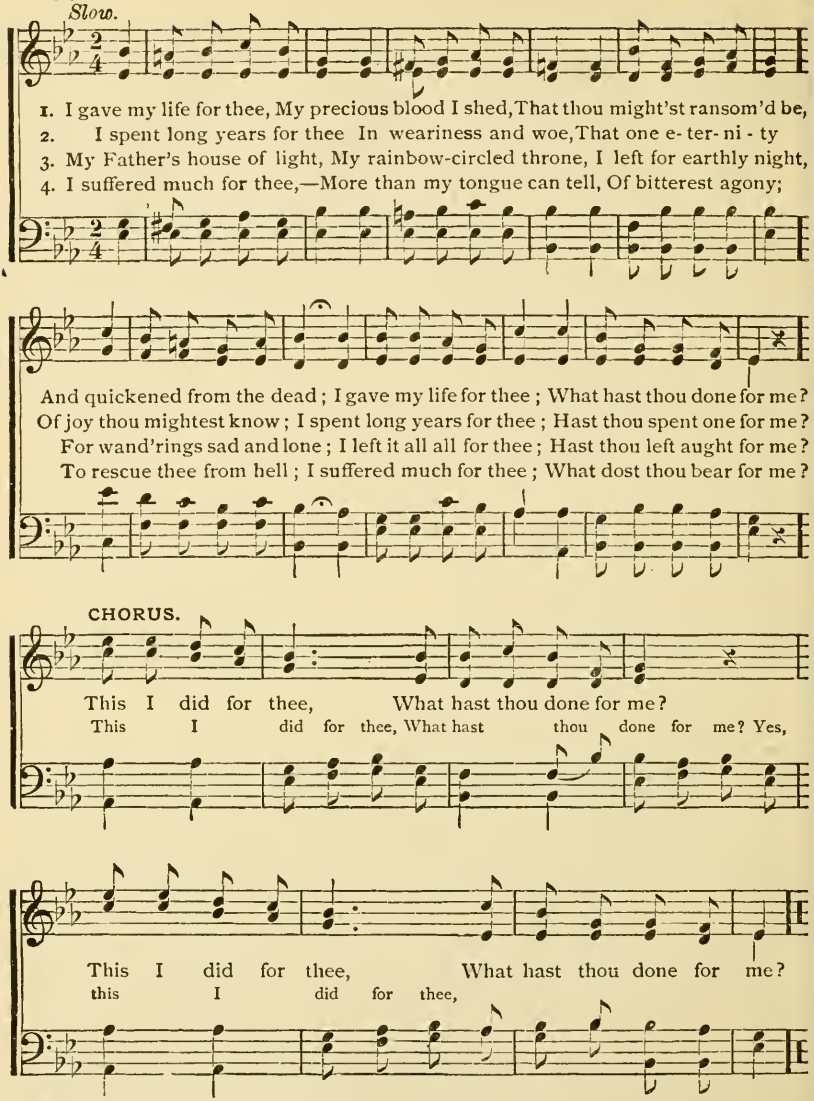
"This I did for Thee."

H. Bonar. W. H. Doane.

Slow.



5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to me,
And I will welcome thee!

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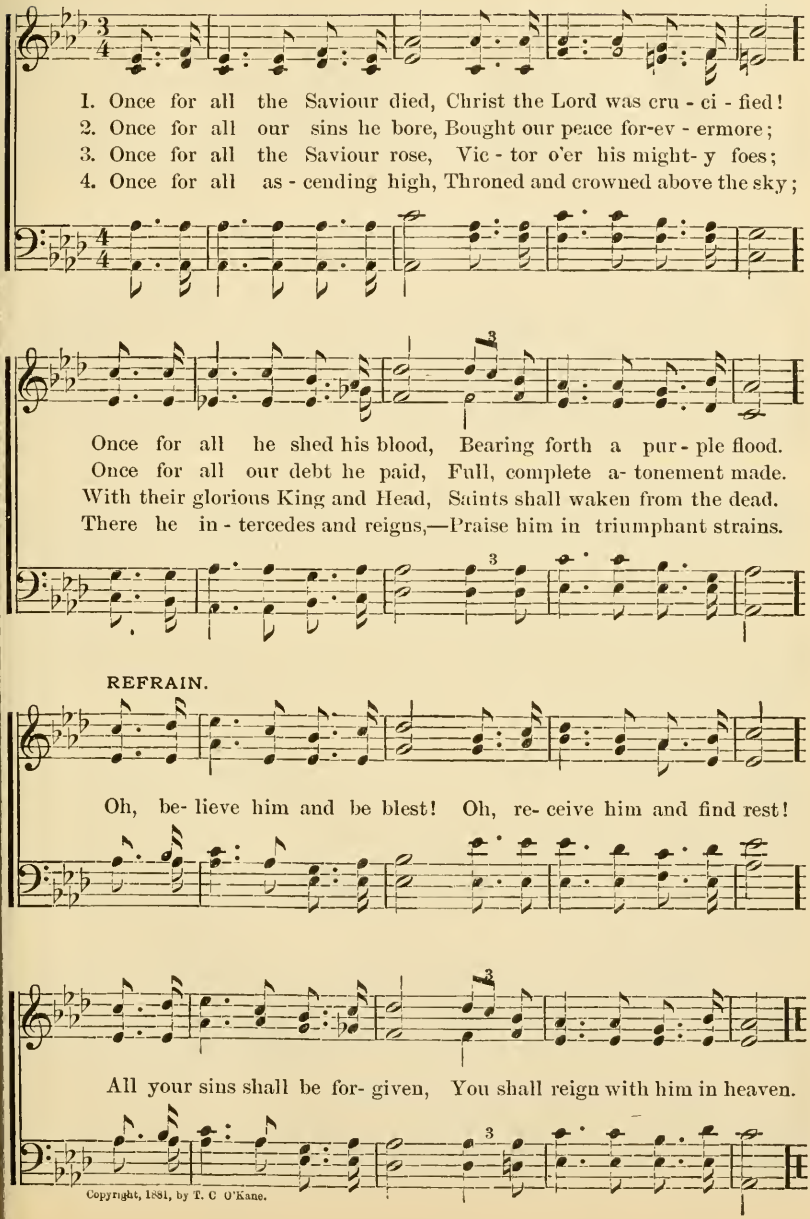
Rev. J. H. Martin. T. C. O'Kane.



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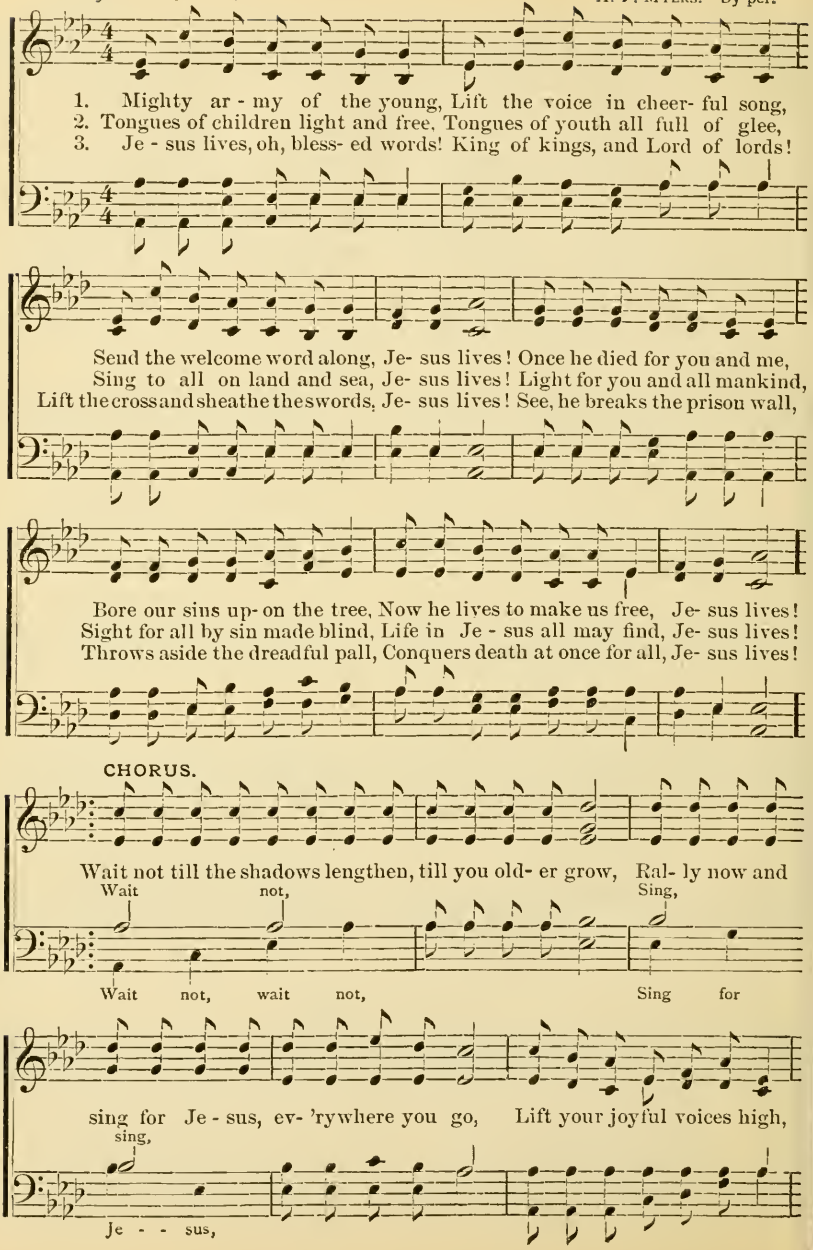
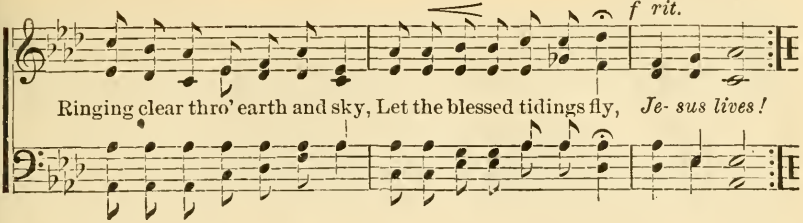
Jesus Lives!

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS. By per.

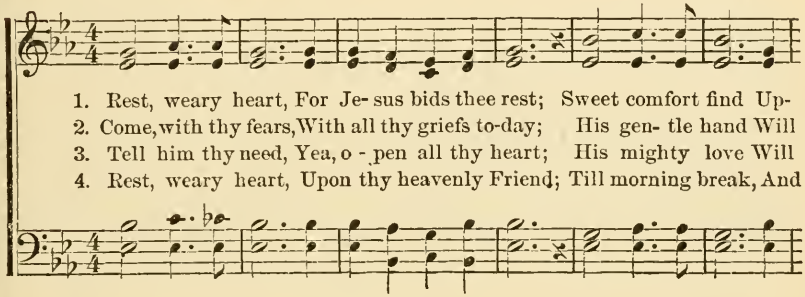


Repeat chorus pp. f rit.

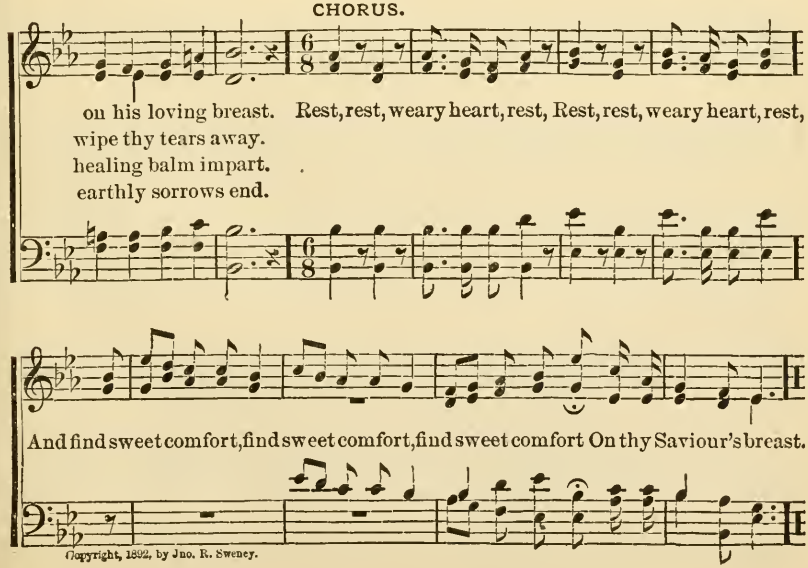


Rest, weary Heart.

L. H. Edmunds. Jno. R. Sweney.



CHORUS.



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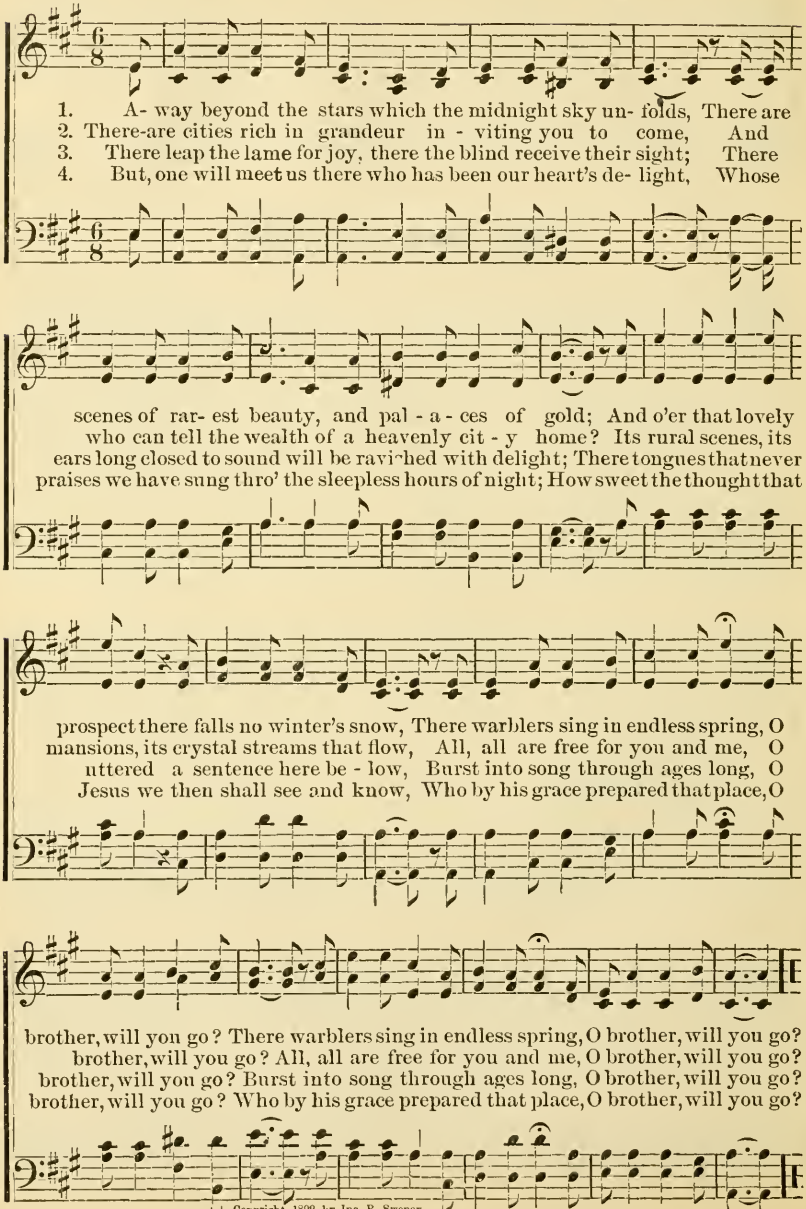
Brother, will You Go?

Wm. Woodward. Mrs. W. V. Baker.



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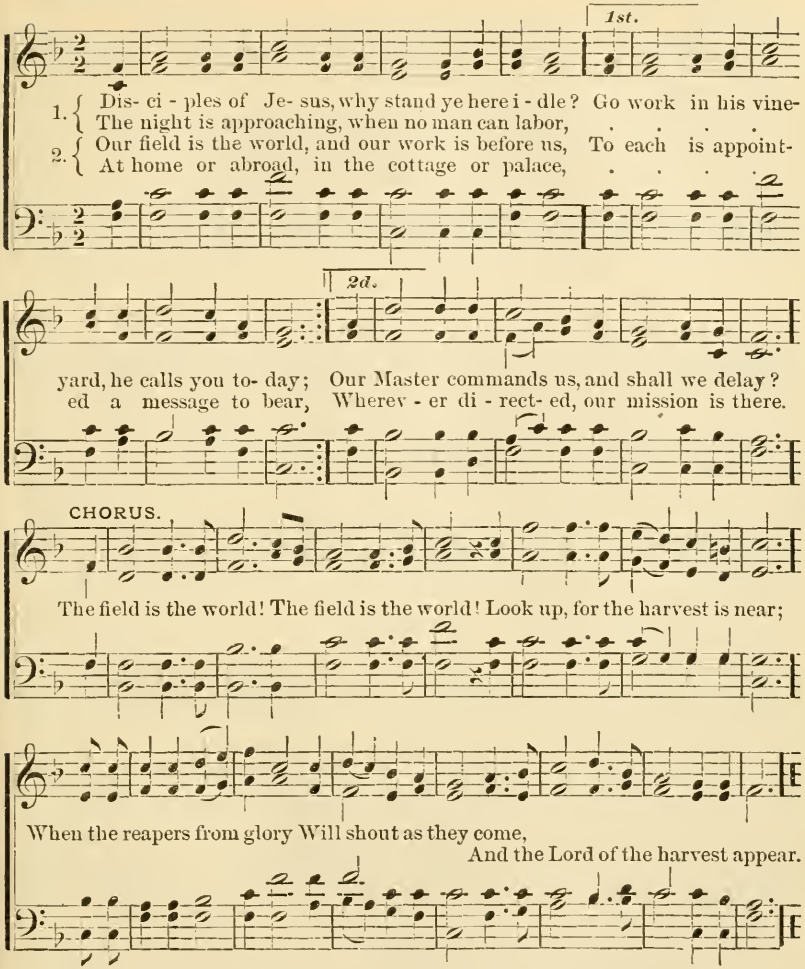
The World is my Parish.

From the "Singing Pilgrim." T. C. O'Kane. By per.



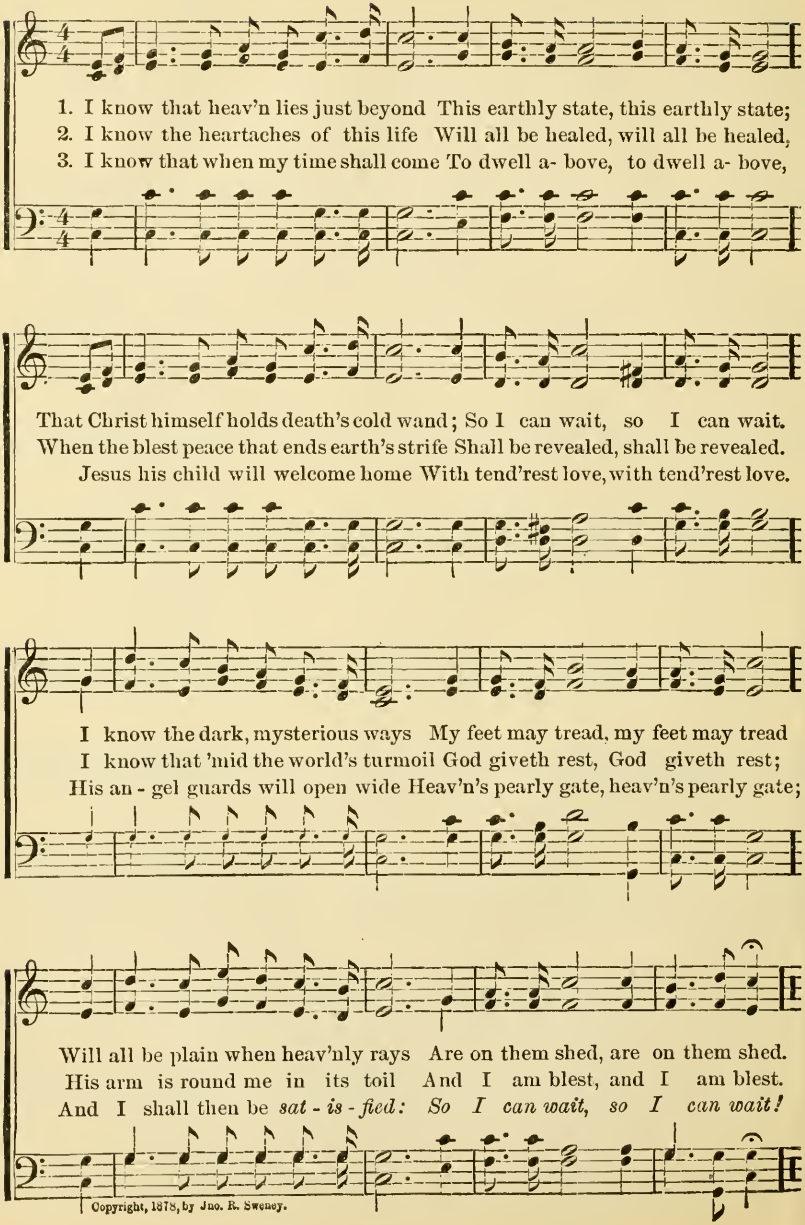
3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.

4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions and rock-girded mountains
The Lord will protect as his children are there.

5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm-tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branch
The lamb and the lion together repose.

So I can Wait.

JULIA C. THOMPSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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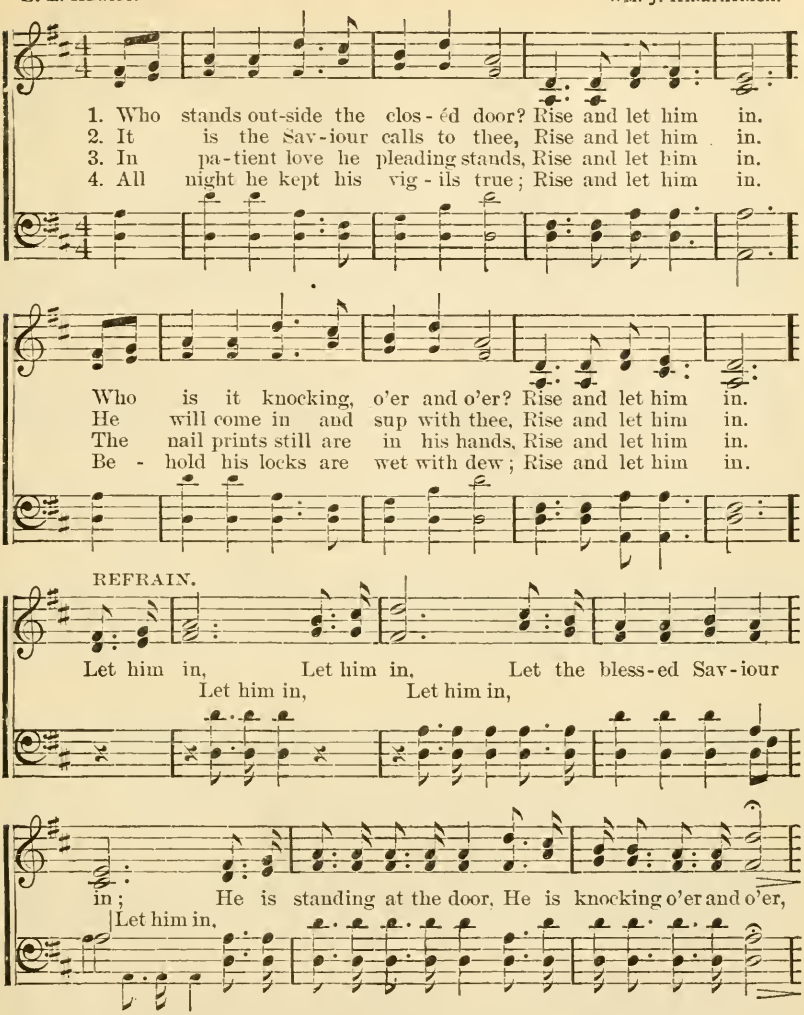
Let the Blessed Saviour in.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



5. O why should he be waiting now?
Rise and let him in.
Thy Lord, with glory-circled brow,
Rise and let him in.

6. Beware, beware! undo the door;
Rise and let him in.
Lest he should leave thee evermore,
Rise and let him in.

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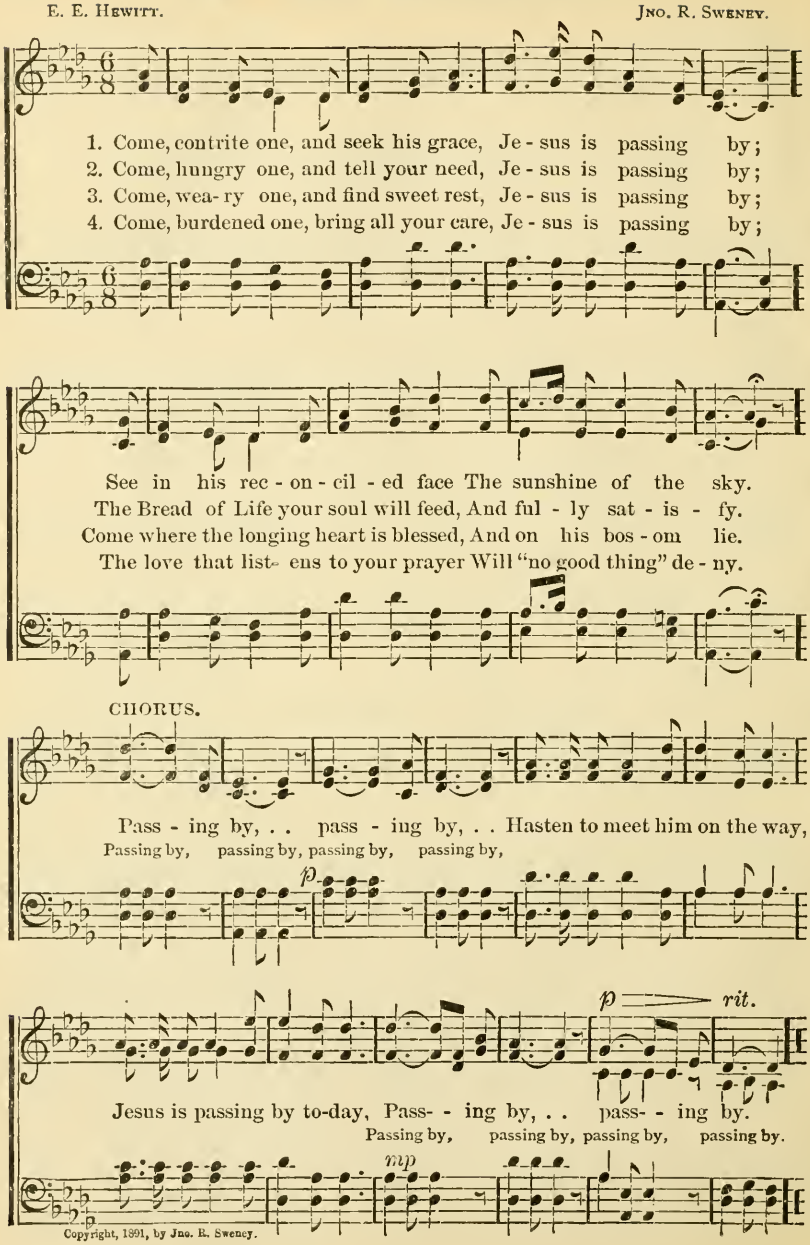
Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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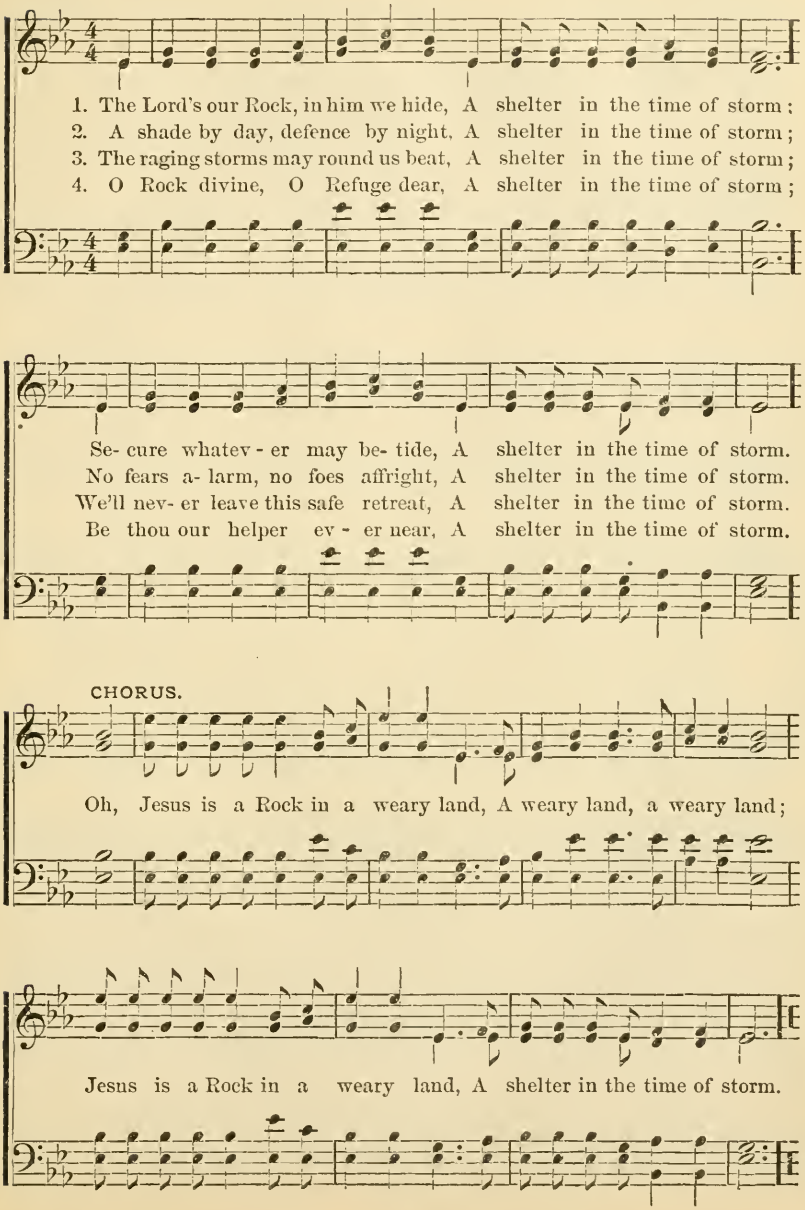
A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

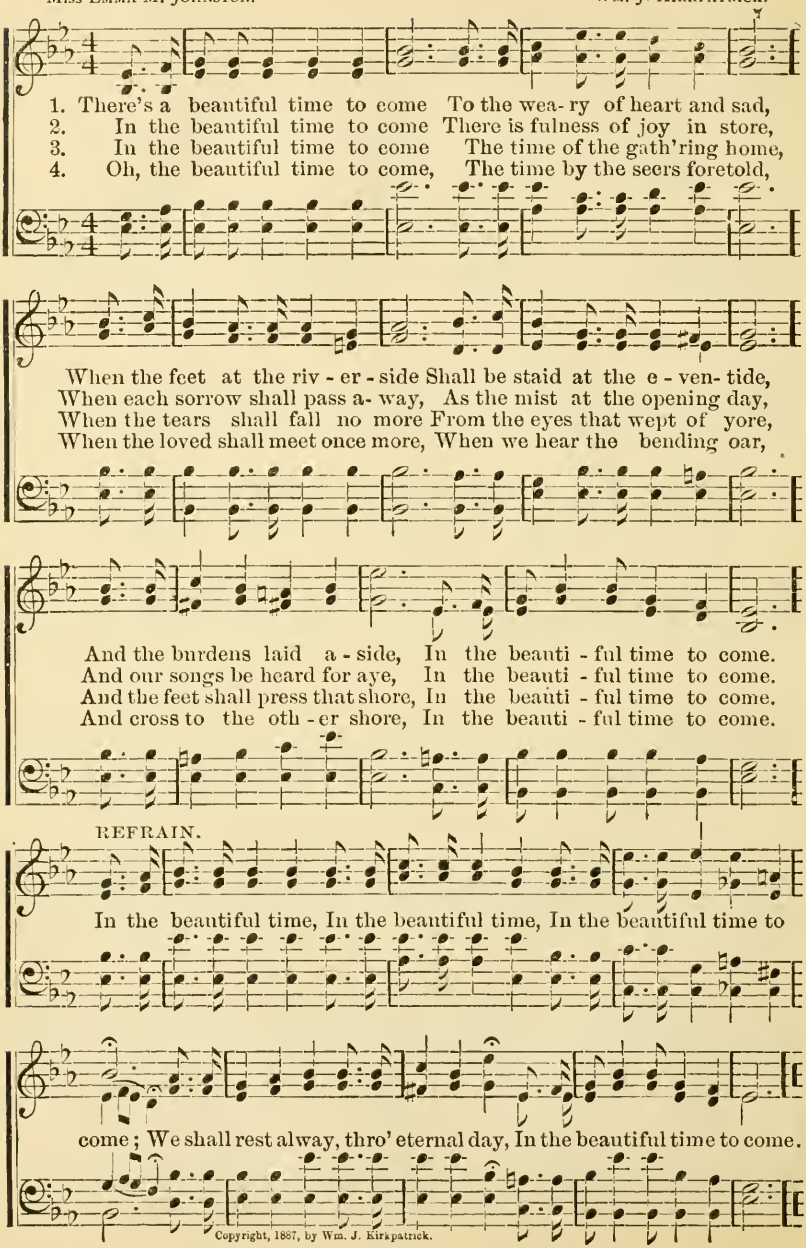
"God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. xciv: 22.

Words arranged. A. J. Showalter. By per.



The Beautiful Time to Come.

Miss Emma M. Johnston. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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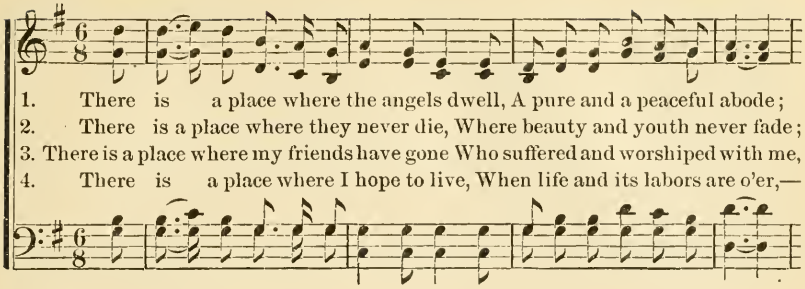
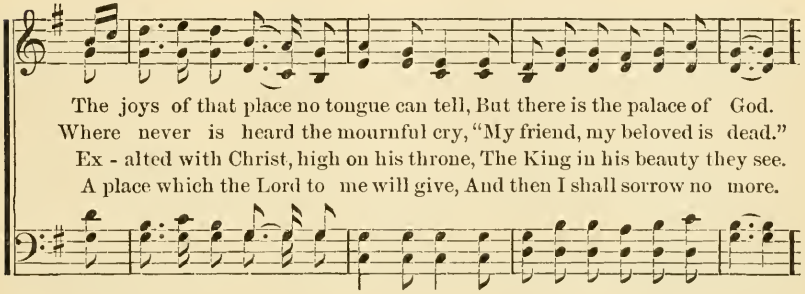
My Fatherland.

Rev. W. Hunter. T. C. O'Kane.





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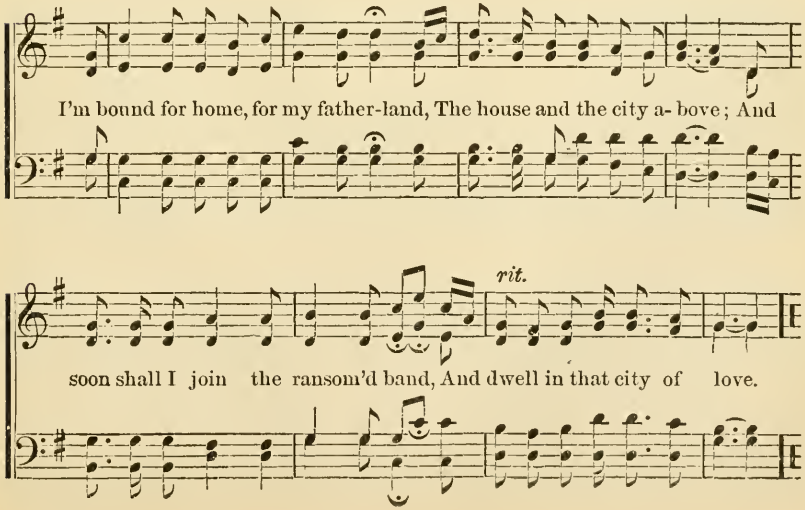

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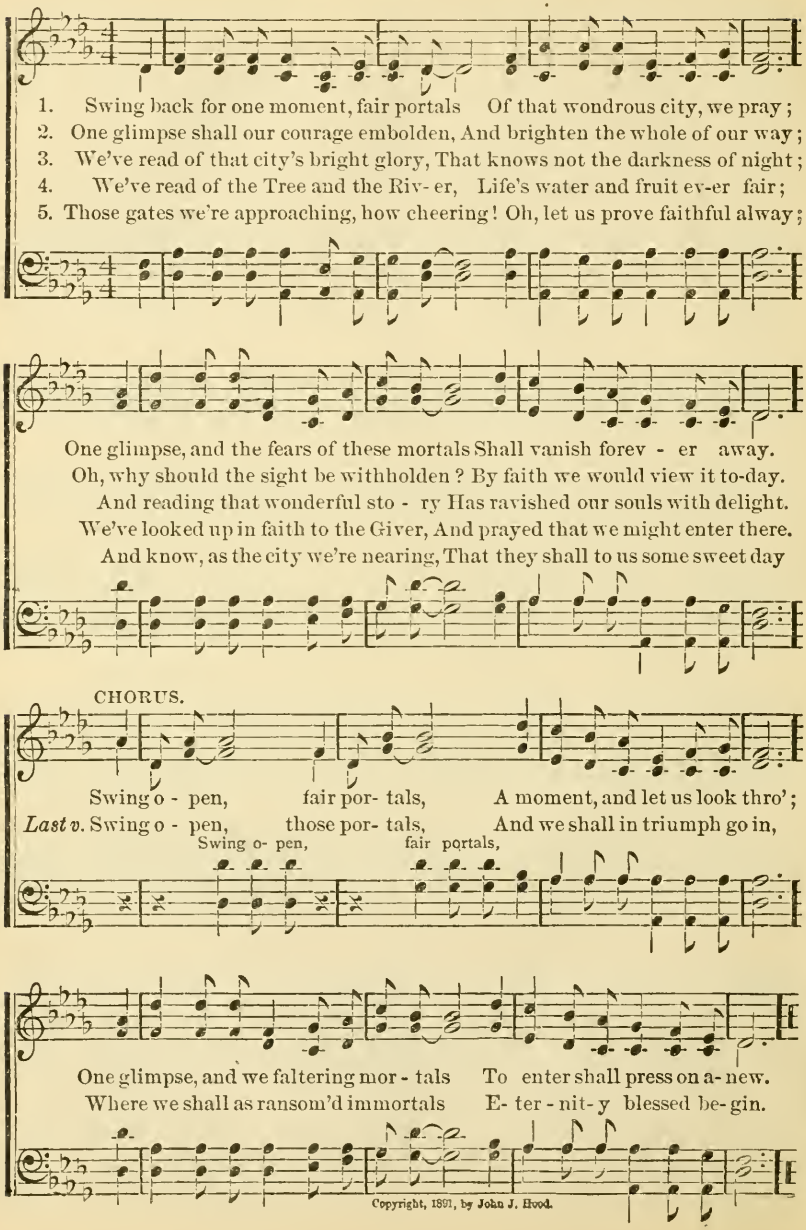
Fair Portals.

F. A. B. "He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16. F. A. BLACKMER.



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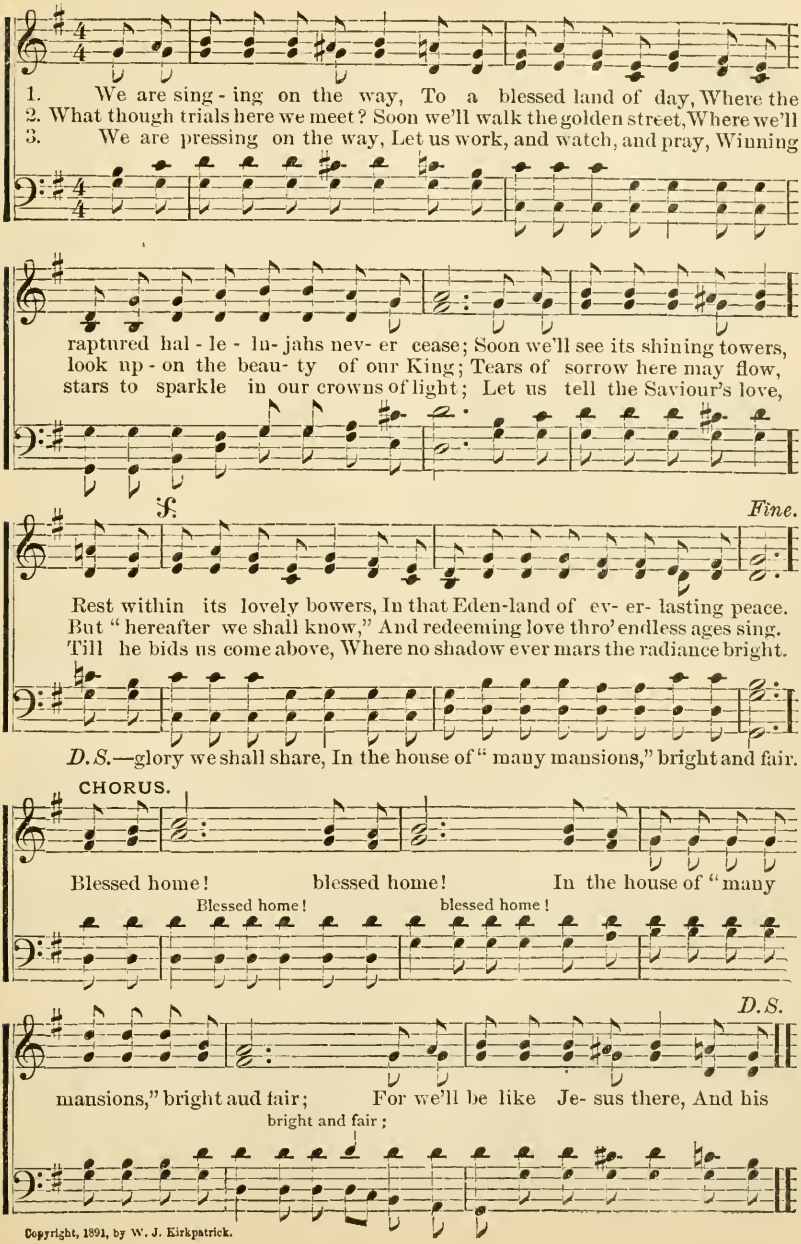
We are Singing On the Way.

L. H. Edmunds. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



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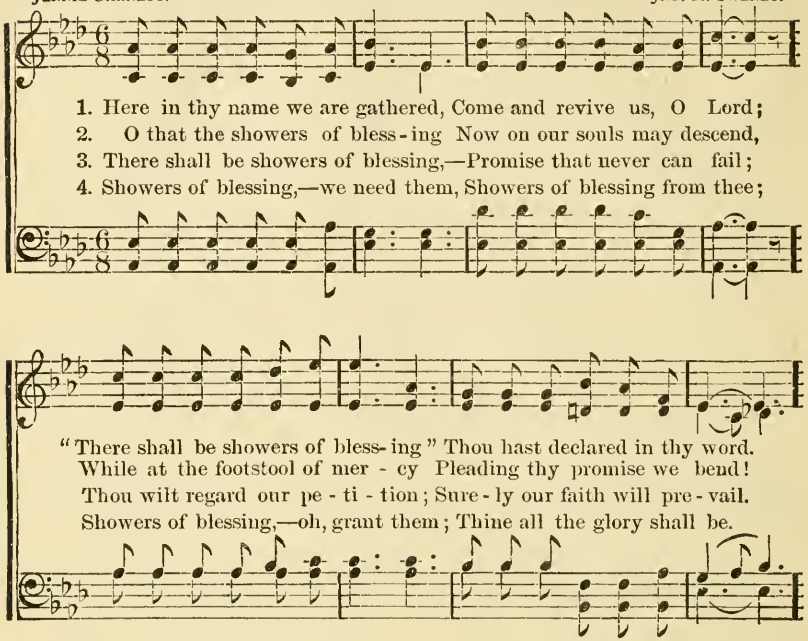
Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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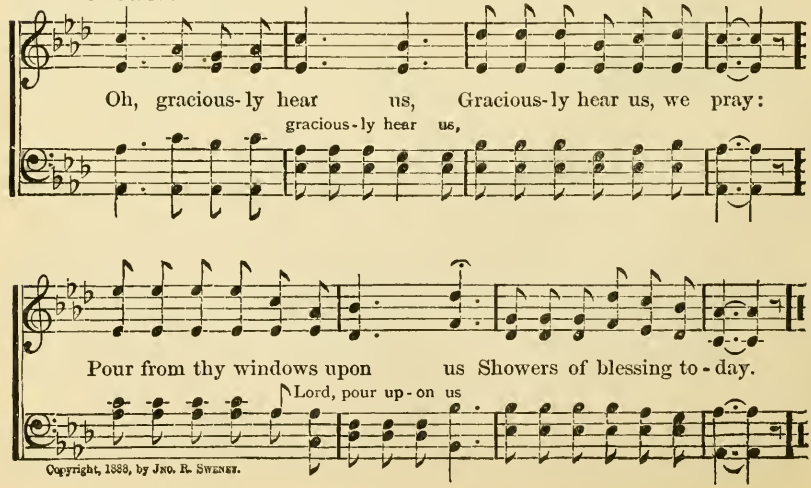

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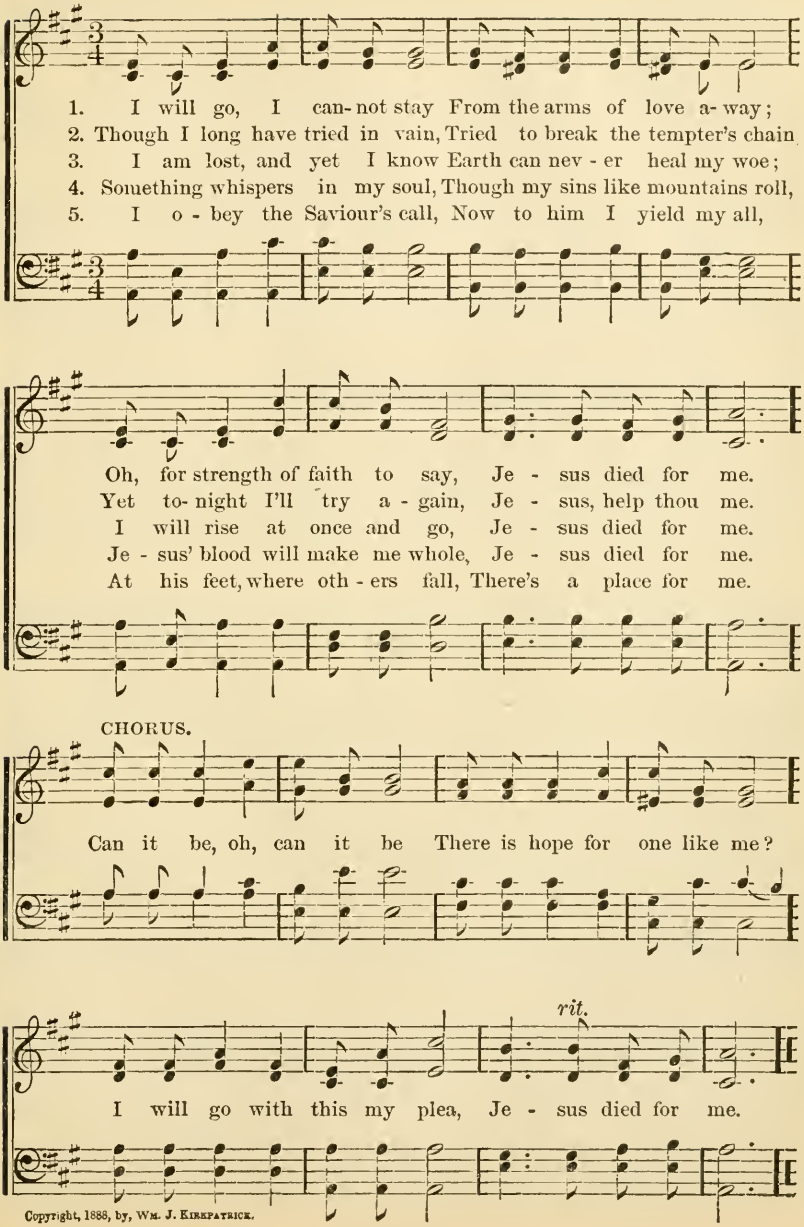
MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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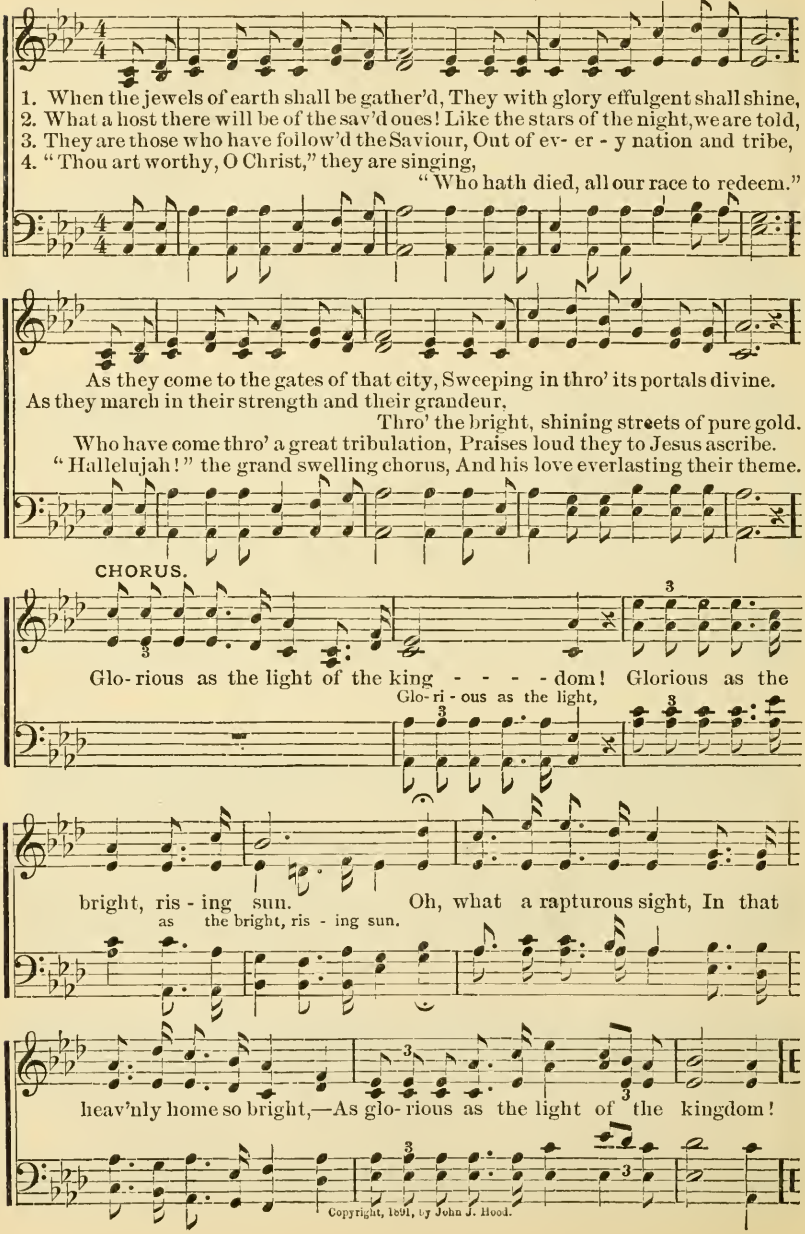
Glorious as the Light.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. iii: 17.

L. W. Smith. F. A. Blackmer.



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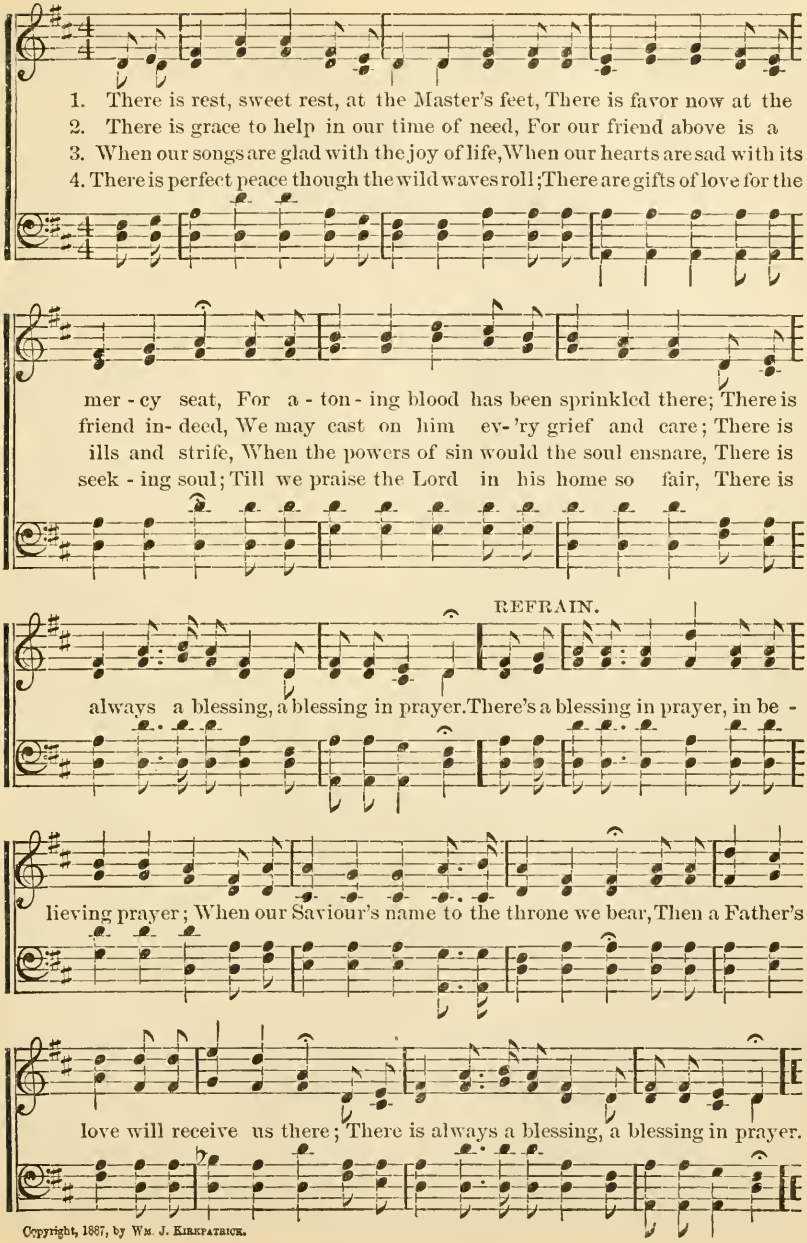
A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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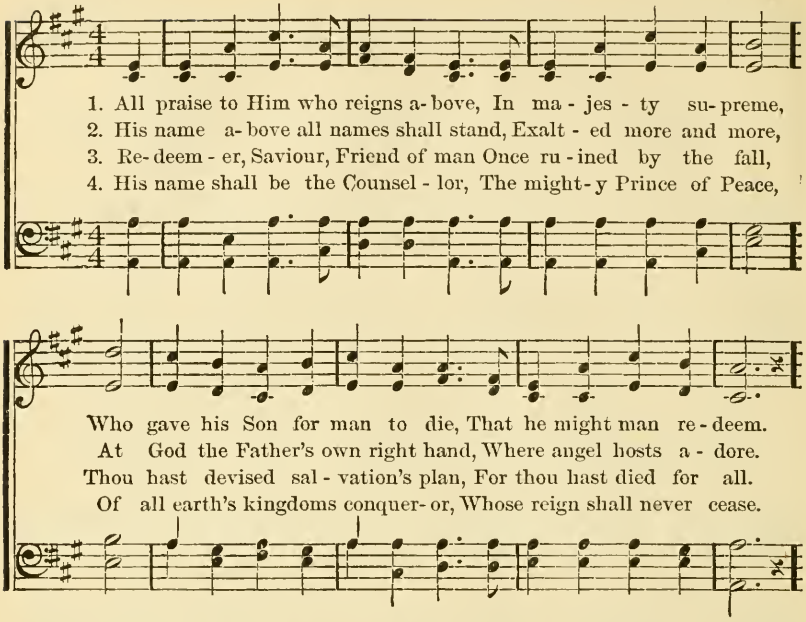
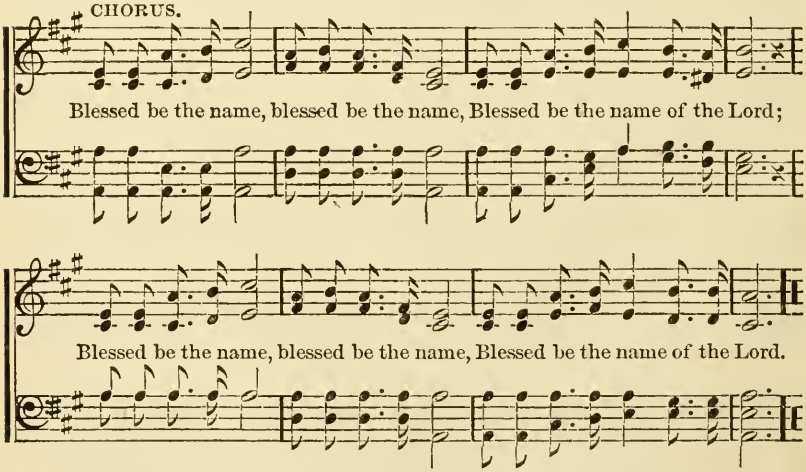
Blessed be the Name.

W. H. Clark. Arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

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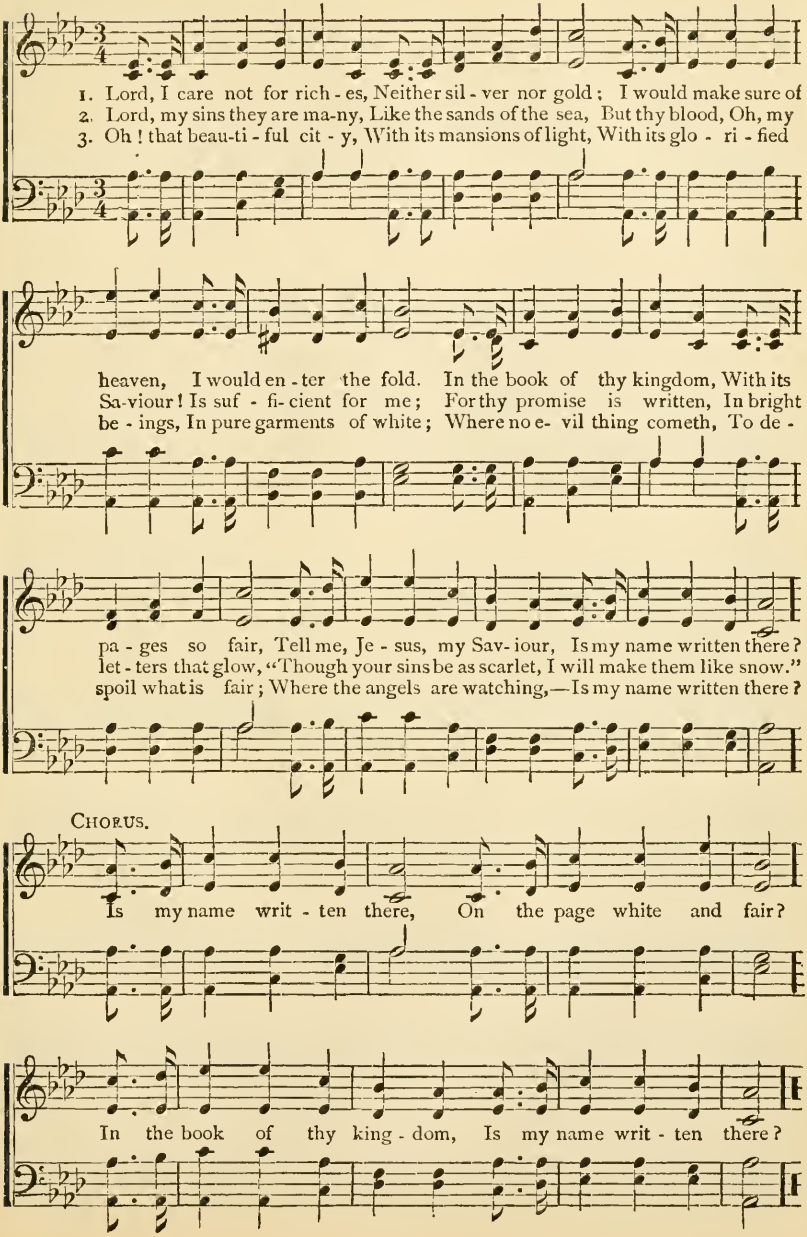
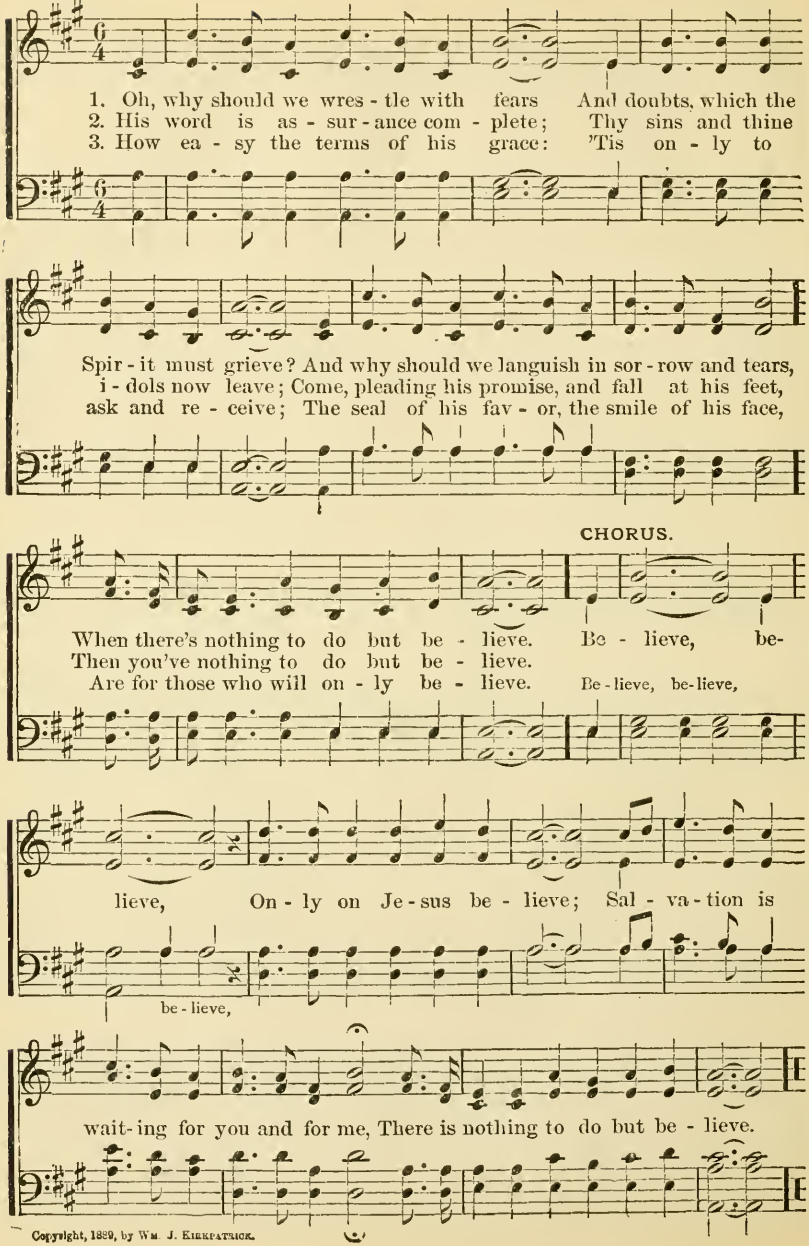
Is my Name written There? 93

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



Only Believe.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. Mark v. 36. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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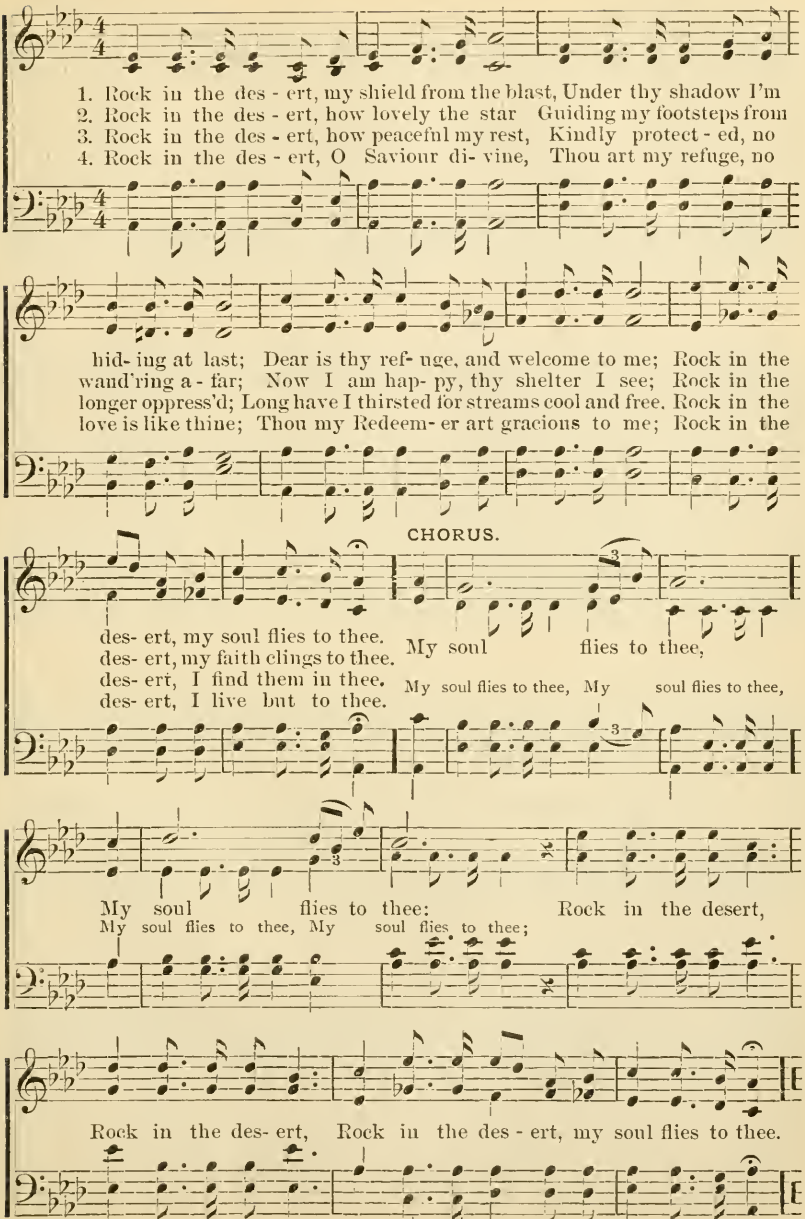
Rock in the Desert.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



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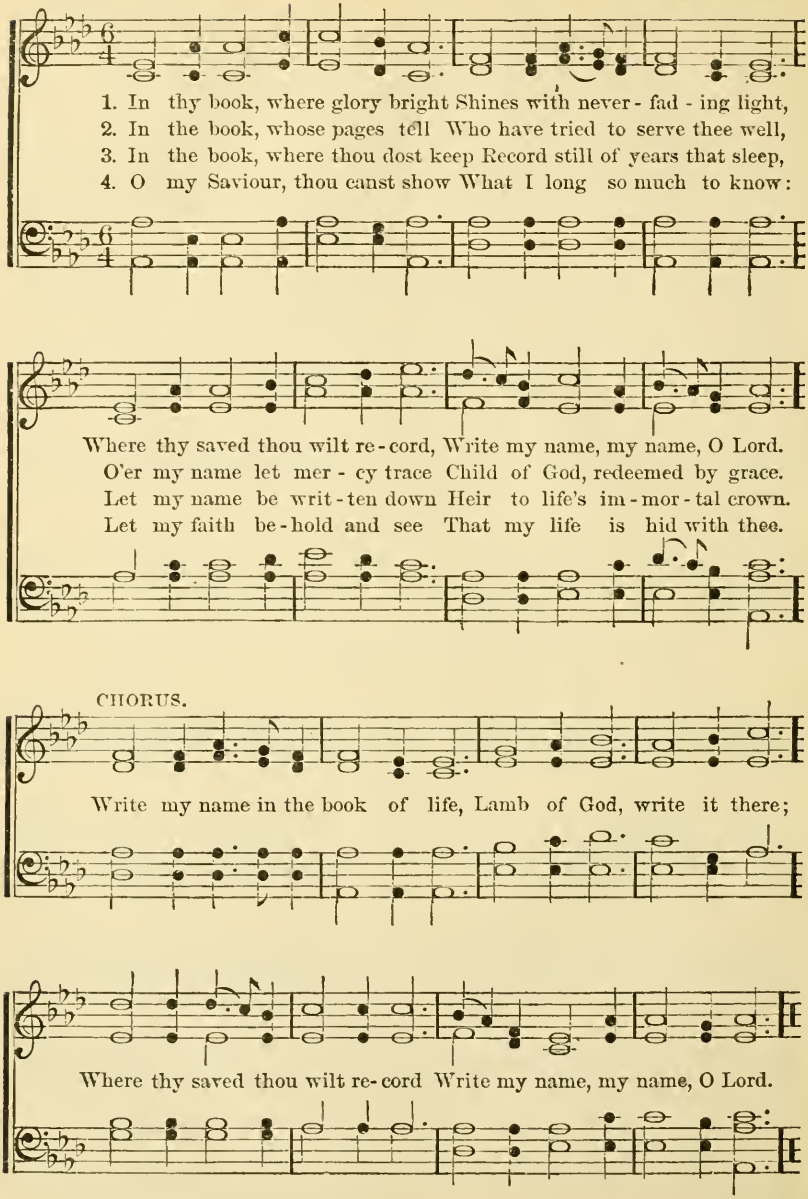
In the Book of Life.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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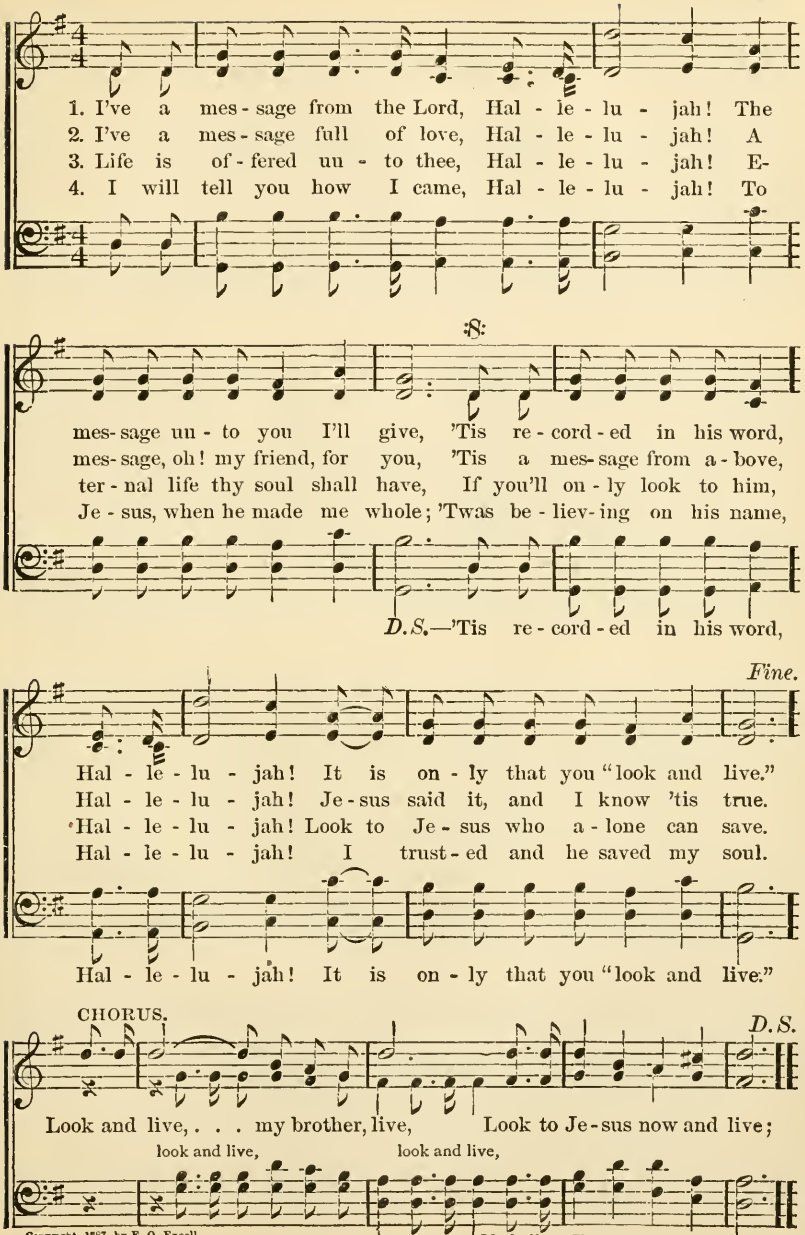
Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden



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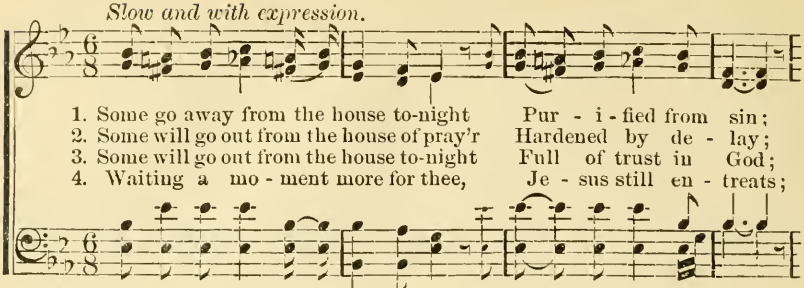
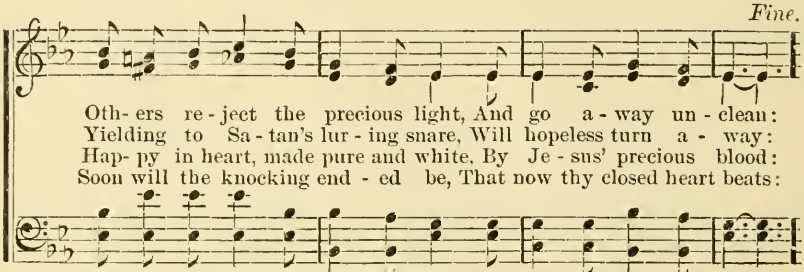
Decide To-night.

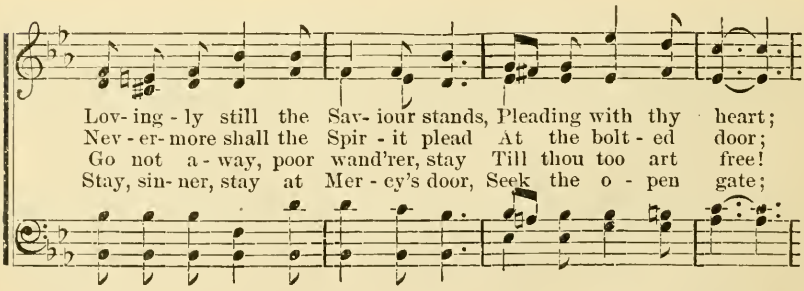
W. A. S. "How long halt ye?" 1 Kings xviii: 21. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

Slow and with expression.

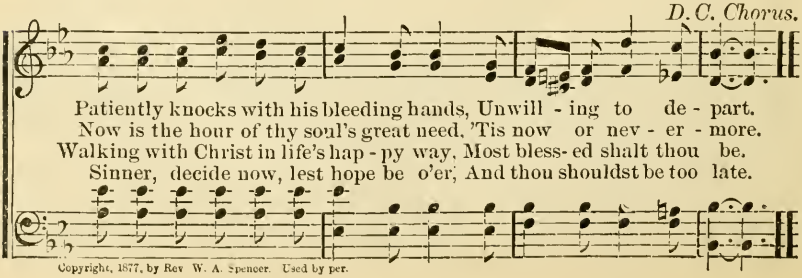


Fine.





D. C. Chorus.



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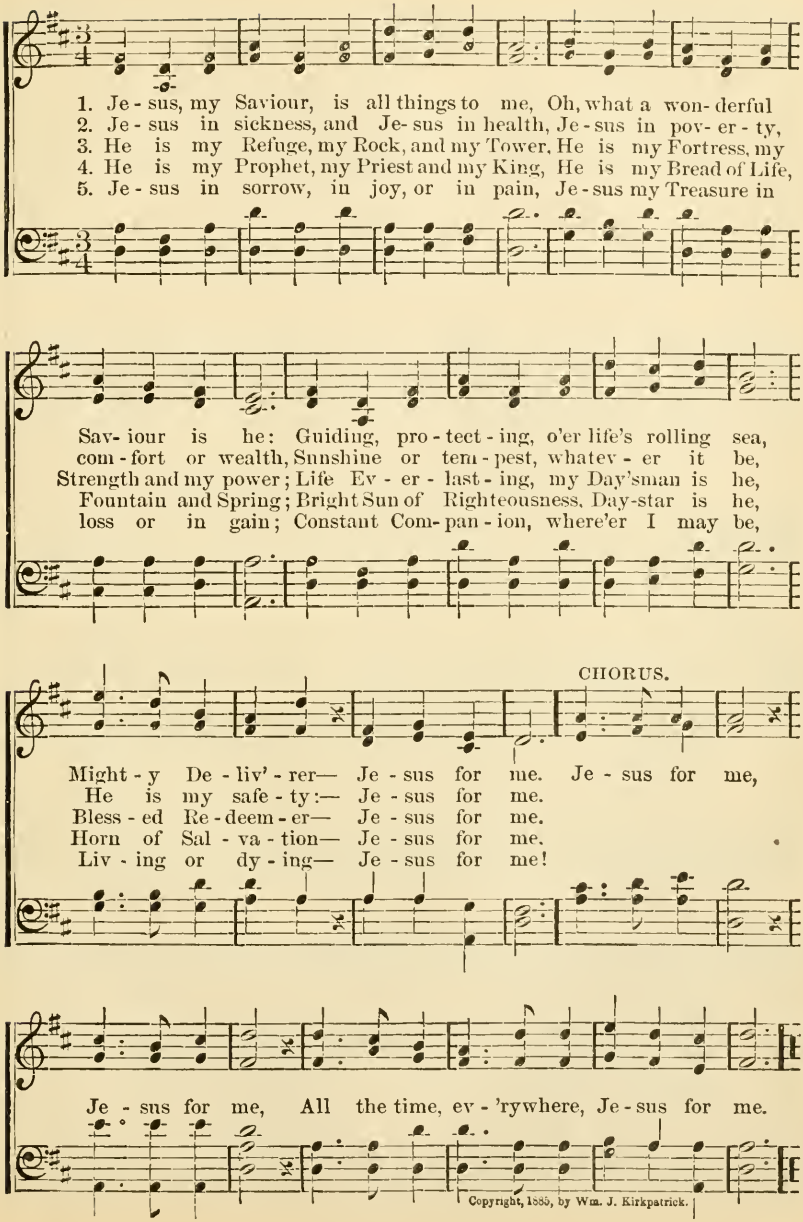
Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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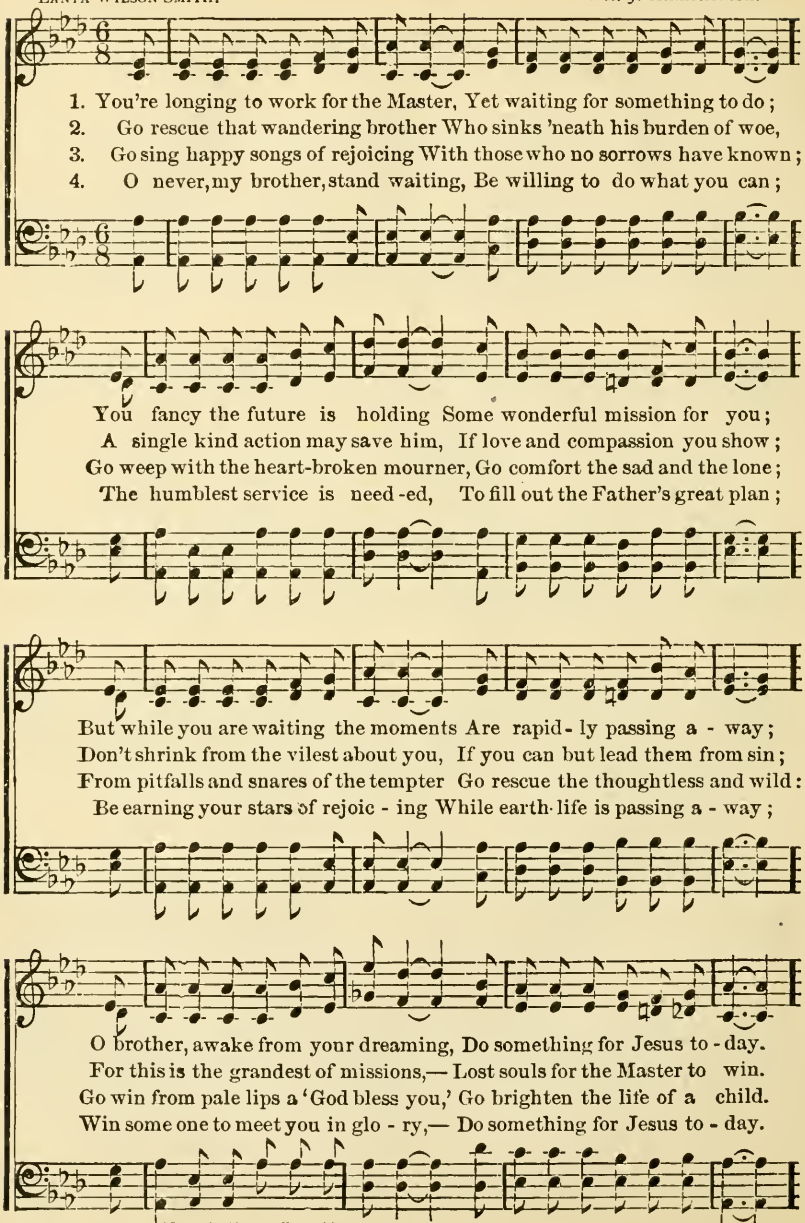
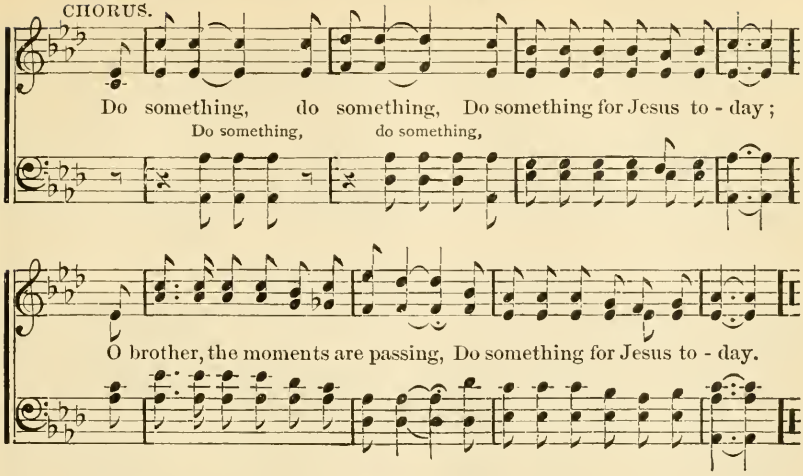
Do Something To-Day.

Lanta Wilson Smith. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

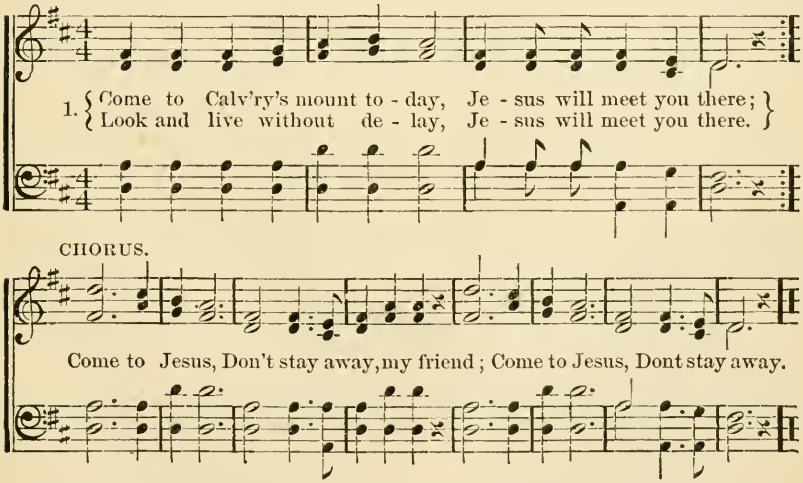


Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



Jesus Will Meet You There.

W. L. K. W. Lewis Kane.



2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
Jesus will meet you there;
Saving mercy gained for loss,
Jesus will meet you there.

3 Come and join his faithful band,
Jesus will meet you there;
Take his mighty, helping hand,
Jesus will meet you there.

4 At the blessed mercy seat,
Jesus will meet you there;
Come with this assurance sweet,
Jesus will meet you there.

5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
Jesus will meet you there;
And be happy with the blest,
Jesus will meet you there.

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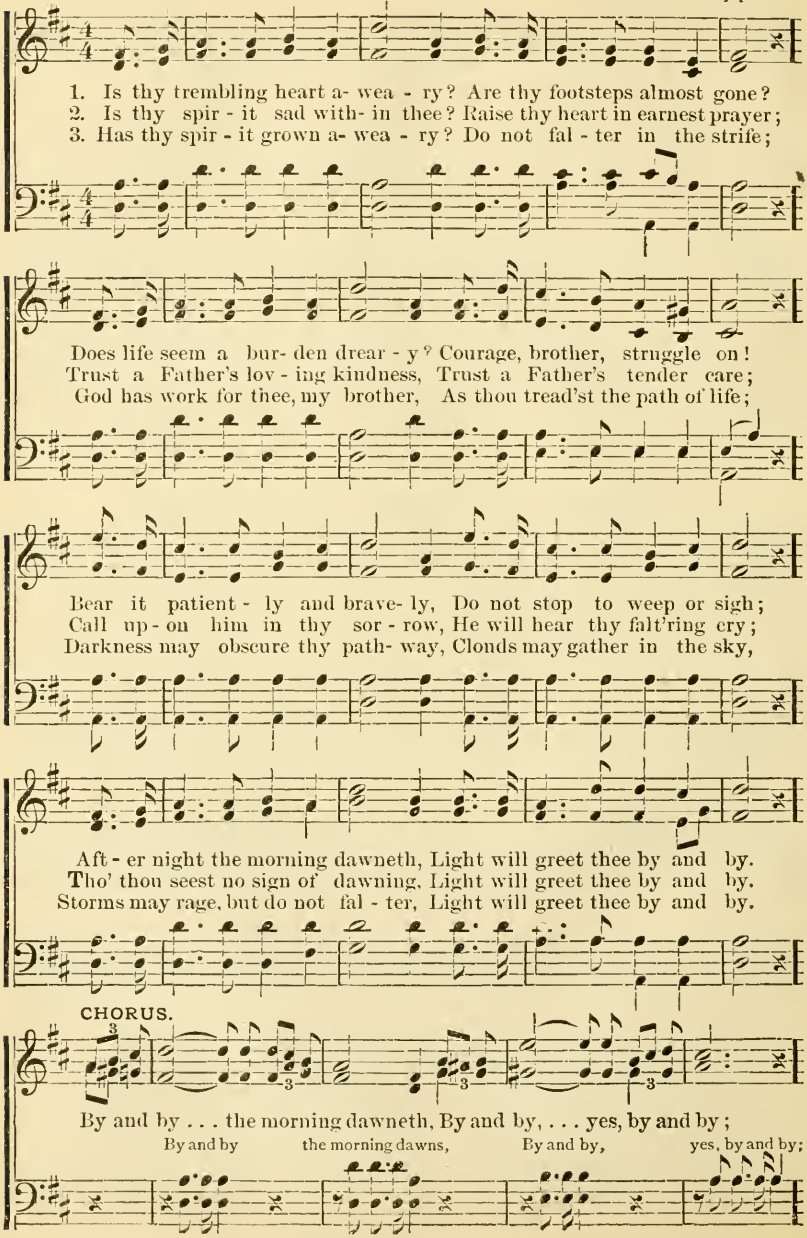
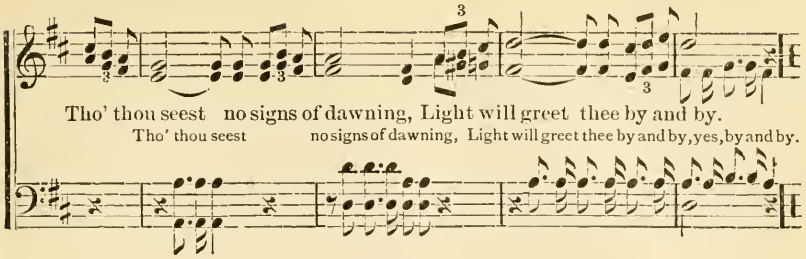
102 Light will Greet Thee By and By.

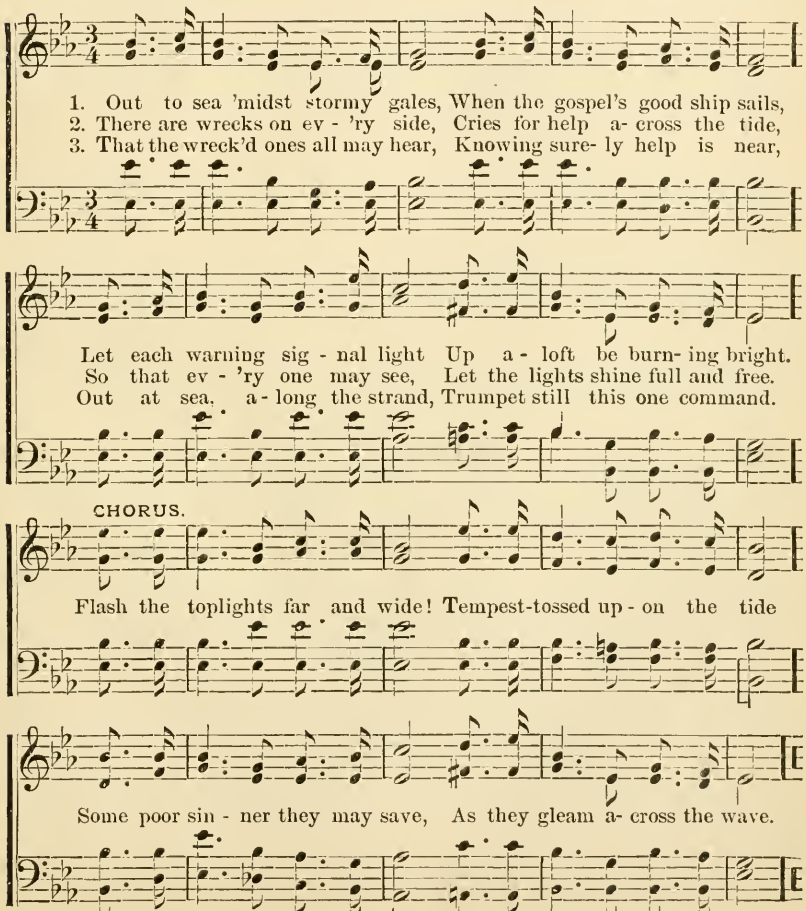
LATTA C. LORD. L. B. SHOOK. By per.





Flash the Toplights.

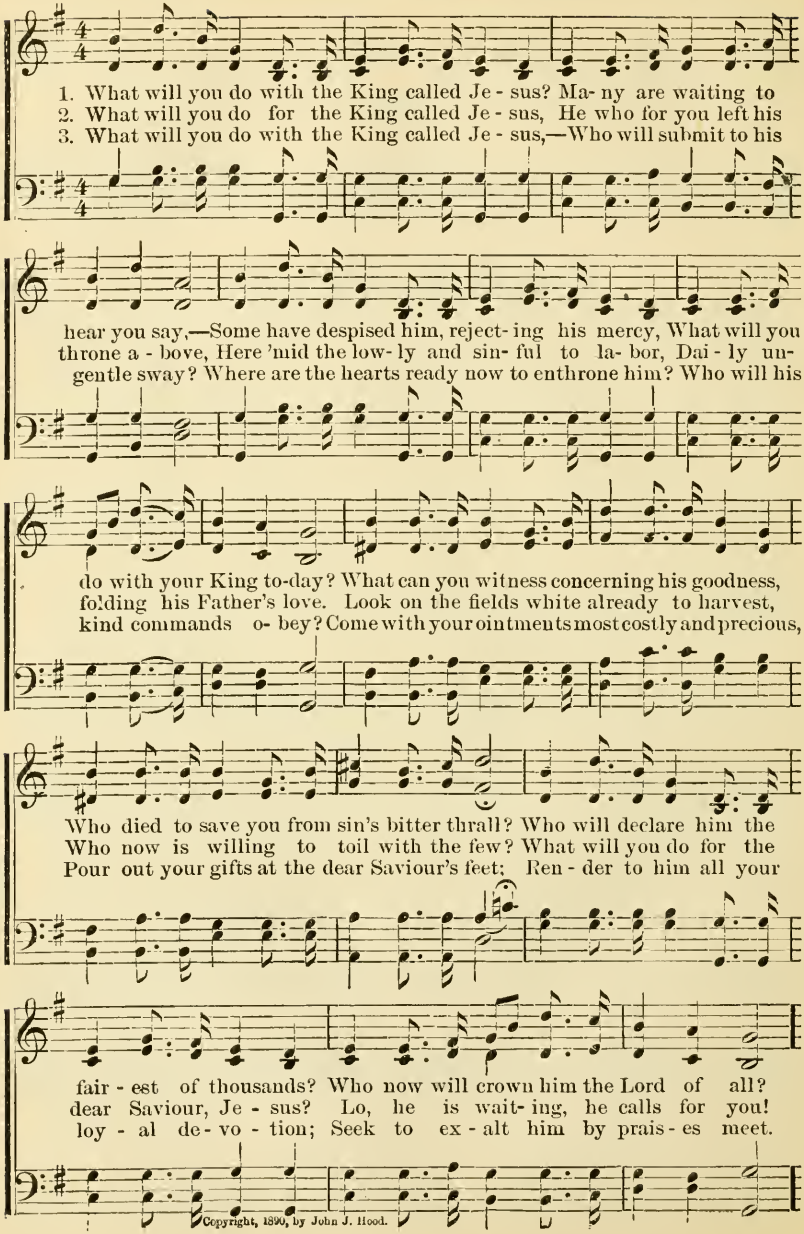
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. FRANK M. DAVIS.



From "Always Welcome," by per.

What will You do?

F. G. Burroughs. Adam Geibel.



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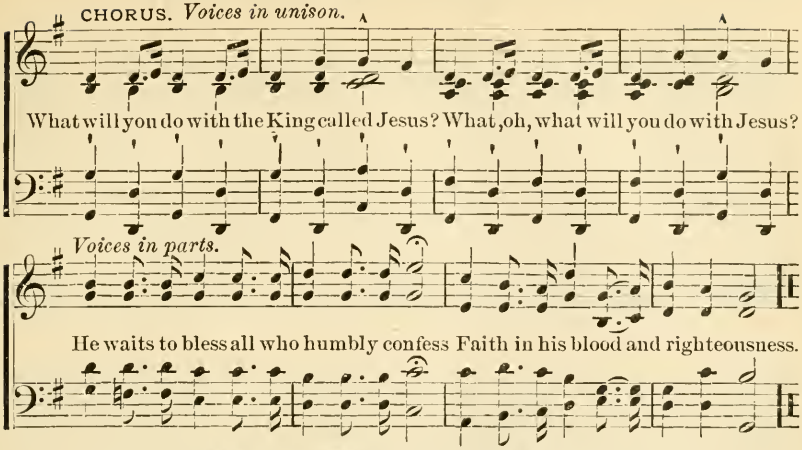
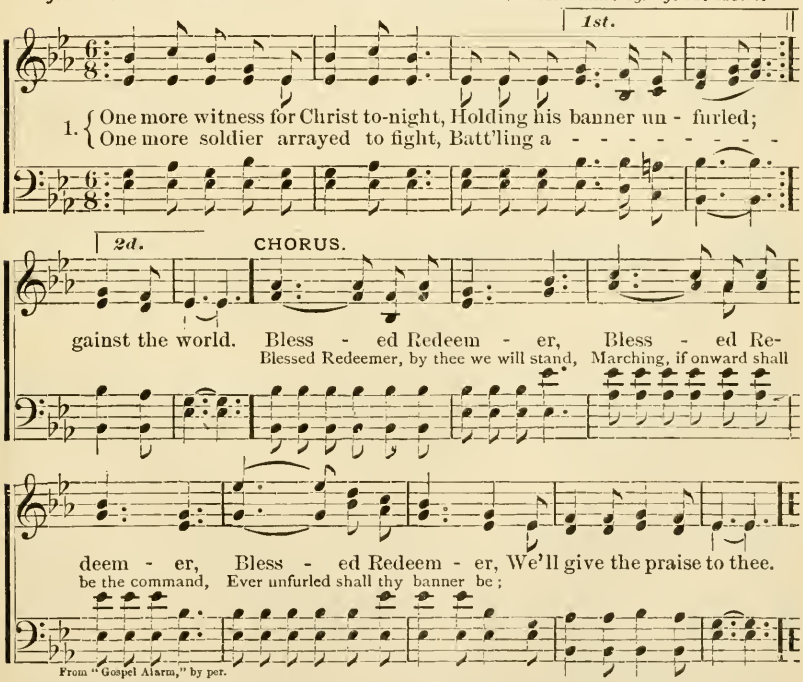
What will You do?—CONCLUDED.



One More Witness for Christ.

J. M. H. "For thou shalt be his witness unto all men."—Acts xxii: 15. J. M. HUNT.



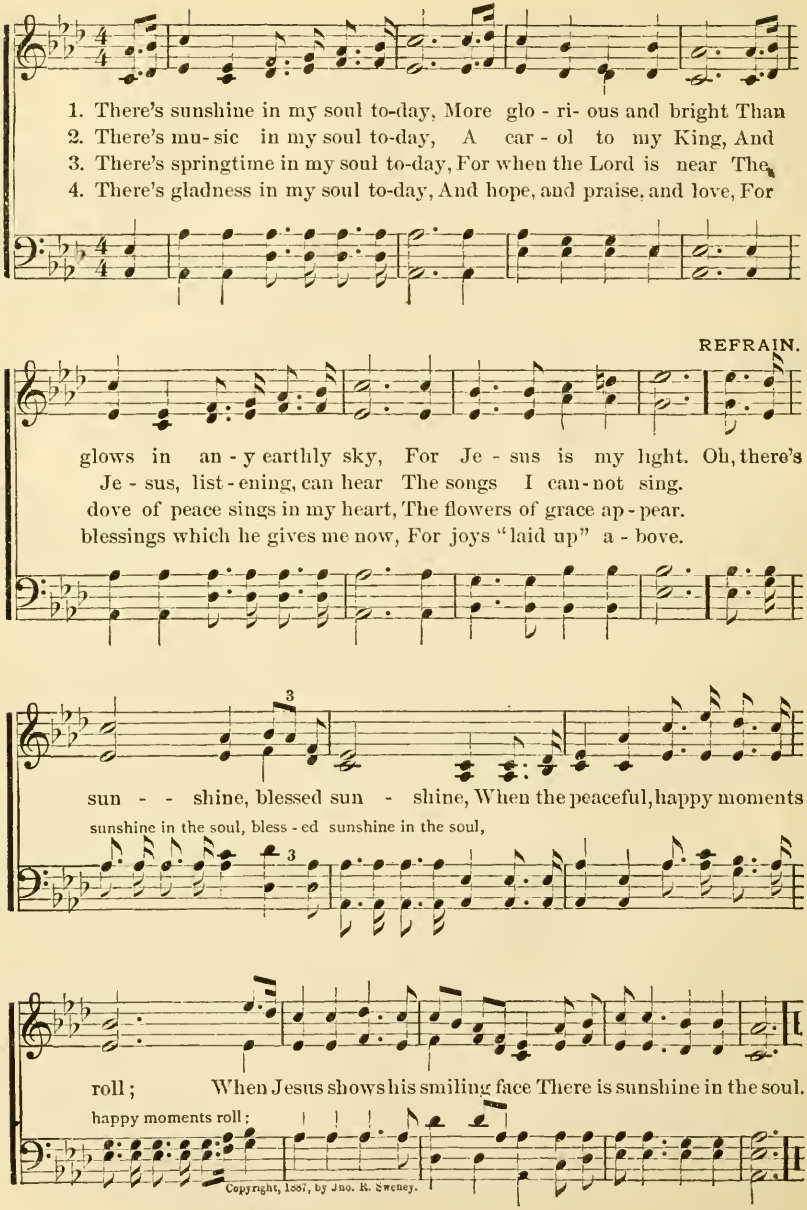
From "Gospel Alarm," by per.

2 One more soul is redeemed from sin,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
One more heart that was tossed within,
Now has perpetual calm.

3 Help us, Saviour, the vict'ry gain,
Under thy banner of love;
Ever, then, shall we praise thy name,
And dwell with thee above.

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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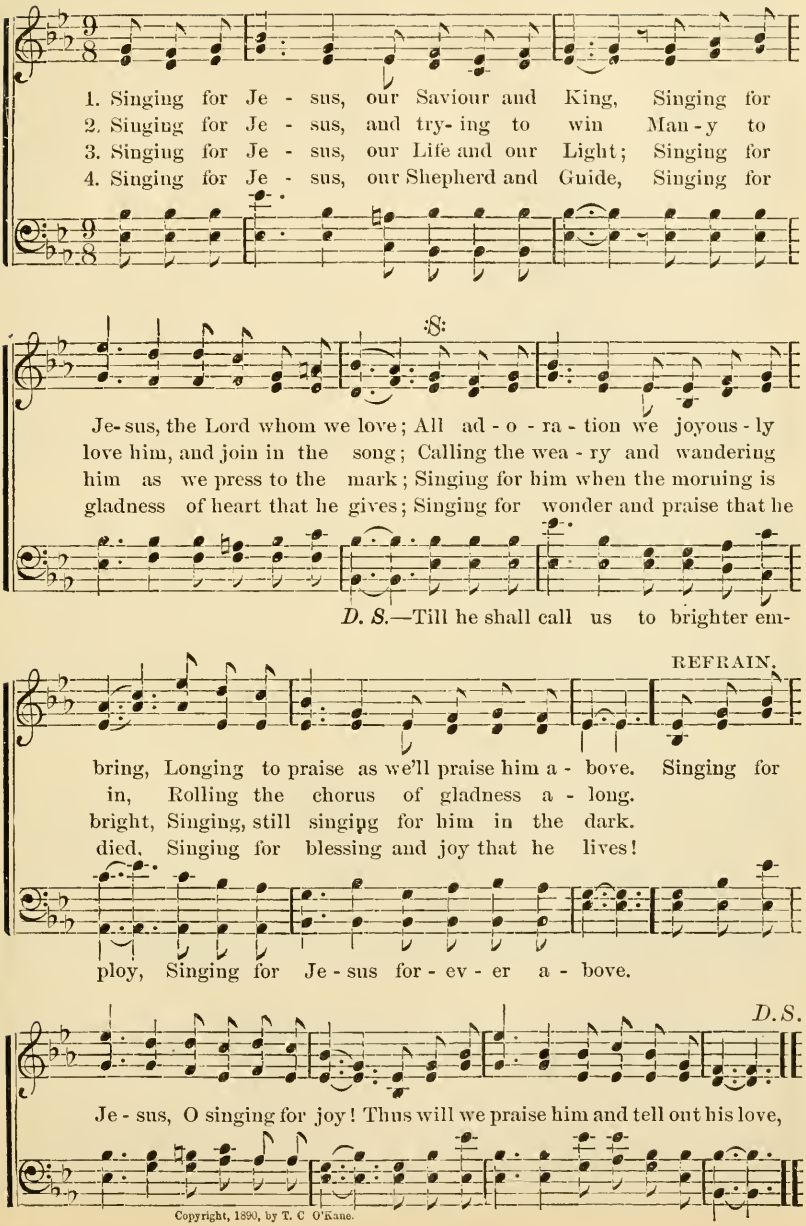
Singing for Jesus.

F. R. Havergal. T. C. O'Kane.



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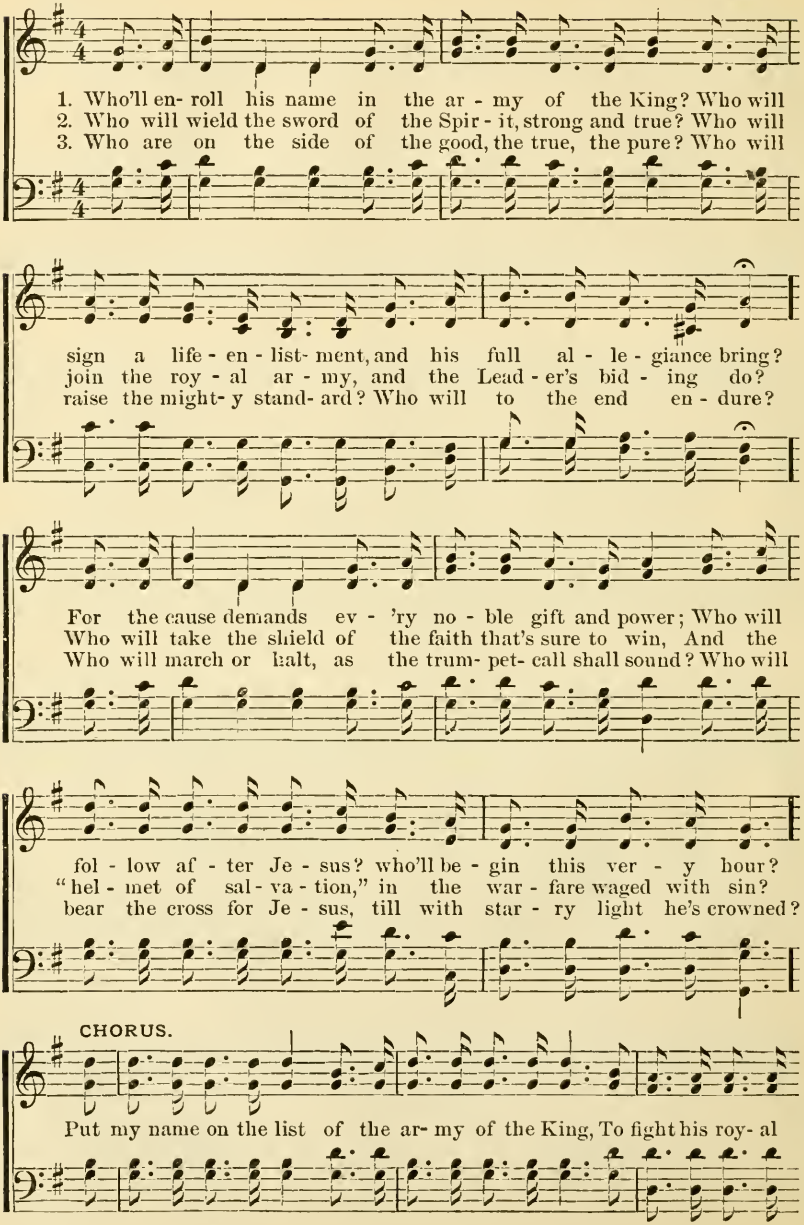
Put My Name On the List.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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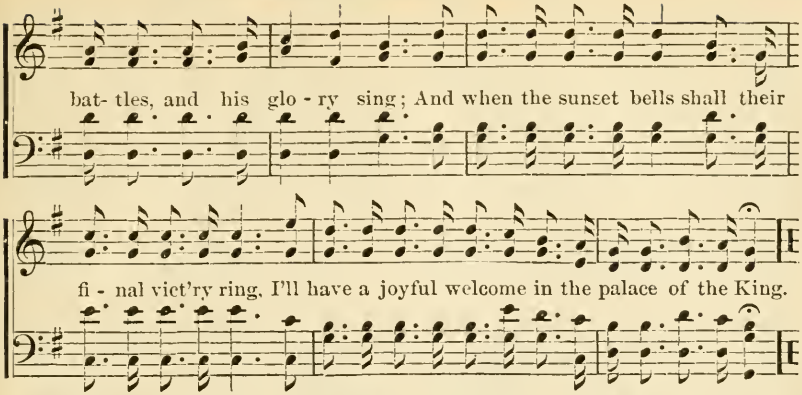
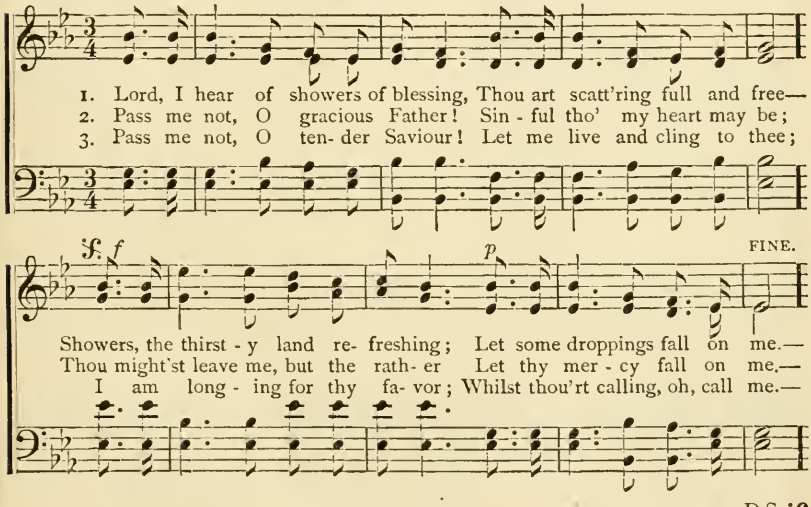


Even Me.

Mrs. E. Codner. Jno. R. Sweney.



4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

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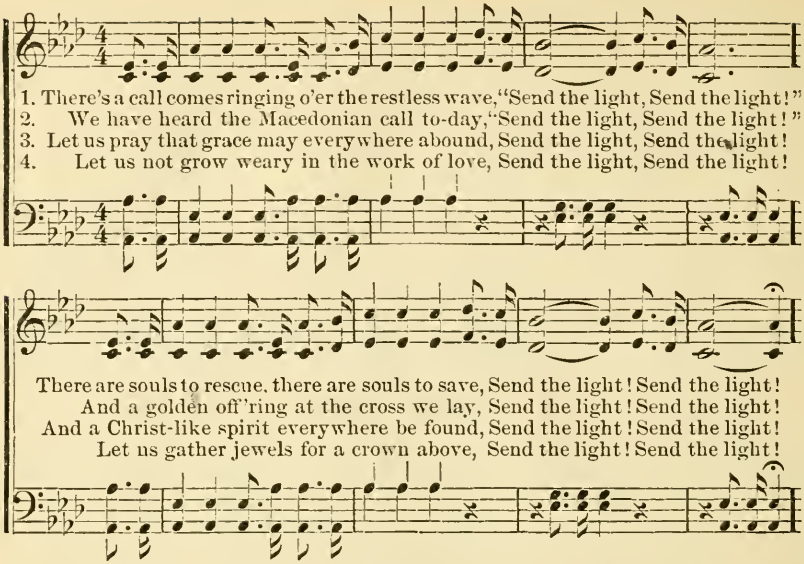
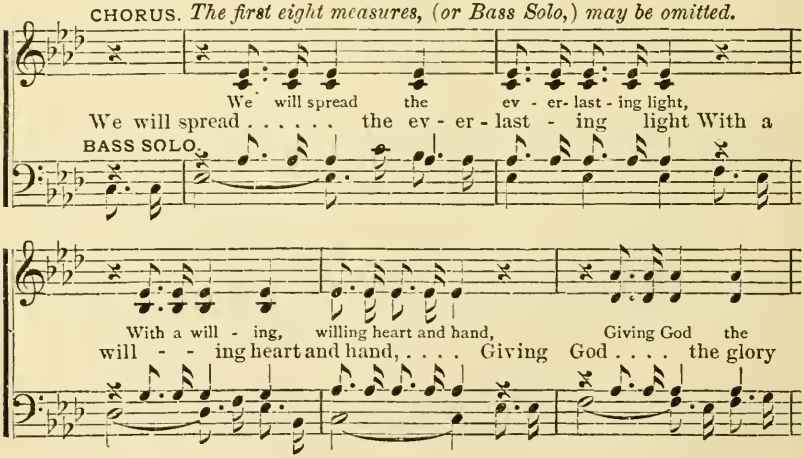
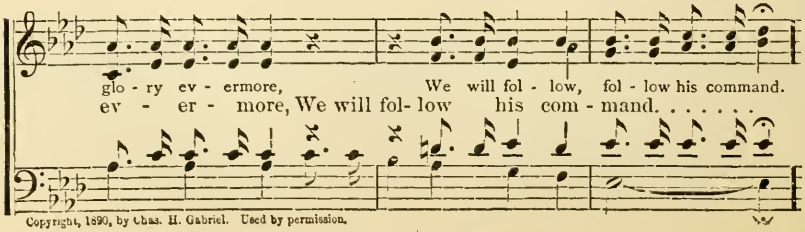
Send the Light.

G. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS. *The first eight measures, (or Bass Solo,) may be omitted.*





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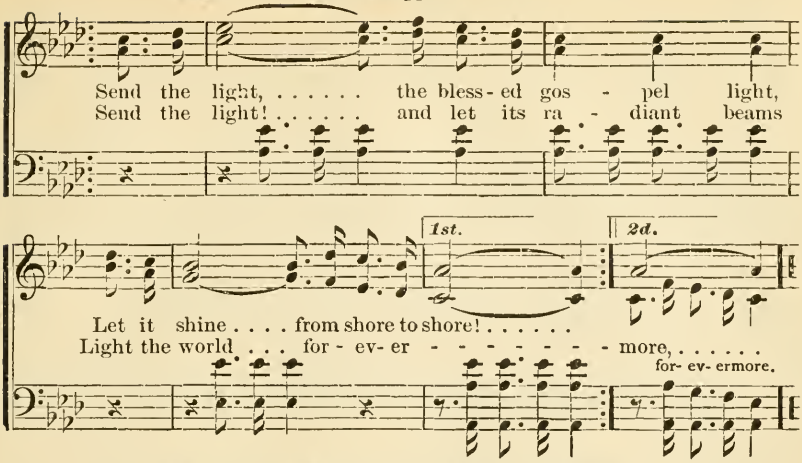
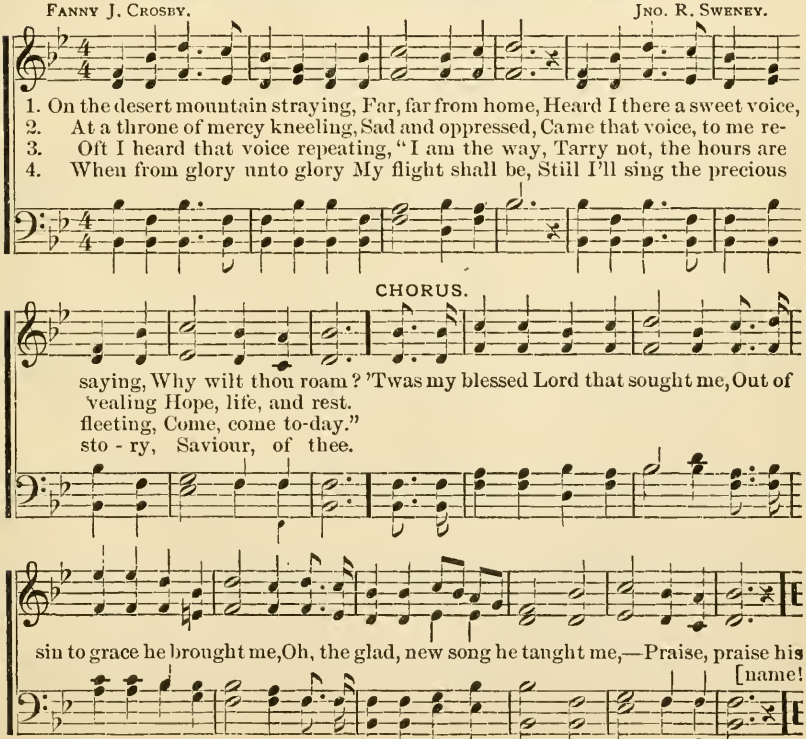


Praise, Praise His Name.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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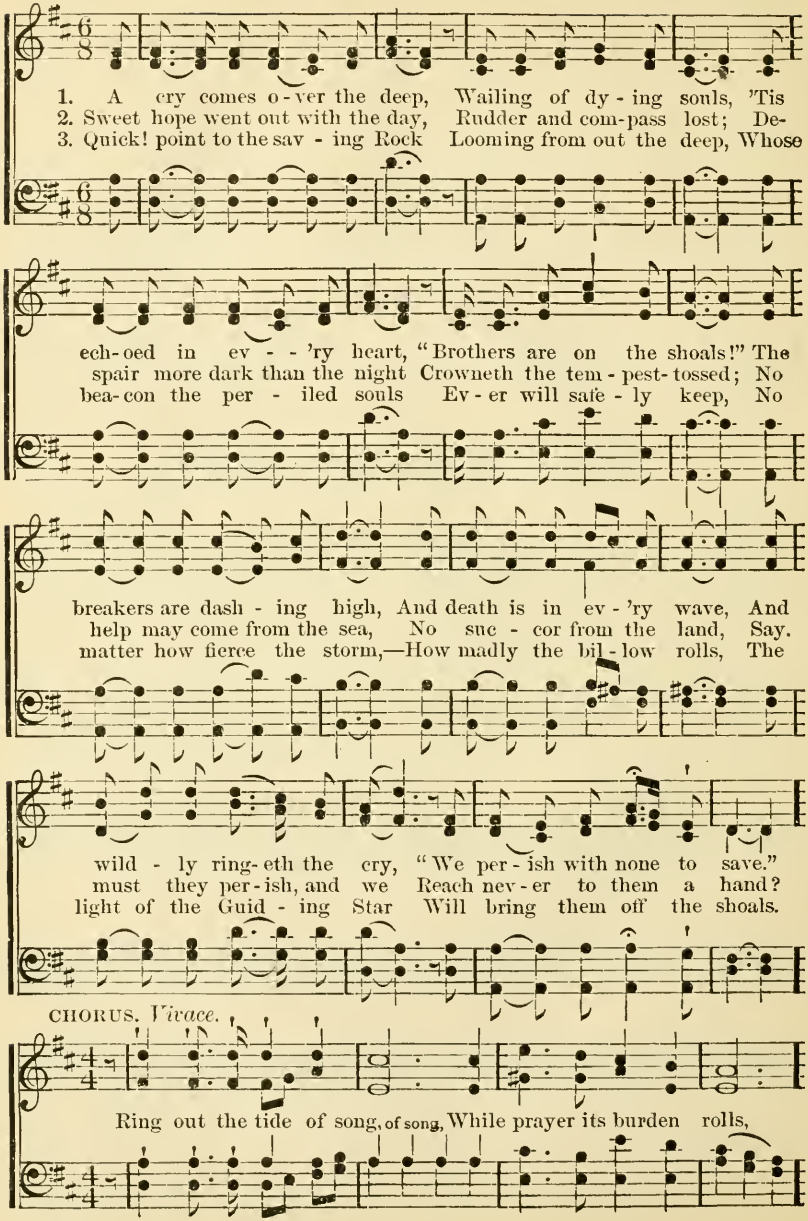
On the Shoals.

MARY B. REESE. T. C. O'KANE.



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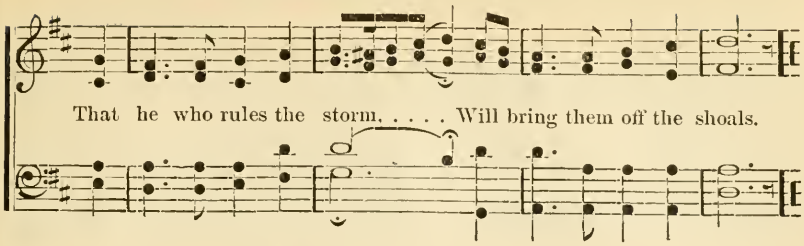
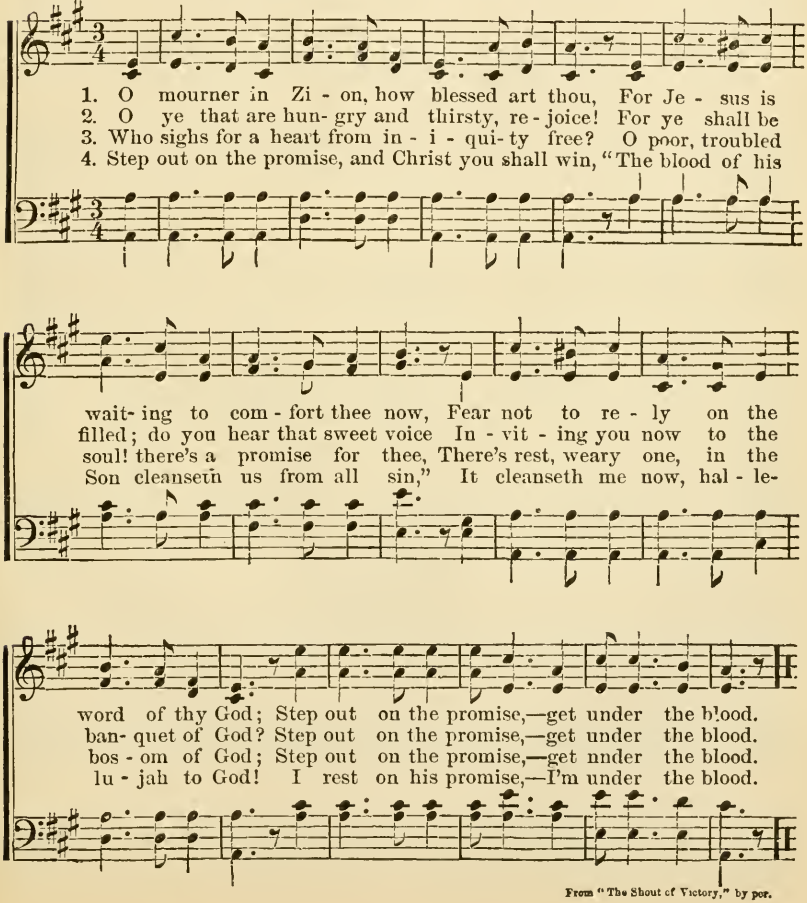


Step Out on the Promise.

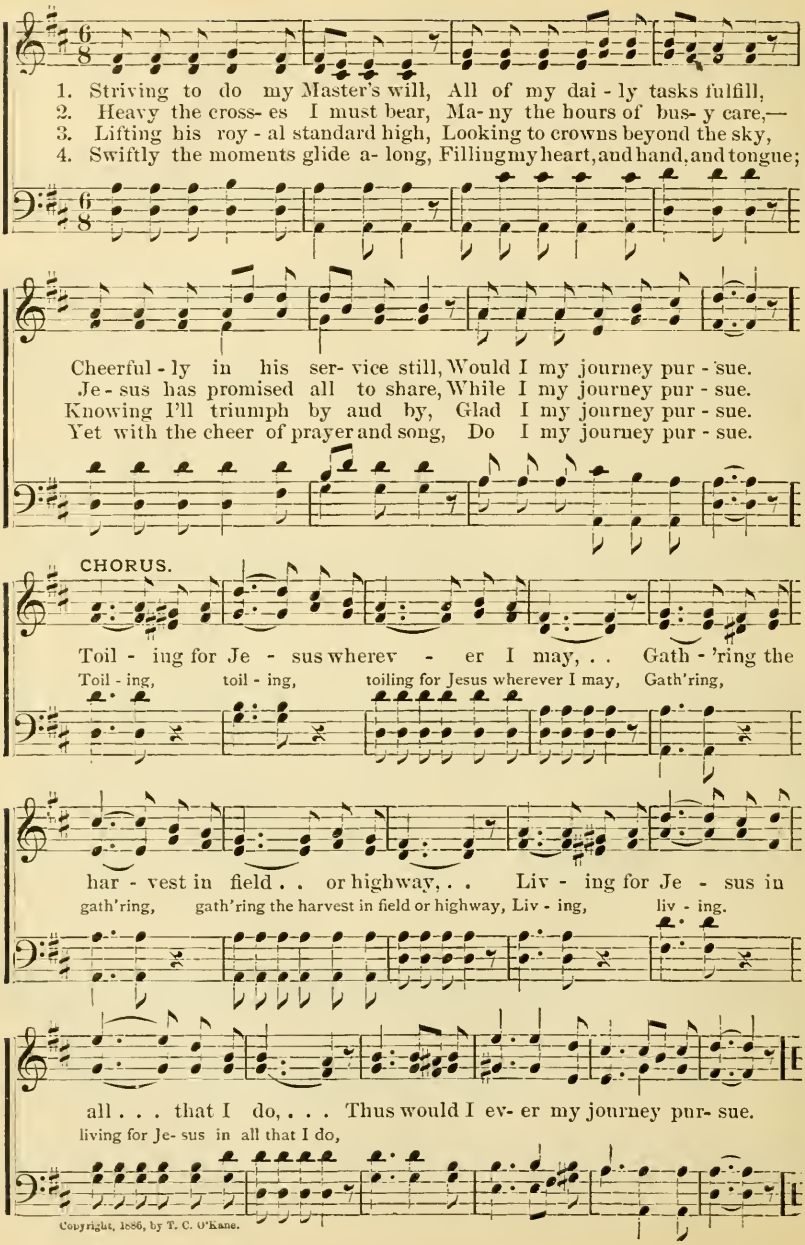
MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.



From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

Living for Jesus.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.



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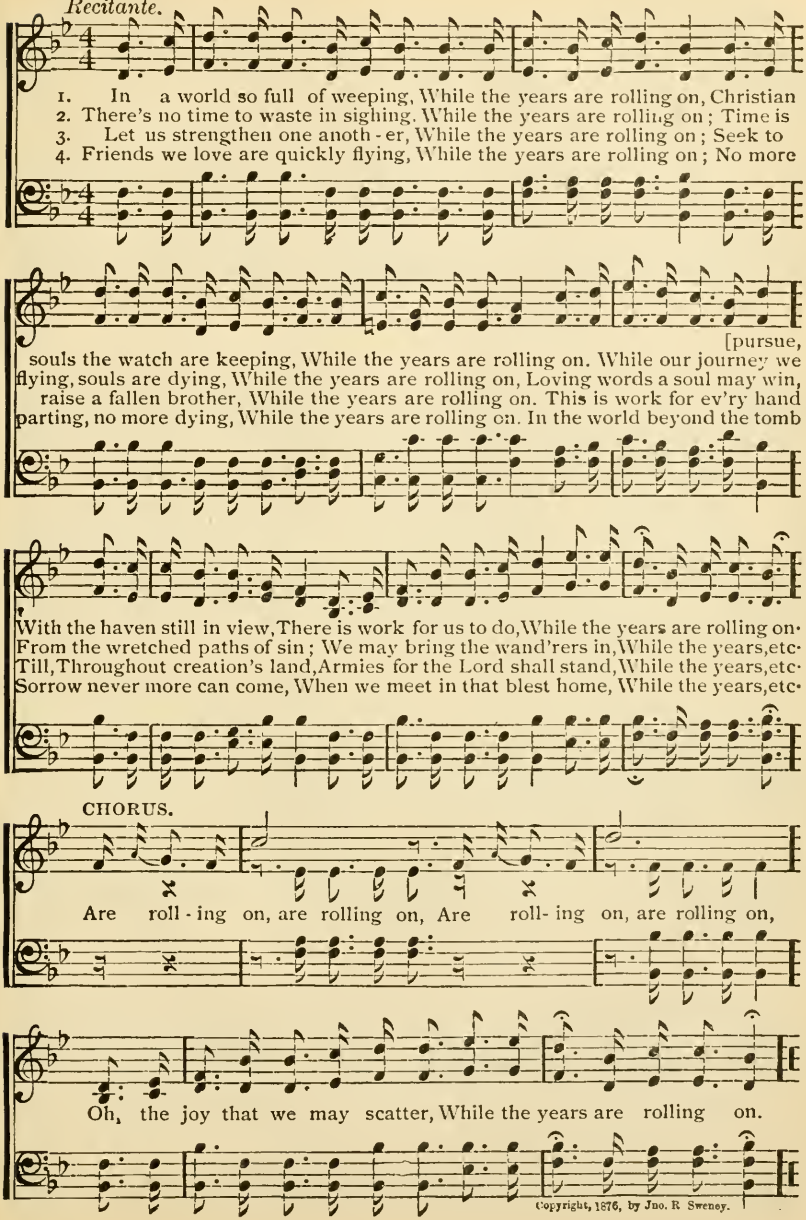
While the Years are Rolling on. 115

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Recitante.



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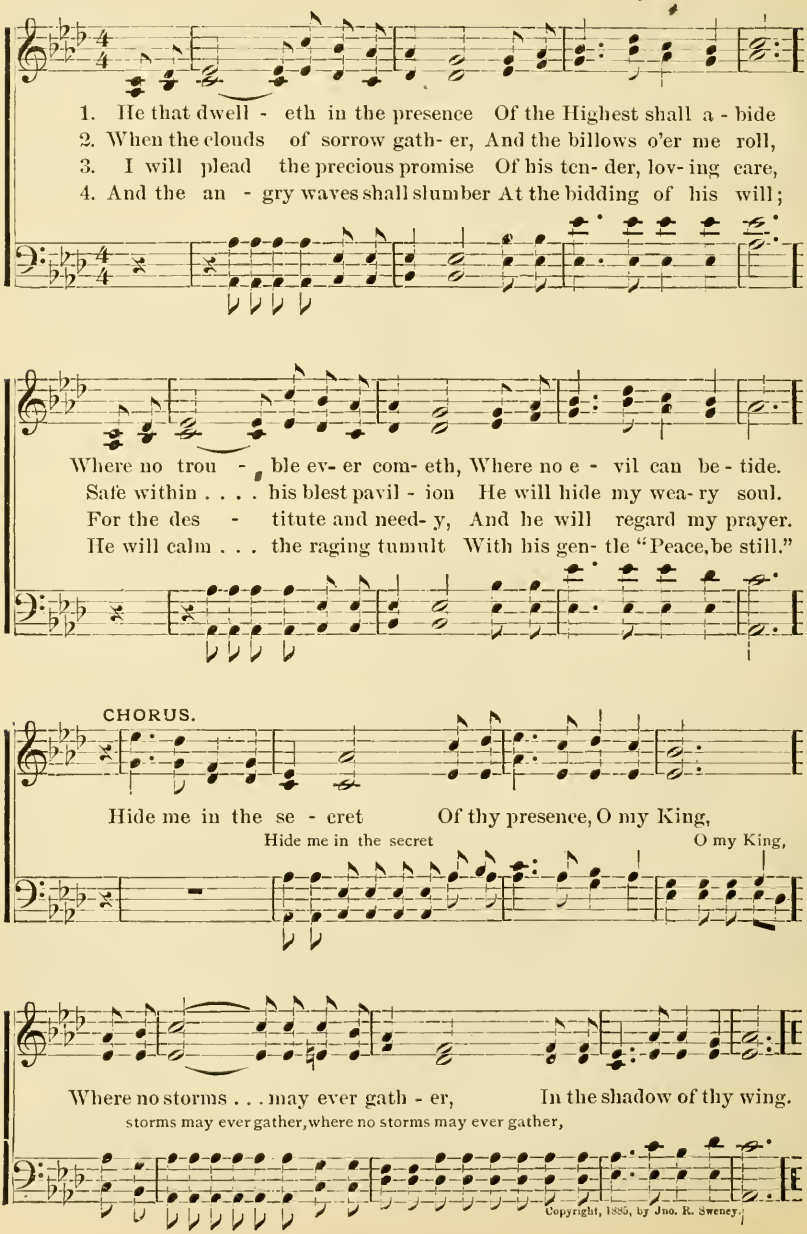
In the Shadow of Thy Wing.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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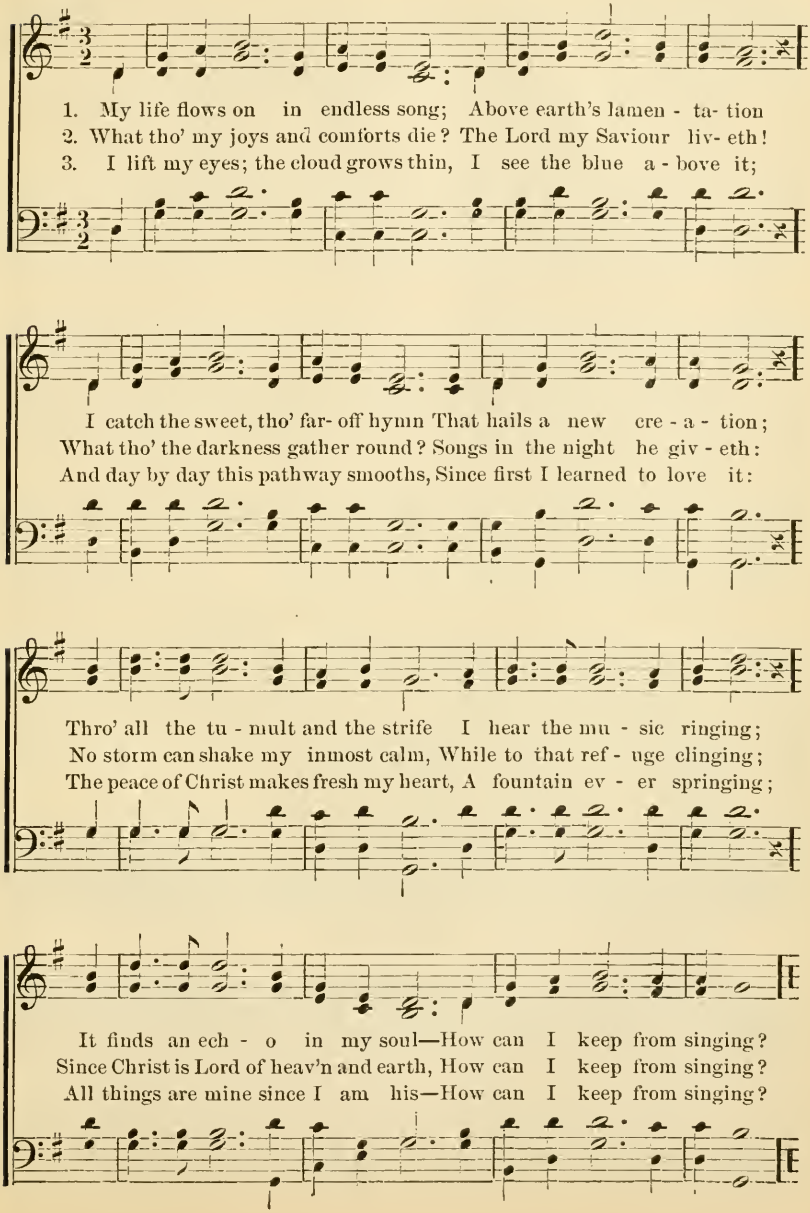
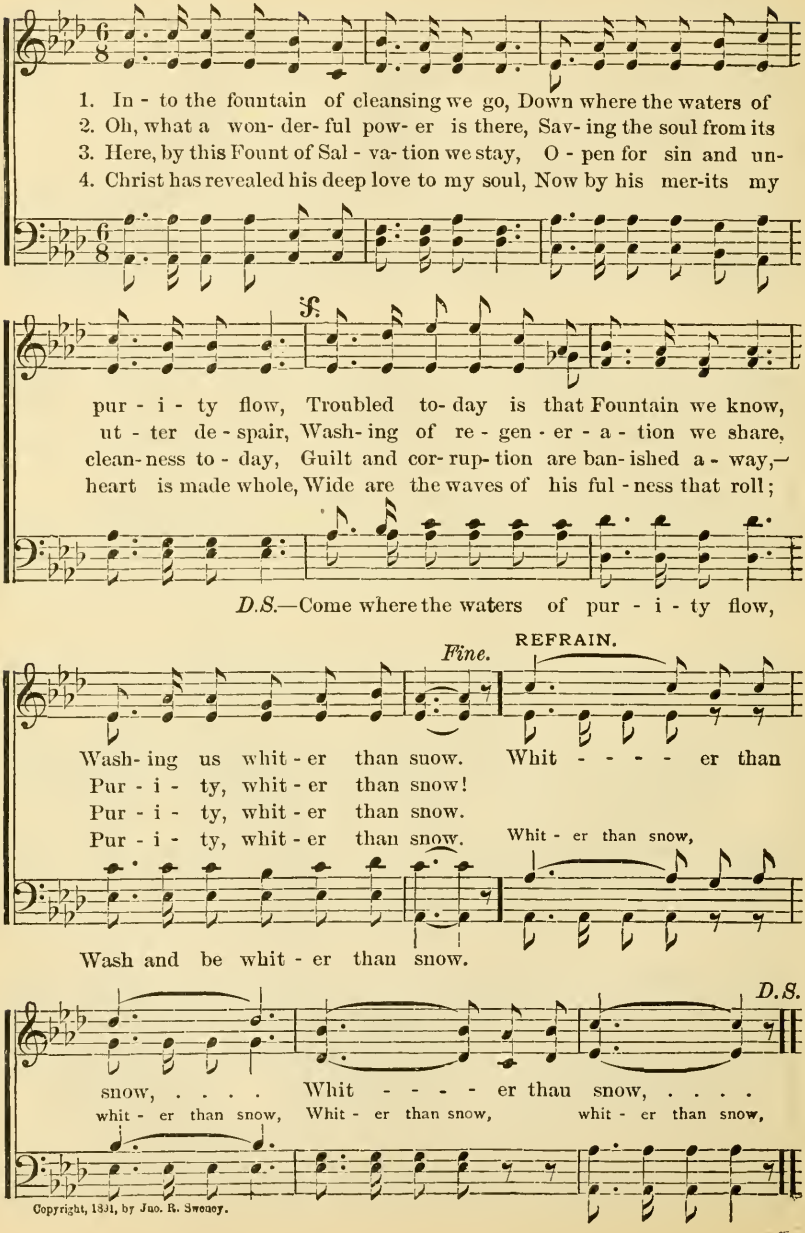
"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head."—Is. li: 11. Rev. R. Lowry. By per.

R. L.



Purity, Whiter than Snow,

Rev. John O. Foster. Jno. R. Swenev.



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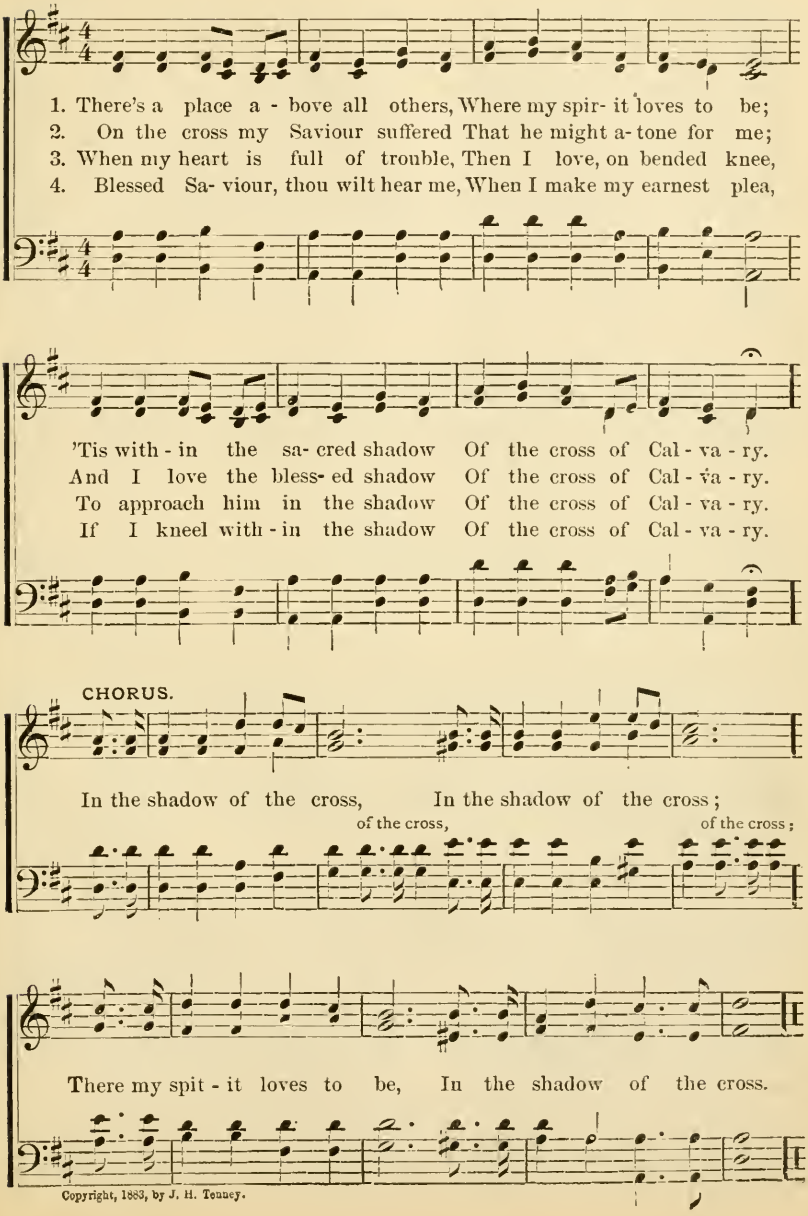
In the Shadow of the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi; 14.

E. R. Latta. J. H. Tenney. By per.



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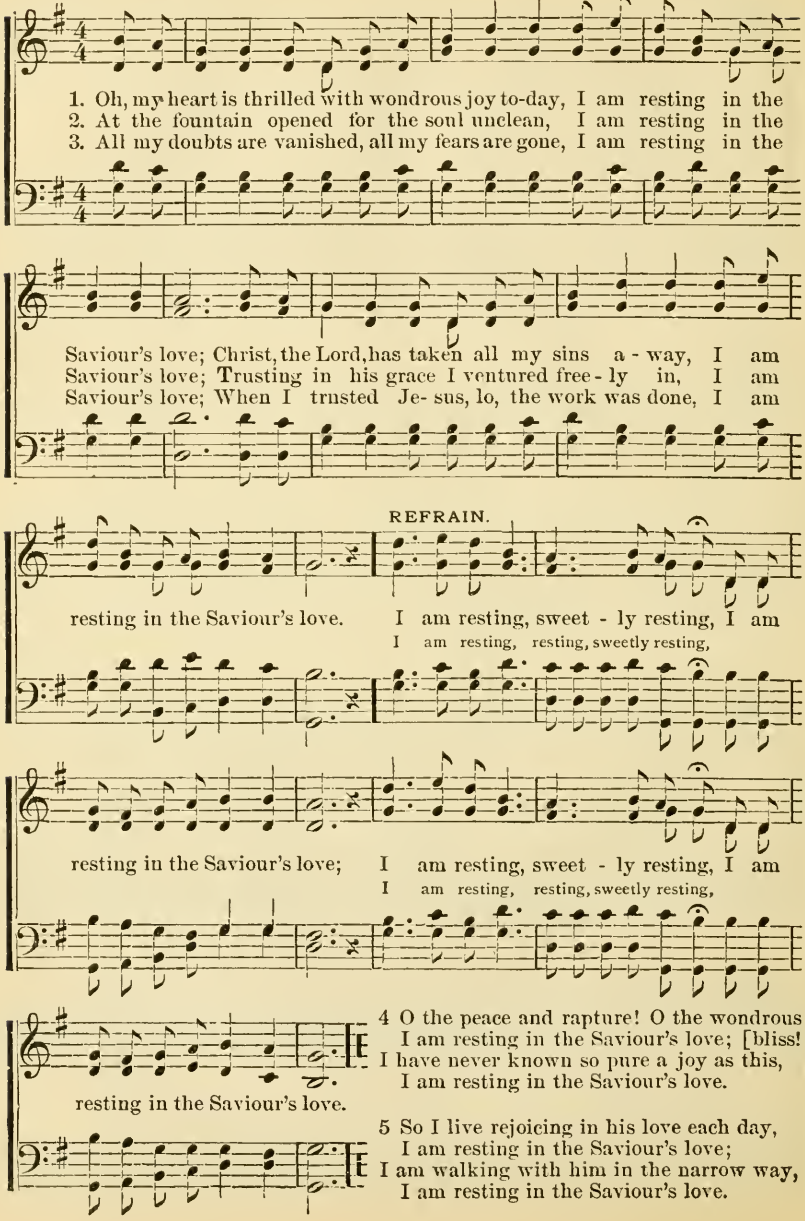
120 I am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. iv: 3.

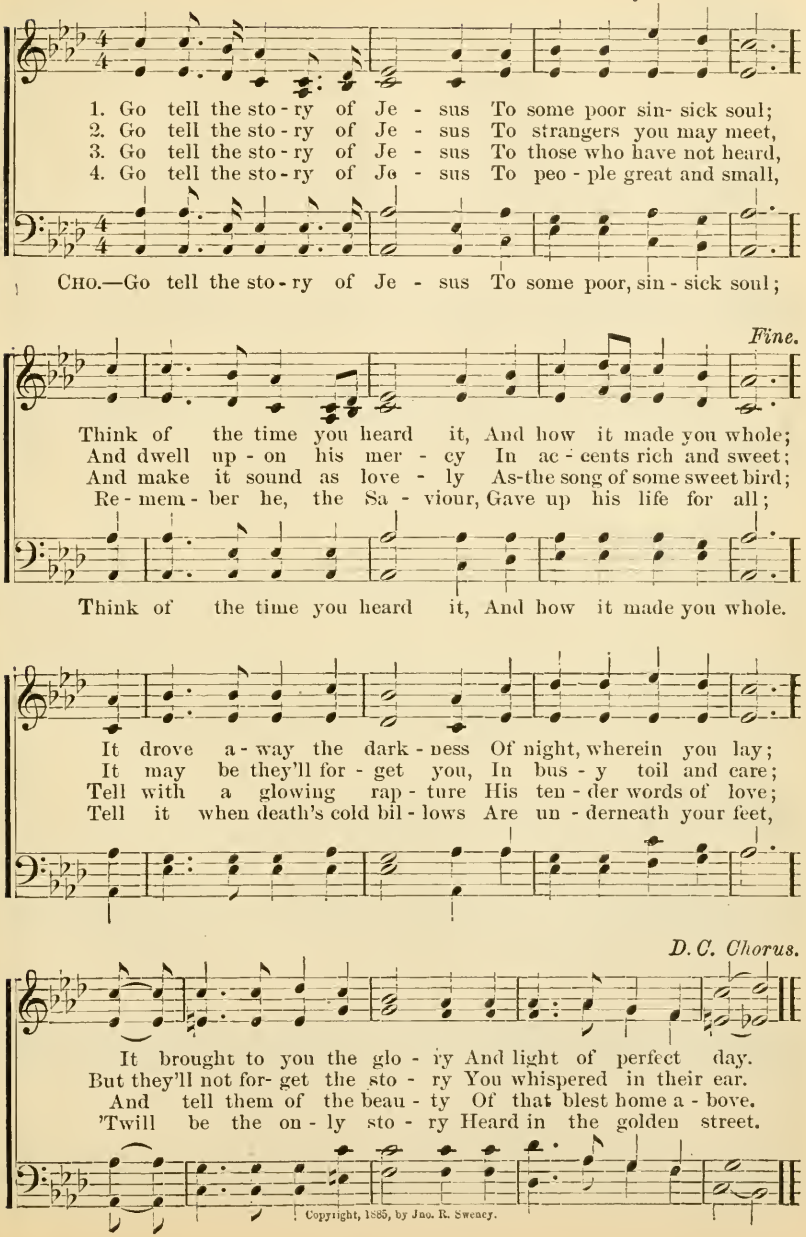
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. D. E. Dortch. By per.



4 O the peace and rapture! O the wondrous bliss!
I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I have never known so pure a joy as this,
I am resting in the Saviour's love.

5 So I live rejoicing in his love each day,
I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I am walking with him in the narrow way,
I am resting in the Saviour's love.

MARY B. COLBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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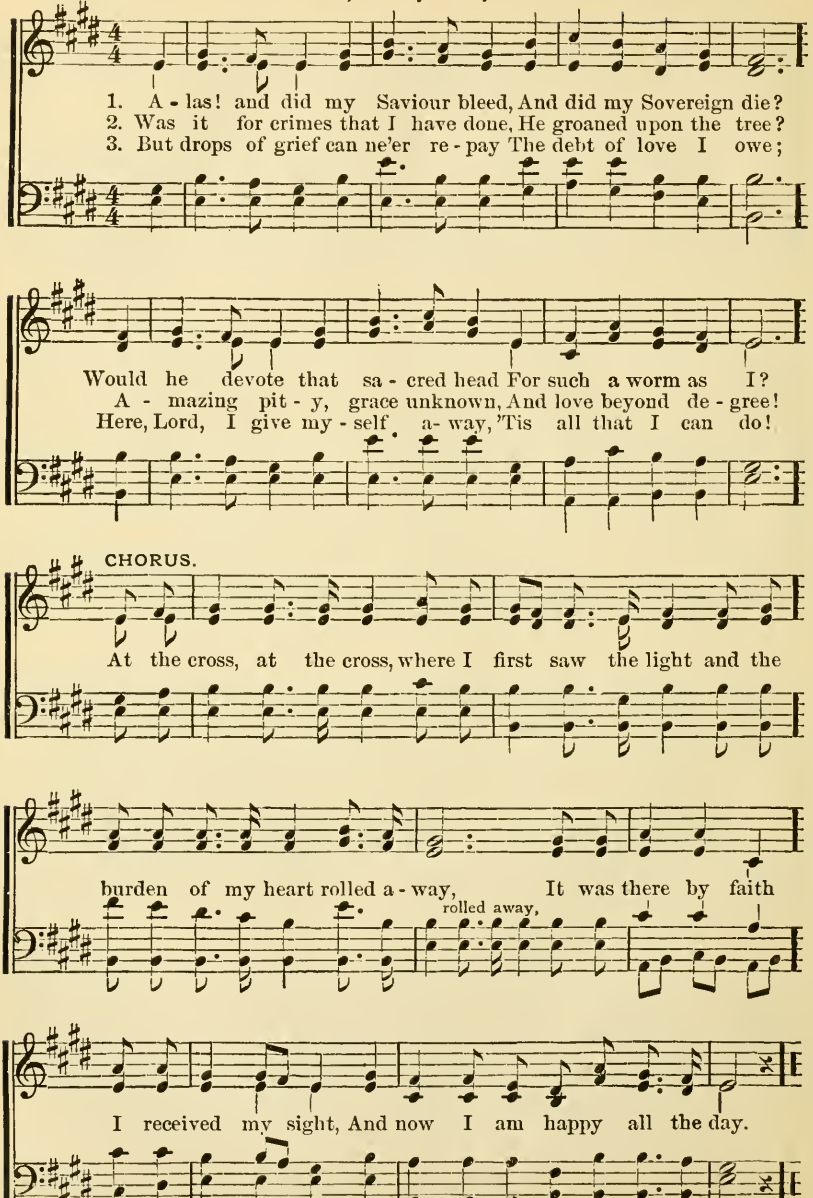
At the Cross.

I. WATTS. "Look unto me, and be ye saved,"—Isa. xlv. 22. R. E. HUDSON.



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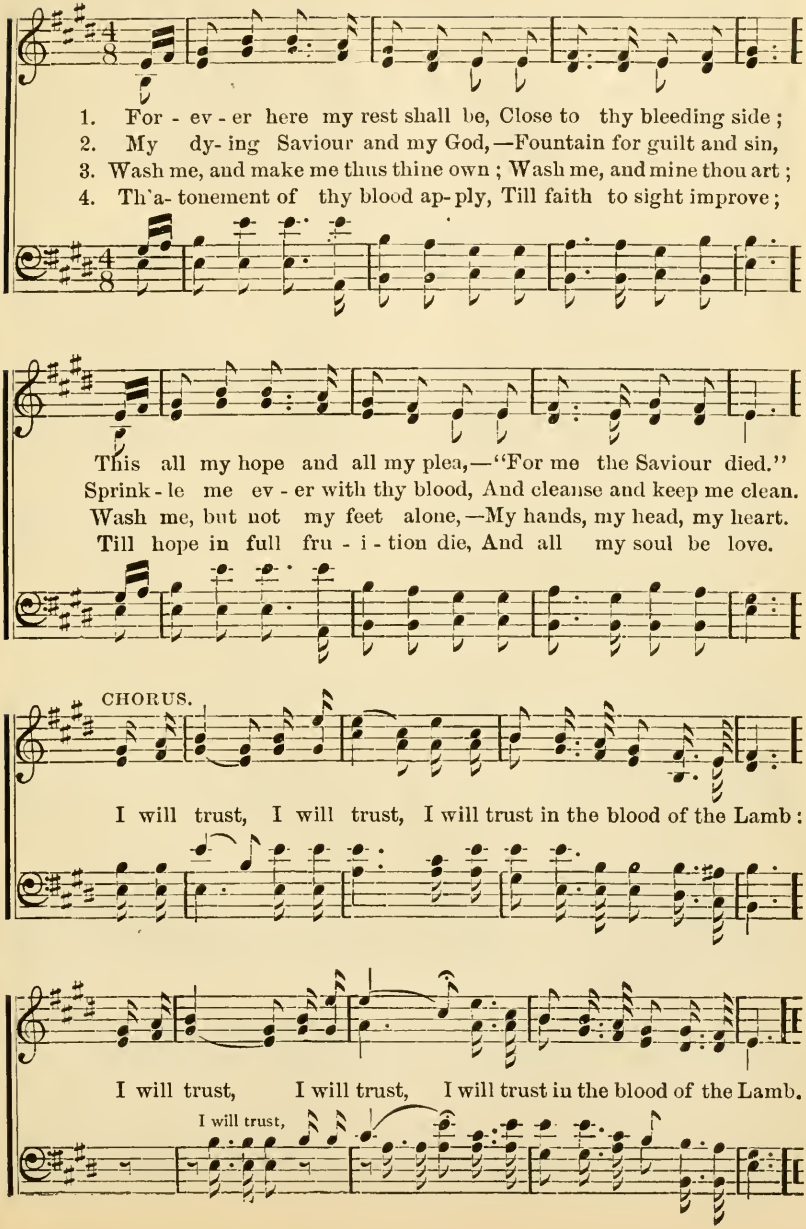
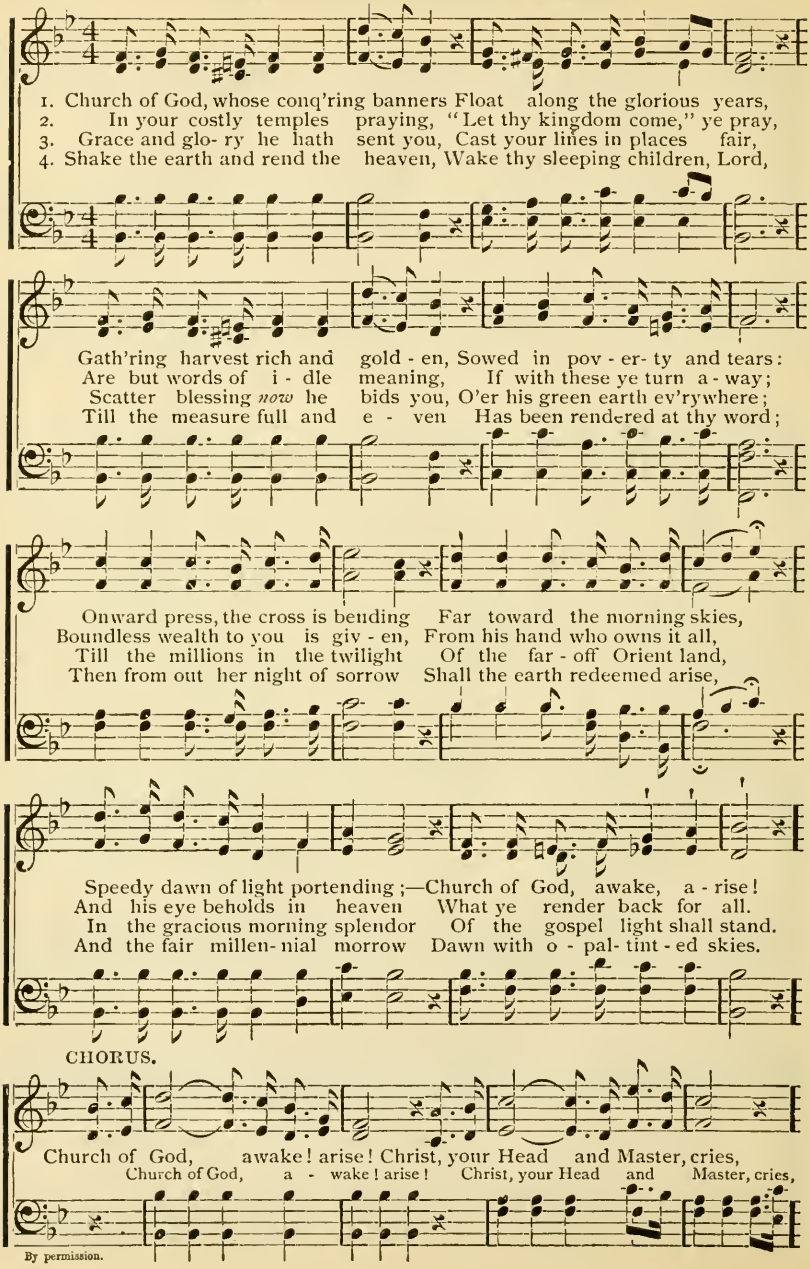
C. Wesley. T. C. O'Kane.



Church of God, Awake.

Mrs. E. J. Bugbee. T. C. O'Kane.



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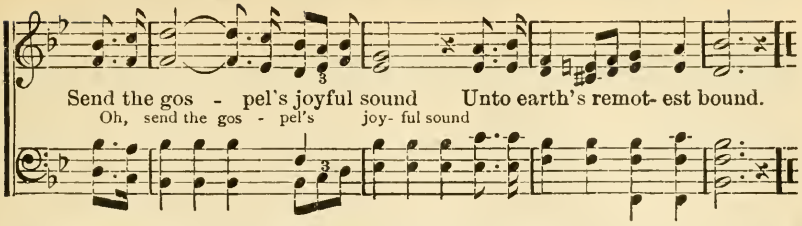
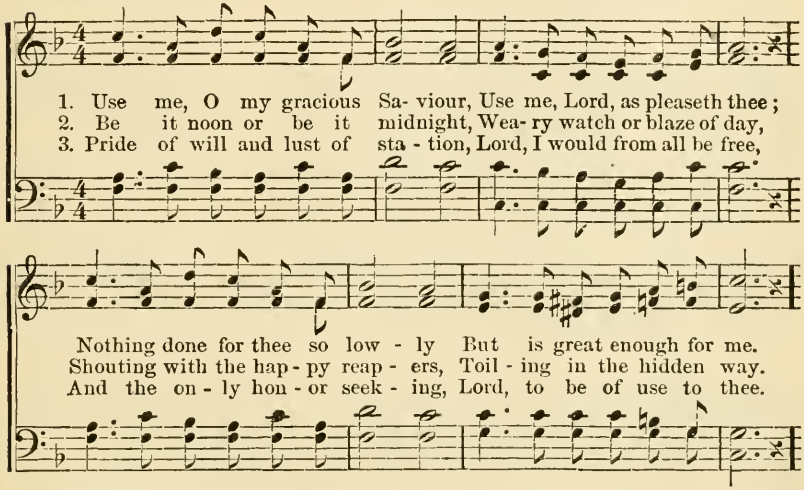
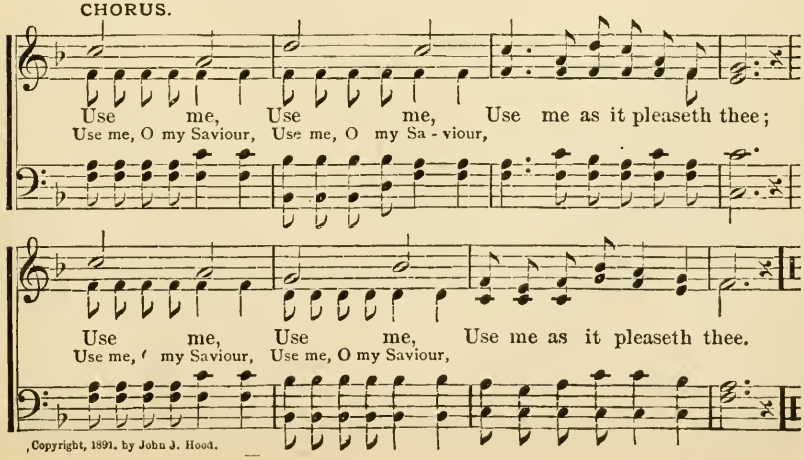


Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.



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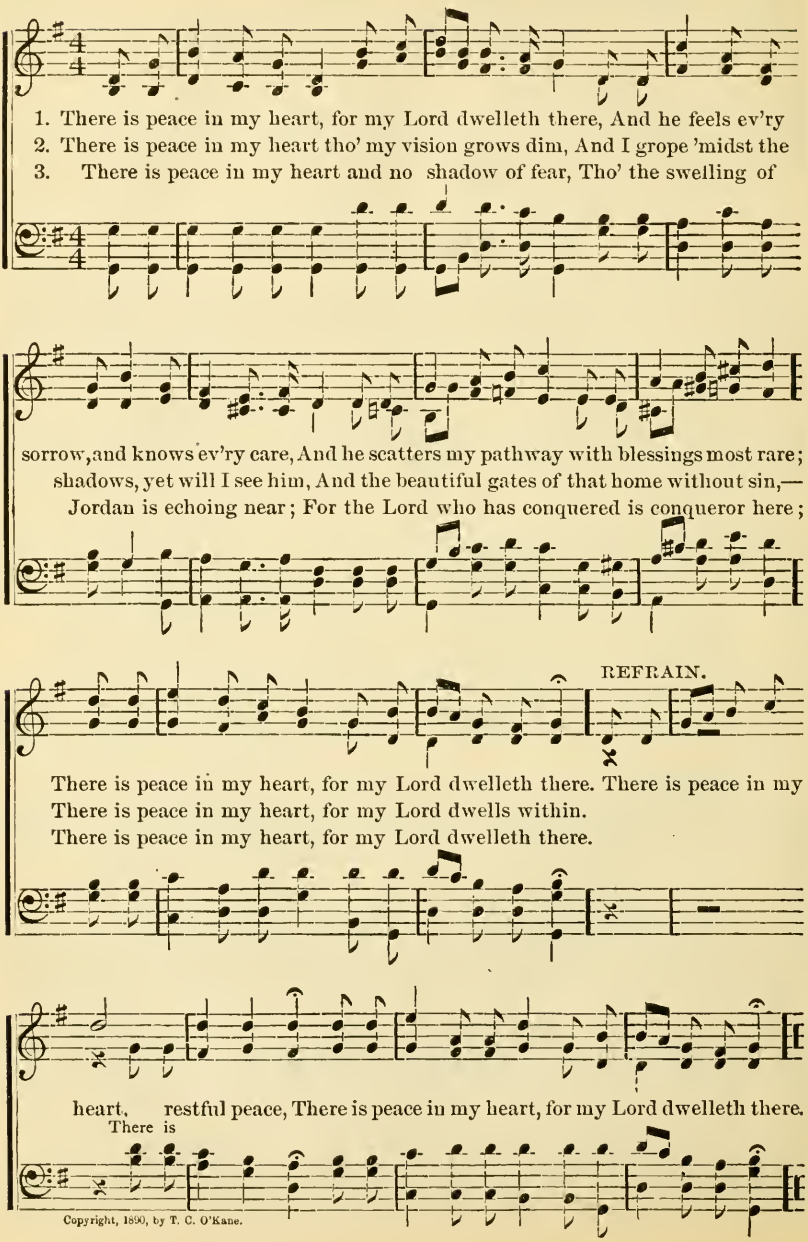
There is Peace in My Heart.

E. T. O'Kane.



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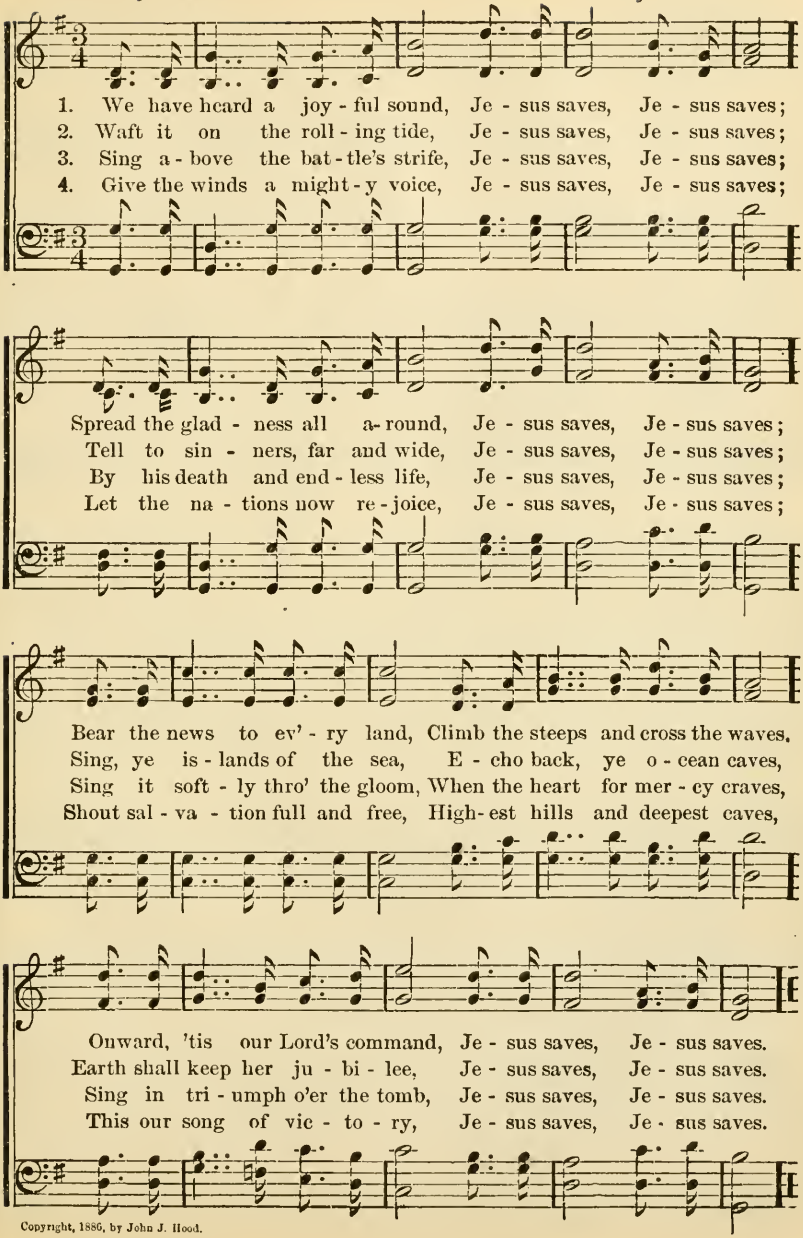
Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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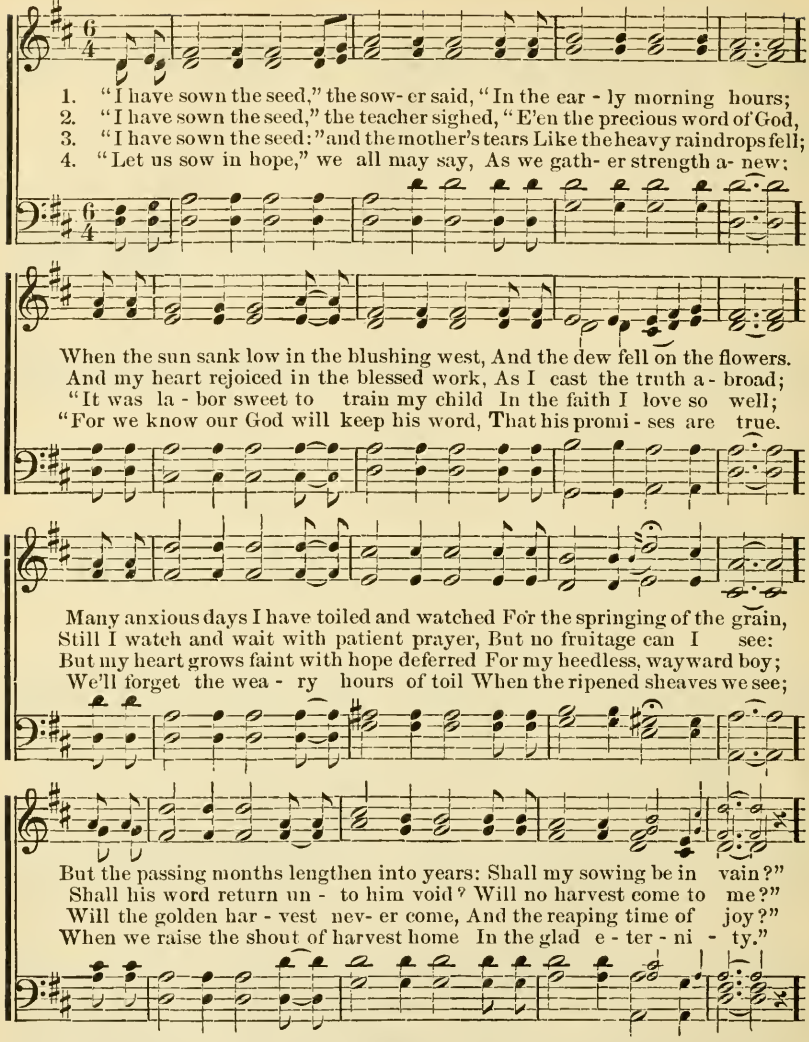
Waiting for the Harvest.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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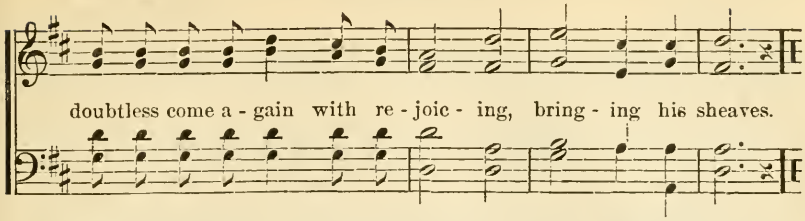
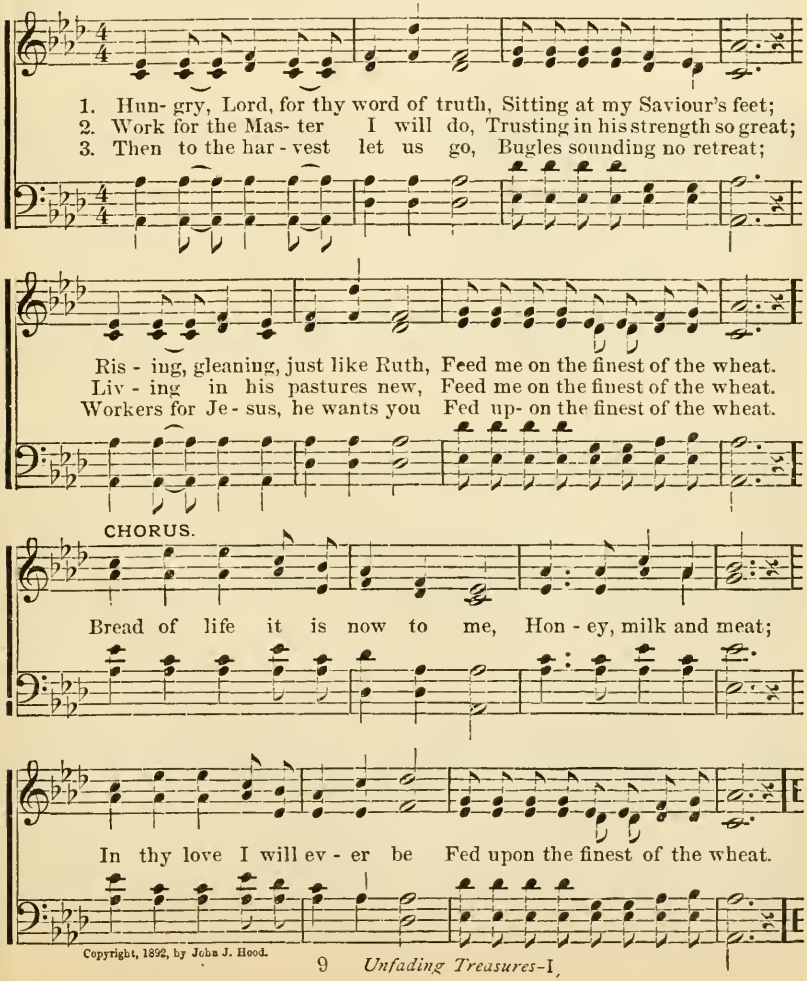


Fed upon the Finest of the Wheat.

F. A. G. Ps. lxxxi: 16. F. A. Graves.



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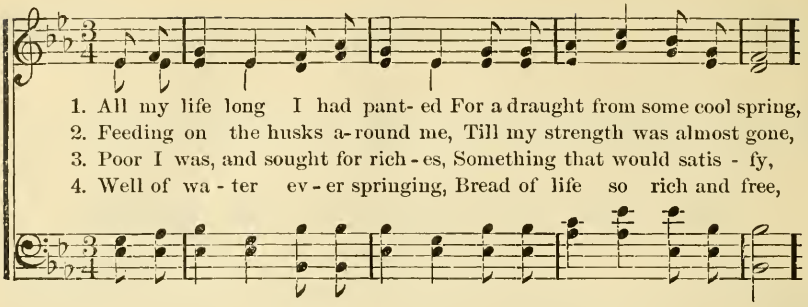
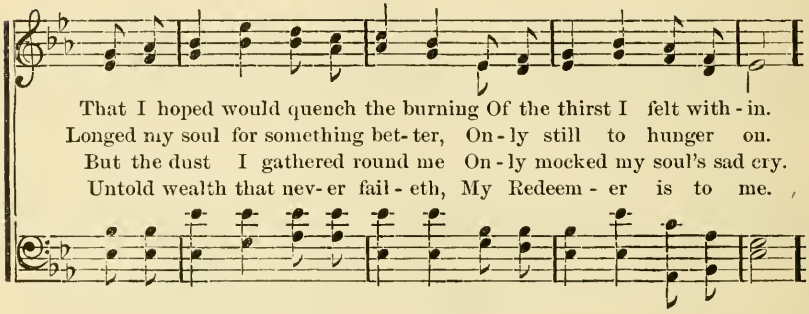
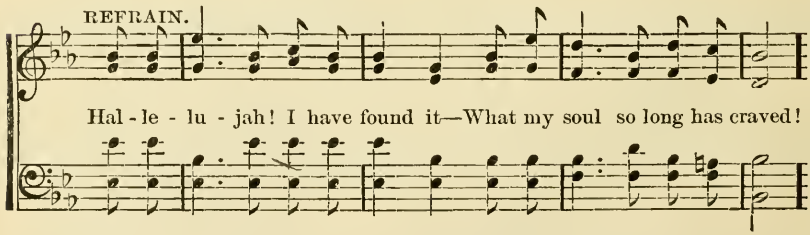
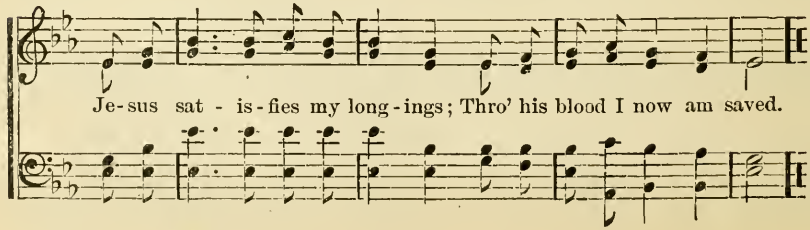
Satisfied.

CLARA TEARE. Psalm xxxvi. 8. R. E. HUDSON. By per.









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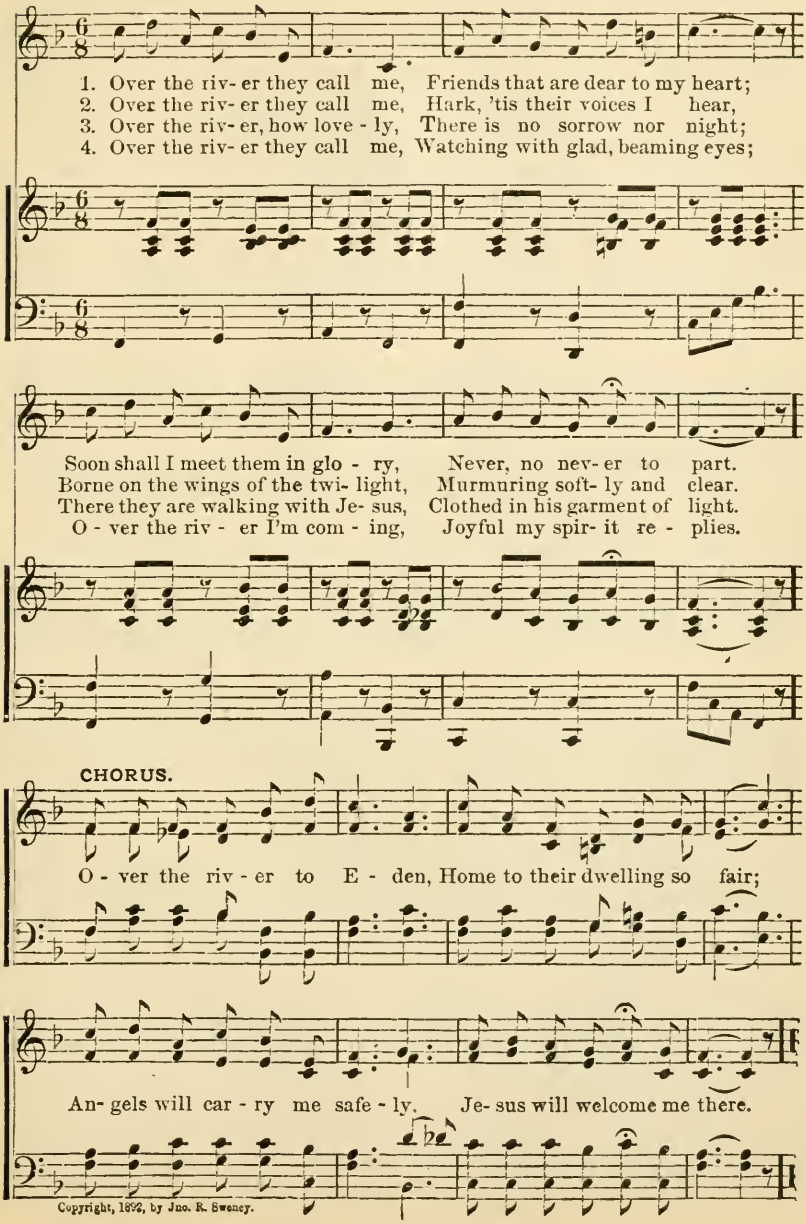
Jesus will Welcome Me There. 131

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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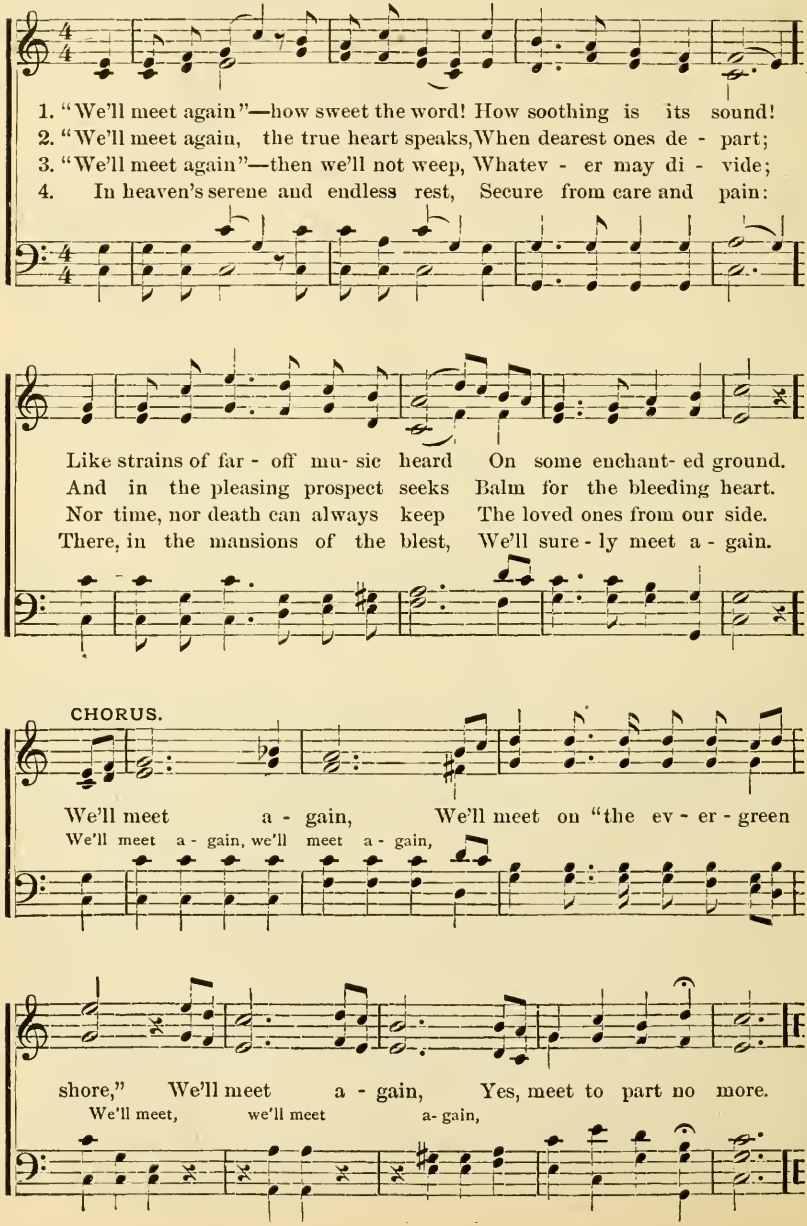
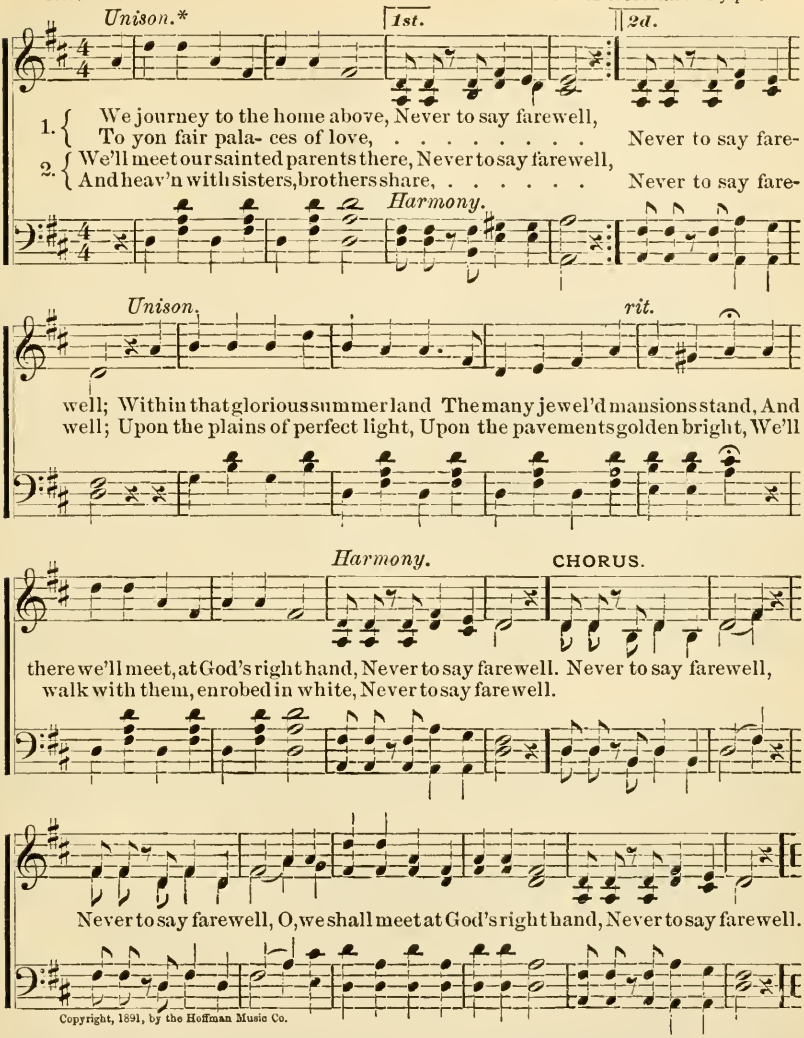
We'll Meet Again.

From "Songs of Worship," by permission. T. C. O'Kane.



Never to Say Farewell. 133

Rev. Elisha. A. Hoffman. Ira Orwig Hoffman. By per.



Copyright, 1891, by the Hoffman Music Co.

3 We'll meet beyond life's swelling flood,
Never to say farewell,
Redeemed and washed in Jesus' blood,
Never to say farewell;
Earth's long, long night will pass away,
Dissolving into heavenly day,
And we shall with our loved ones stay,
Never to say farewell.

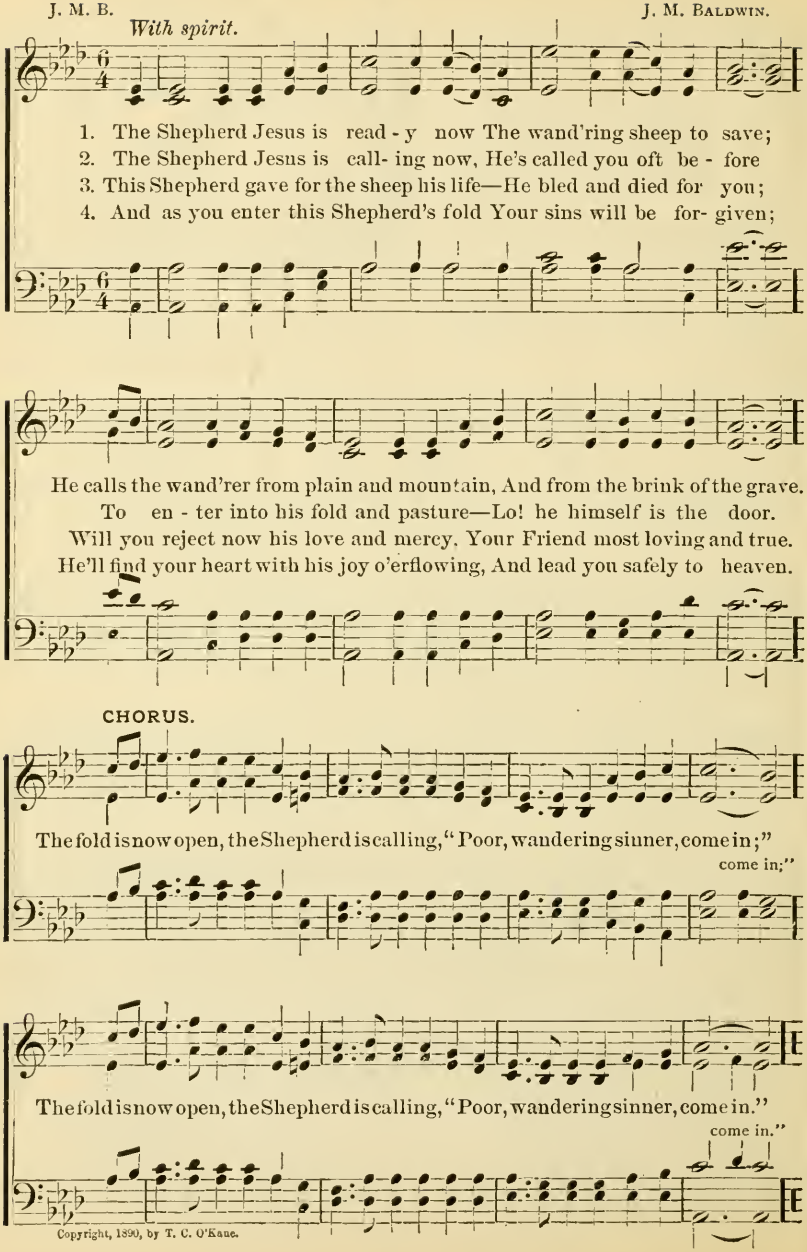
4 Oh, what a blessed hope is this,
Never to say farewell!
What pure and perfect happiness,
Never to say farewell!
Delivered from all sin and pain,
To reach yon fair, celestial plain,
And meet the loved and lost again,
Never to say farewell.

*Very effective if unison parts are sung as a solo.

The Shepherd's Call.

J. M. B. J. M. Baldwin.

With spirit.



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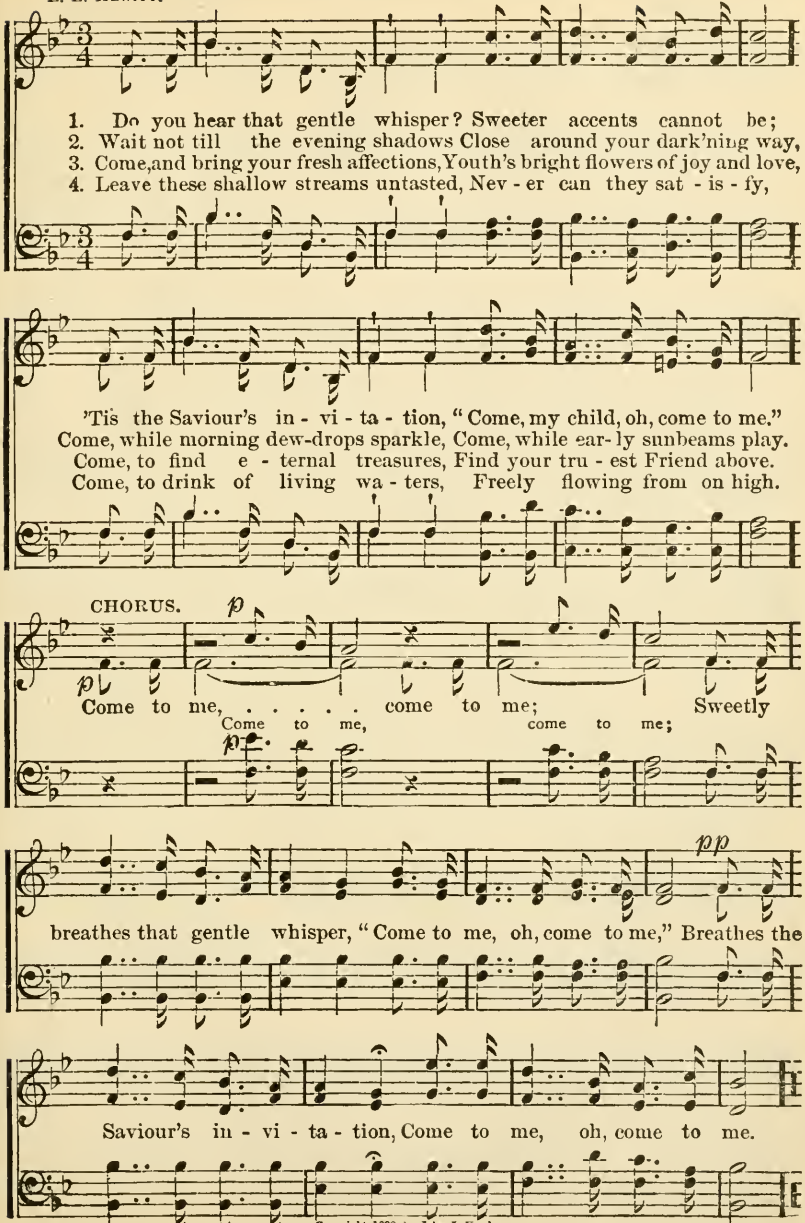
E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.



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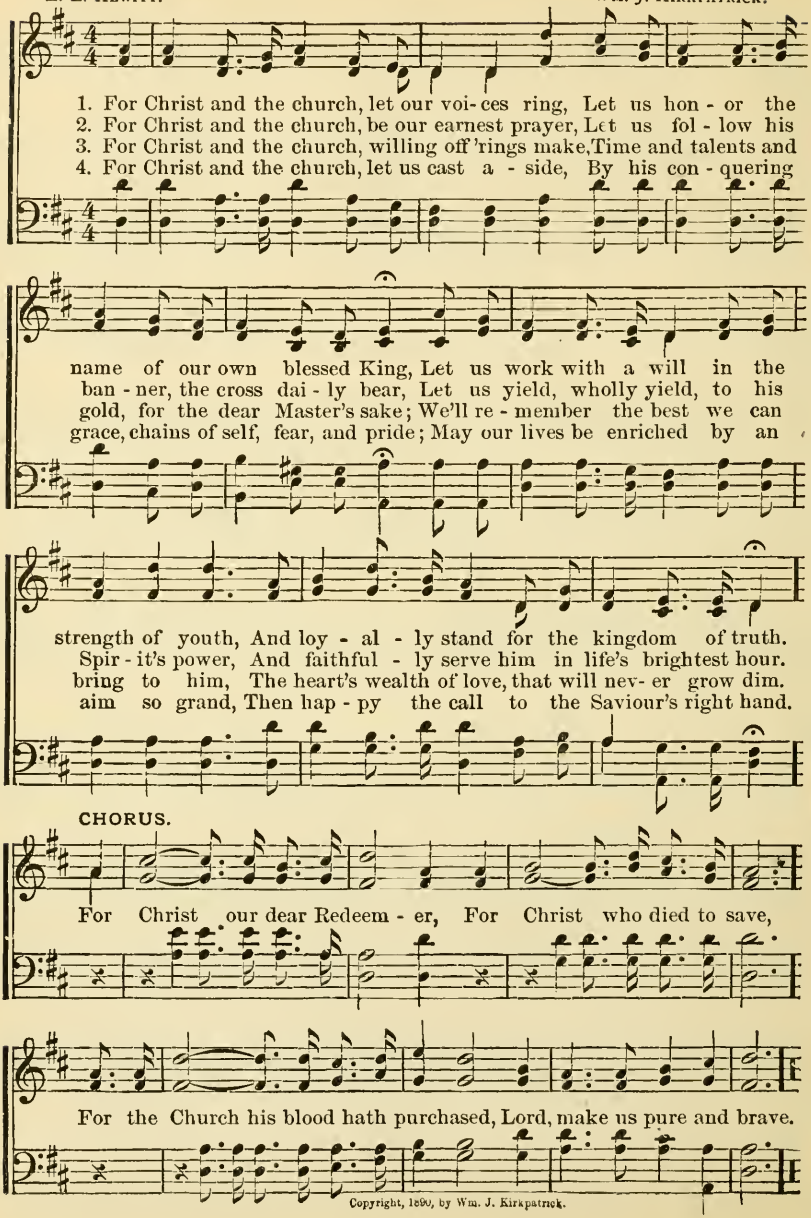
For Christ and the Church.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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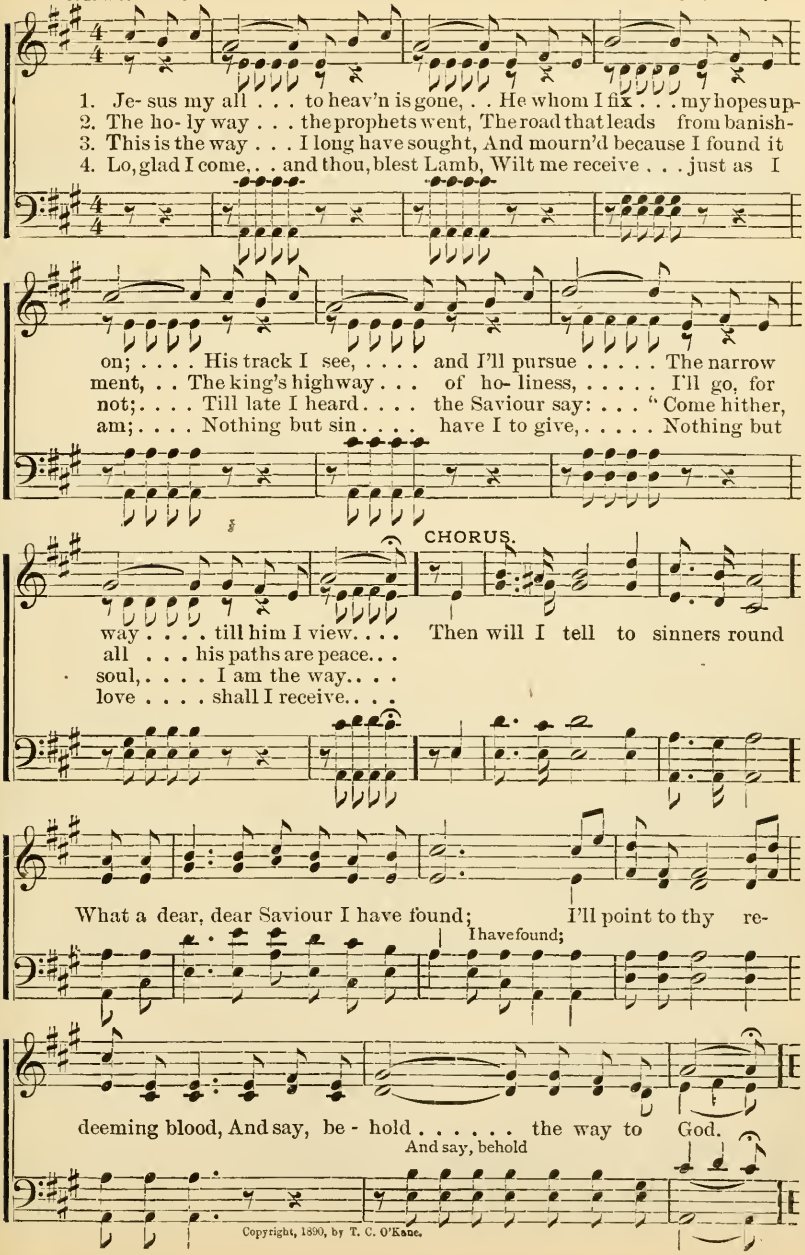
Behold the Way.

Words arr. from CENNICK. T. C. O'KANE.



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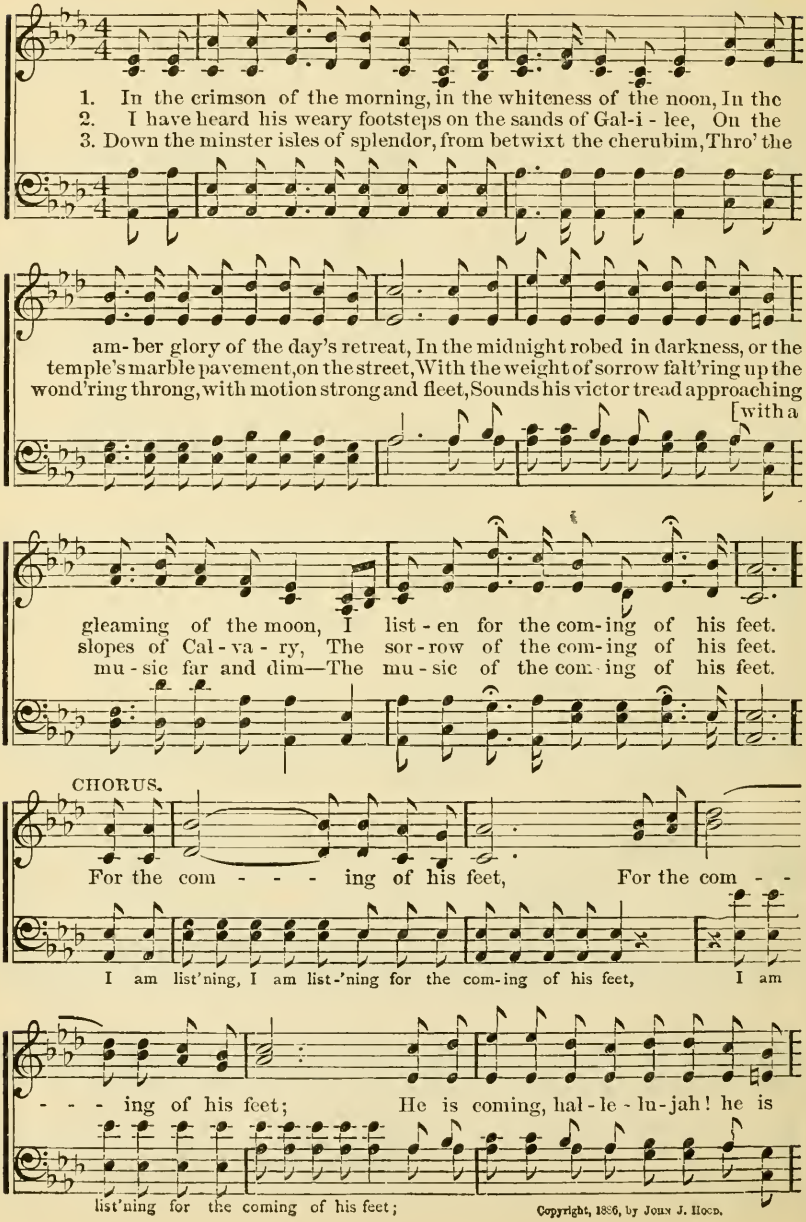
The Coming of His Feet.

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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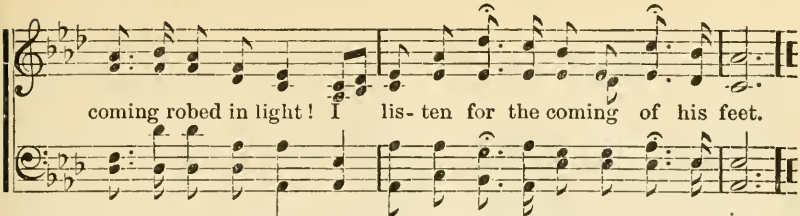
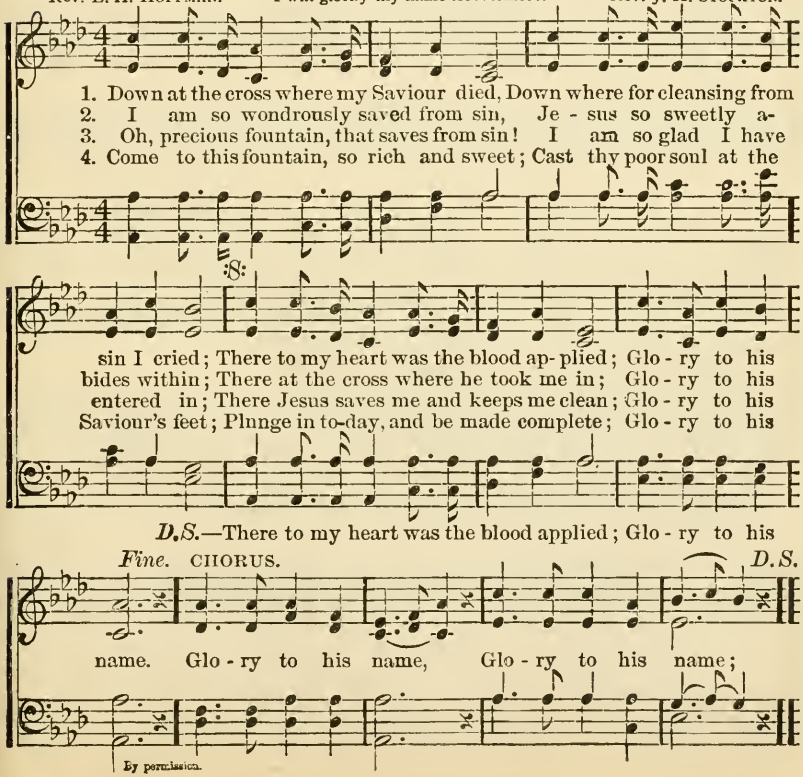


4 Sandaled not with shoon of silver,
girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimm'ring gems
and oders sweet,
White-winged and shod with glory in
the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

5 He is coming, O my spirit! with his
everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and
complete;
He is coming, O my spirit! and his
coming brings release;
I listen for the coming of his feet.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. Stockton.

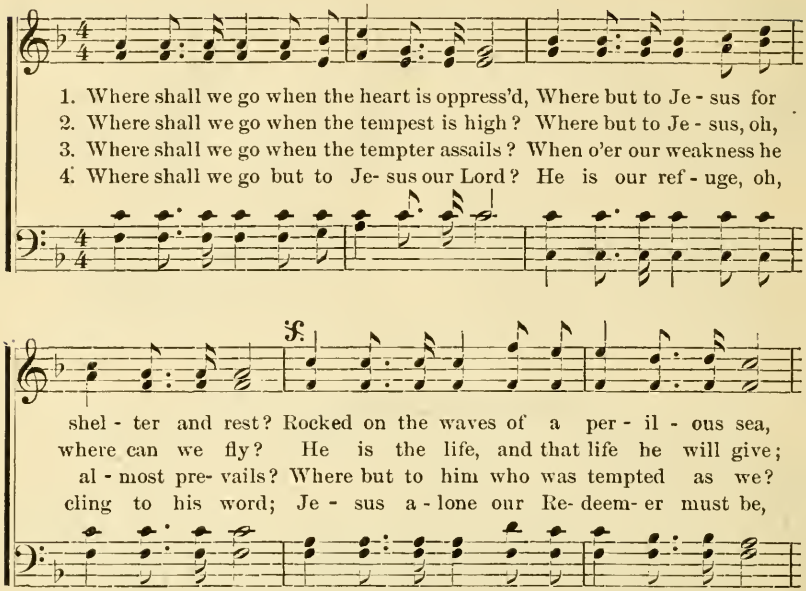


By permission.

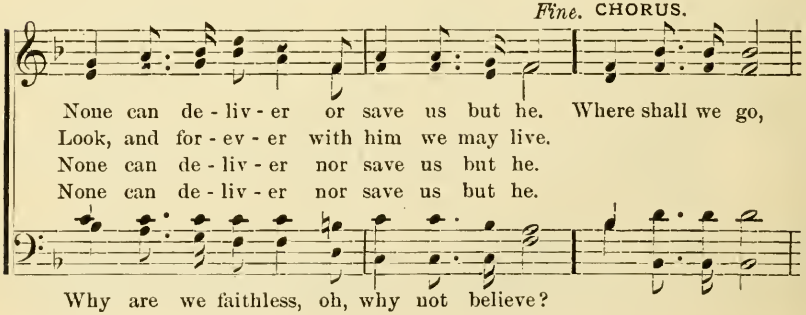
Where Shall We Go?

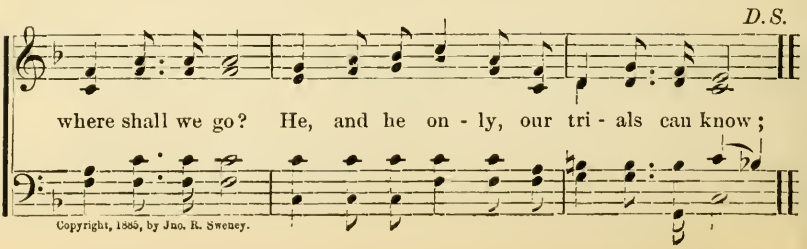
Text.—"To whom shall we go but unto thee?"

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



Fine. CHORUS.





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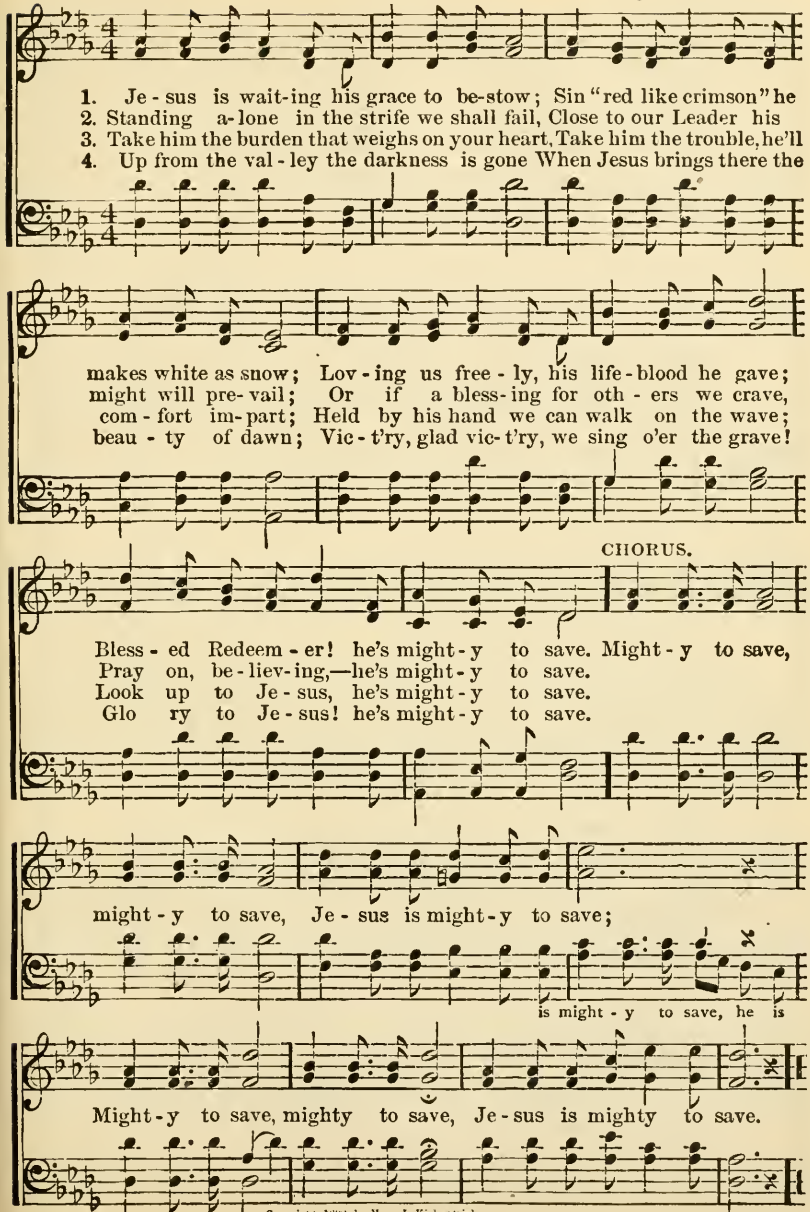
He's Mighty to Save.

E. E. Hewitt. Isaiah lxiii: 1. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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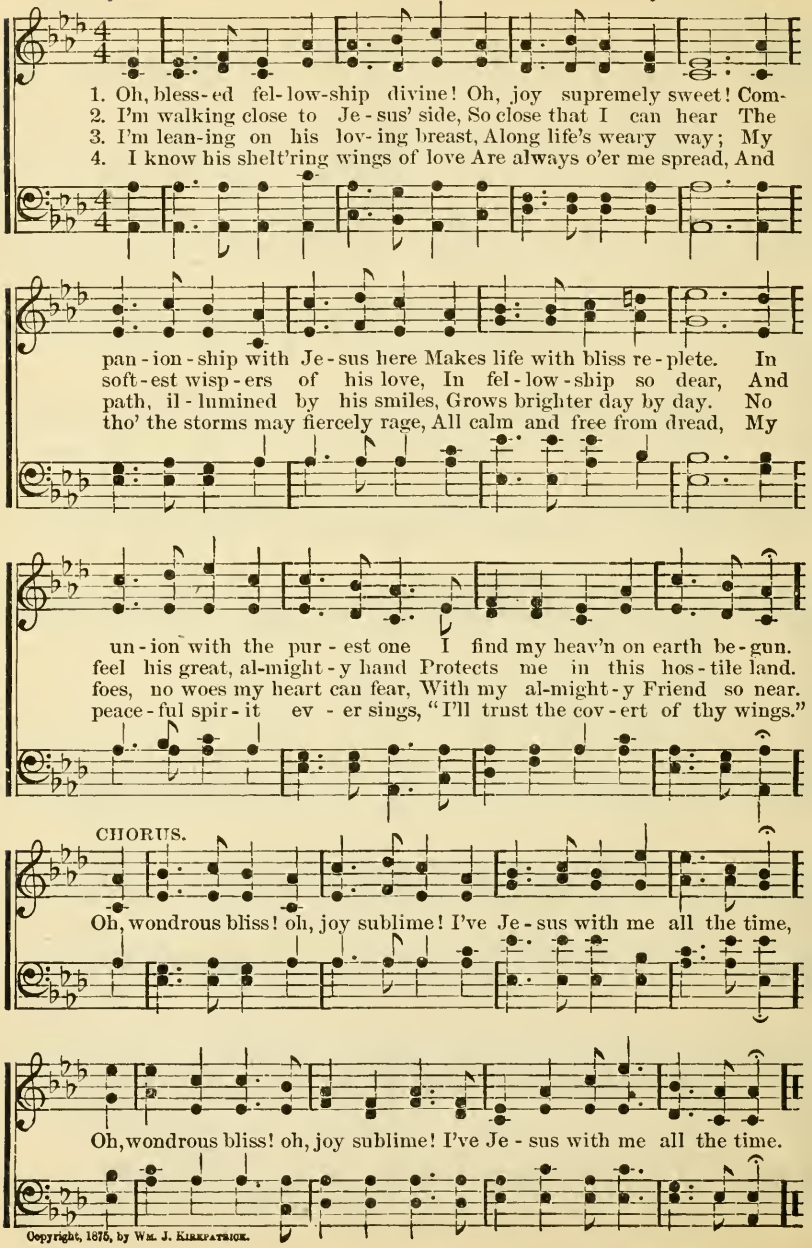
Companionship with Jesus.

Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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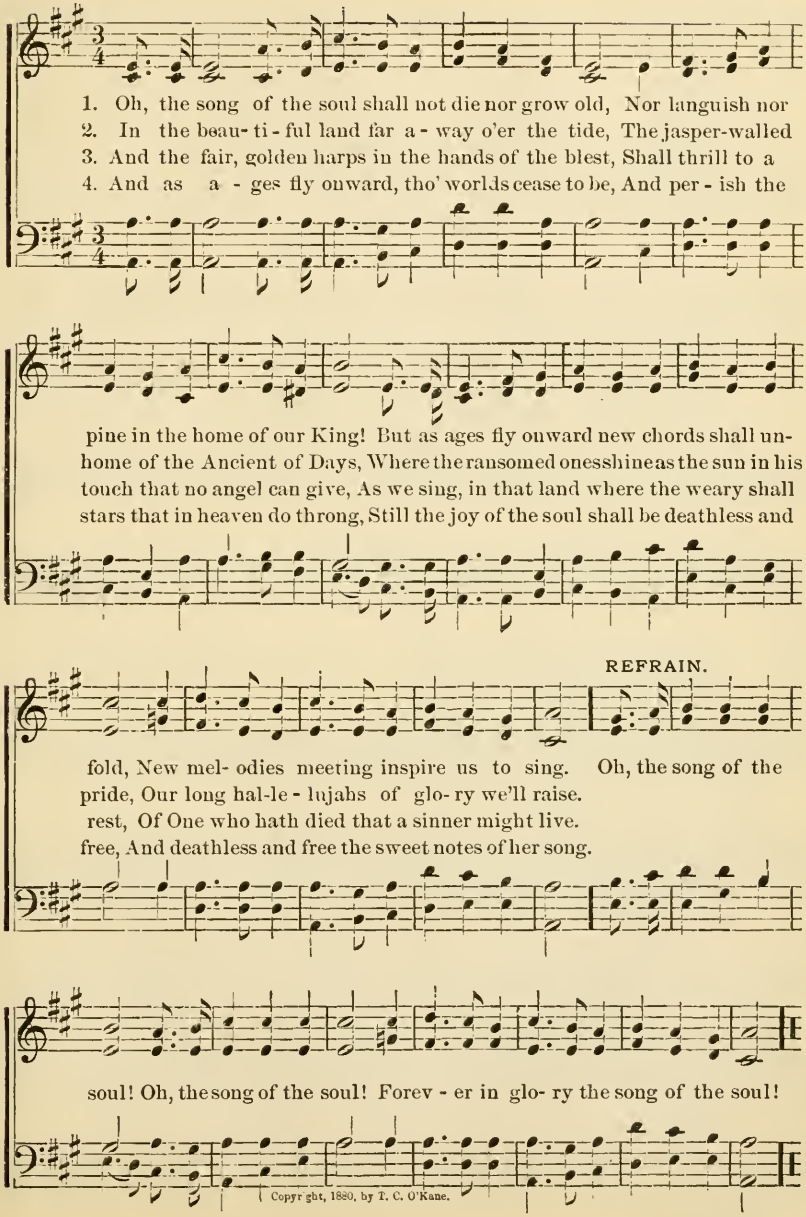
Rev. Henry A. von Dulsem. T. C. O'Kane.



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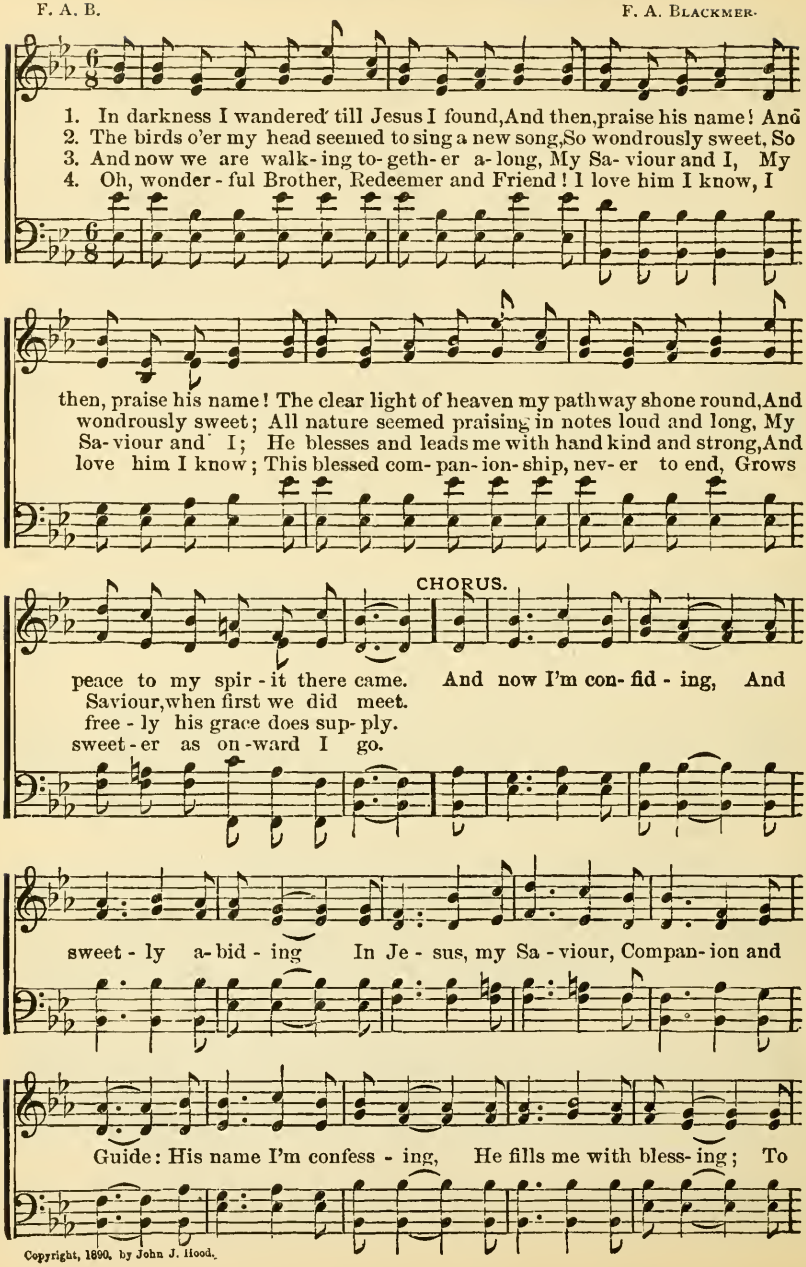
The Clear Light of Heaven.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.



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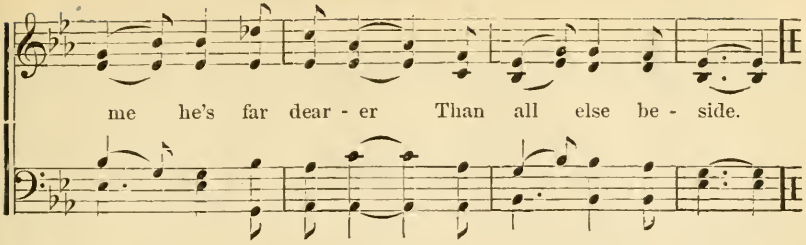
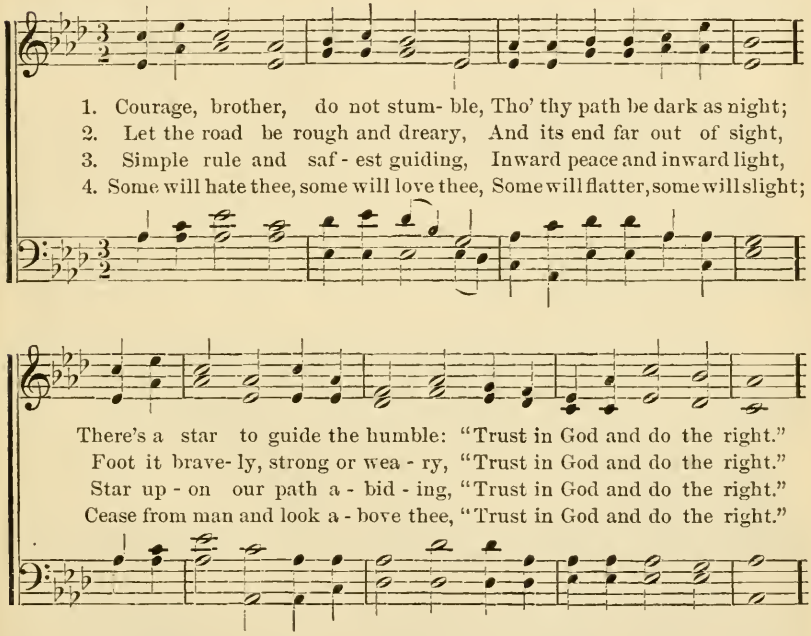
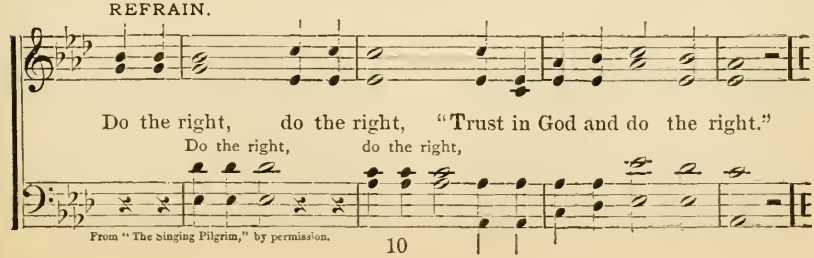


Do the Right.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



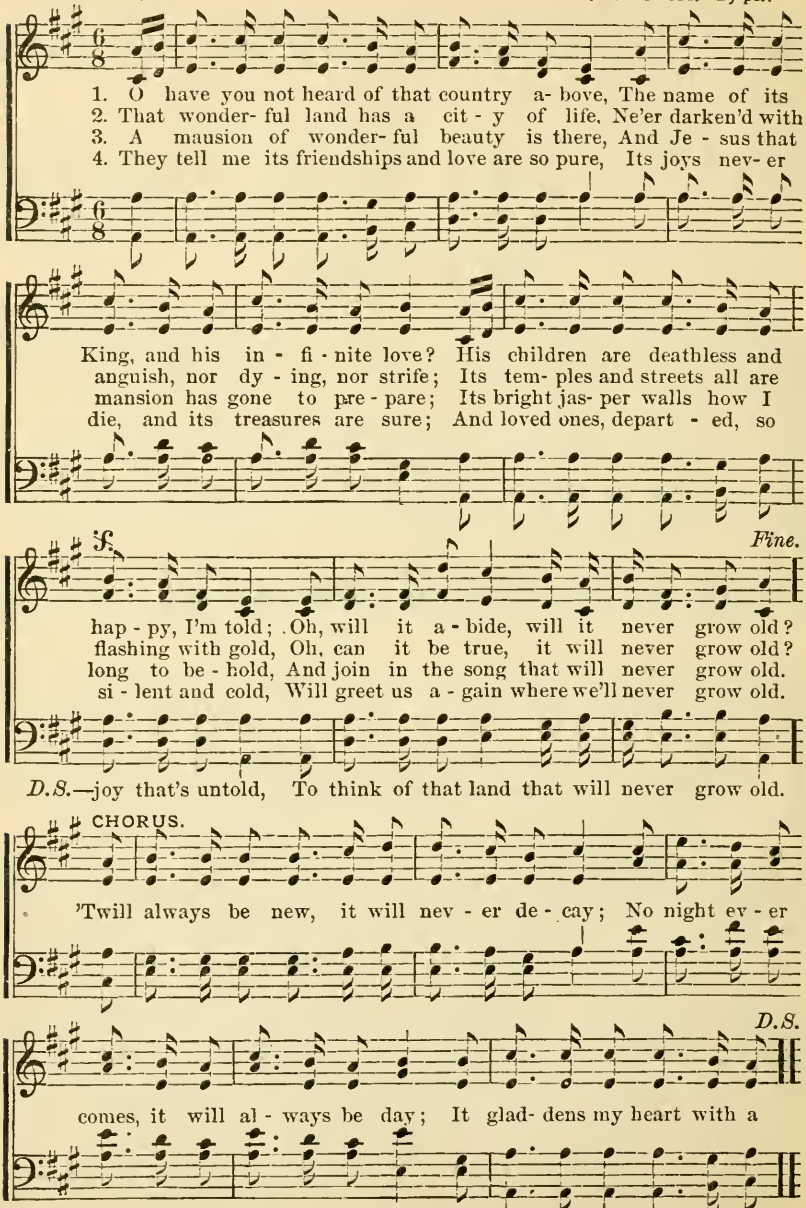


From "The Singing Pilgrim," by permission.

It will Never Grow Old.

"And the city had no need of the sun: for the glory of God did lighten it."—Rev. xxi: 23.

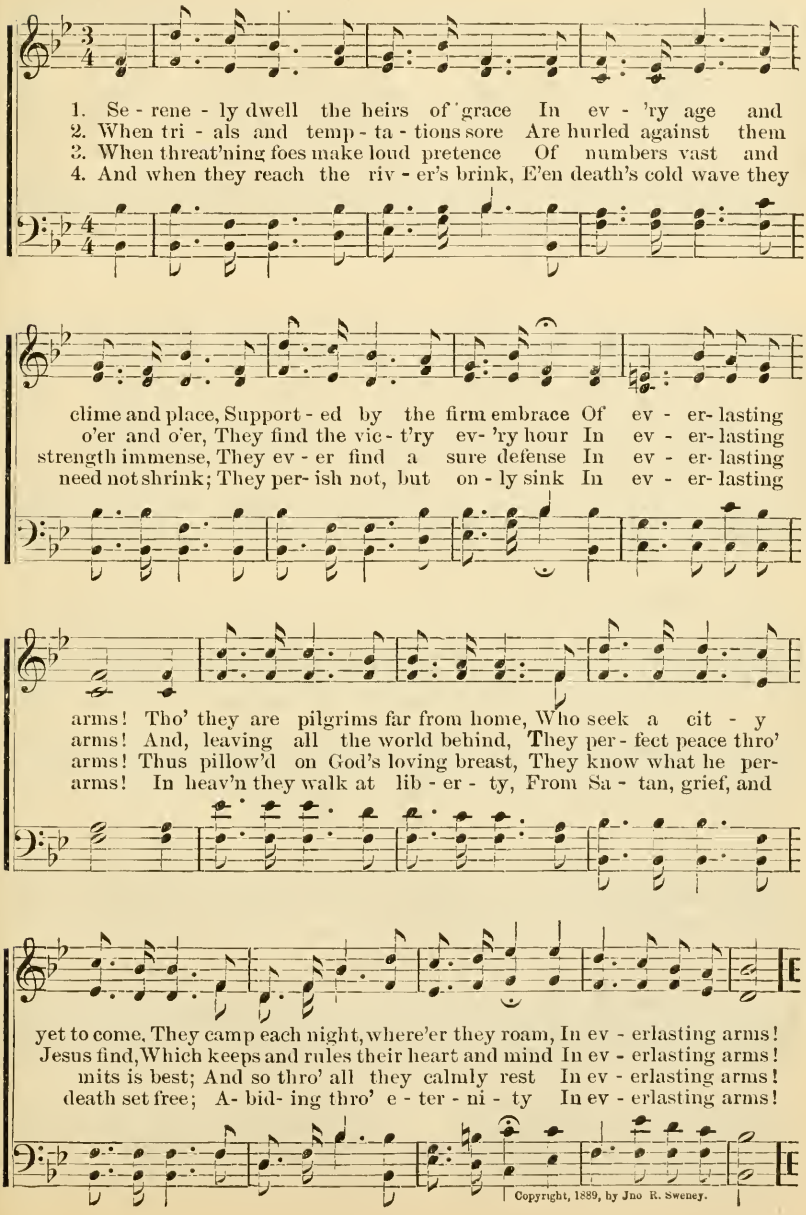
Rev. W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose. By per.



The Everlasting Arms.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii: 27.

Rev. Wm. T. C. Hanna. Arranged. Jno. R. Sweney.



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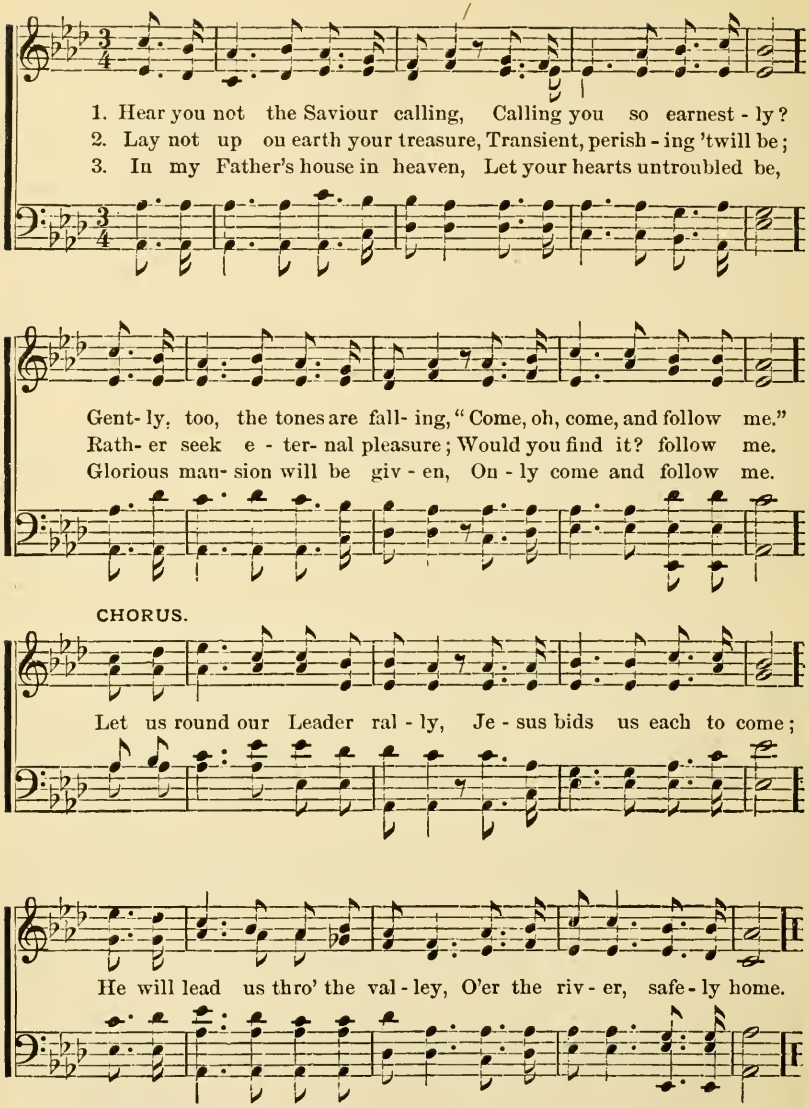
Follow Me.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.



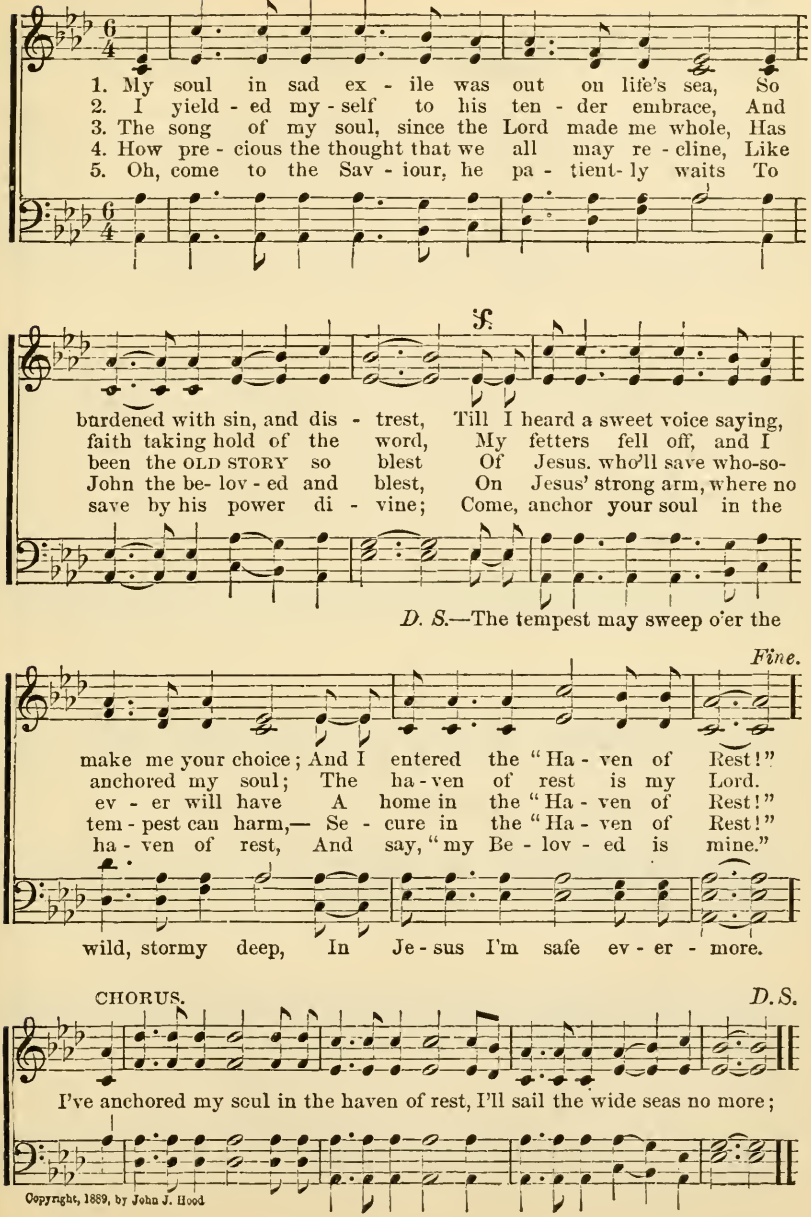
4 Be thy pathway bright or dreary
Whither duty leadeth thee,
Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
I will guide thee,—follow me.

5 When thy days on earth are ending,
And the close of life you see,
Even to the grave descending,
Never fear, but follow me.

By permission.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.



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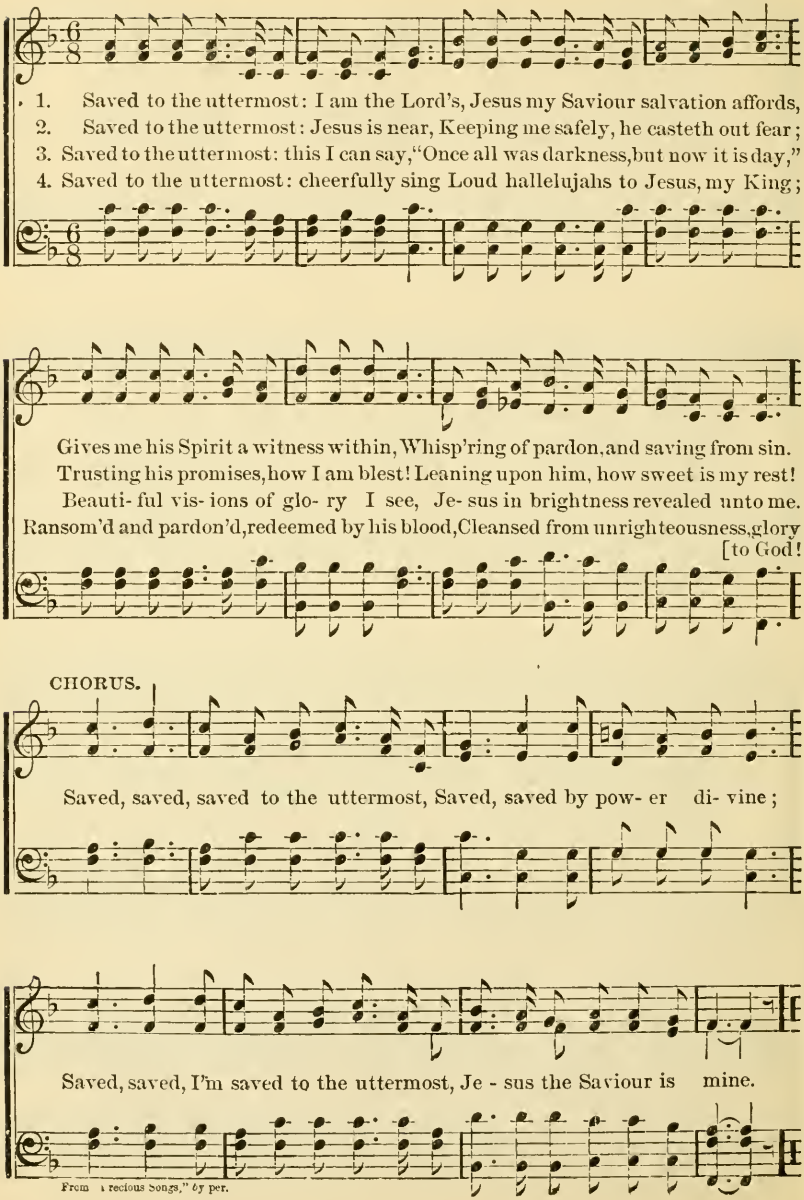
Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



From "Precious Songs," by per.

The Saviour with me.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone, I must
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life, Thro' the
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And his eye the way must guide, Till I

CHORUS.

feel his presence near me, And his arm around me thrown. Then my
whisper words of comfort That no oth - er voice can speak.
tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
reach the vale of Jordan, Till I cross the roll- ing tide.

soul shall fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will,

Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will, where he will,

I will go without a mur- mur, And his foot-steps follow still.

I will go

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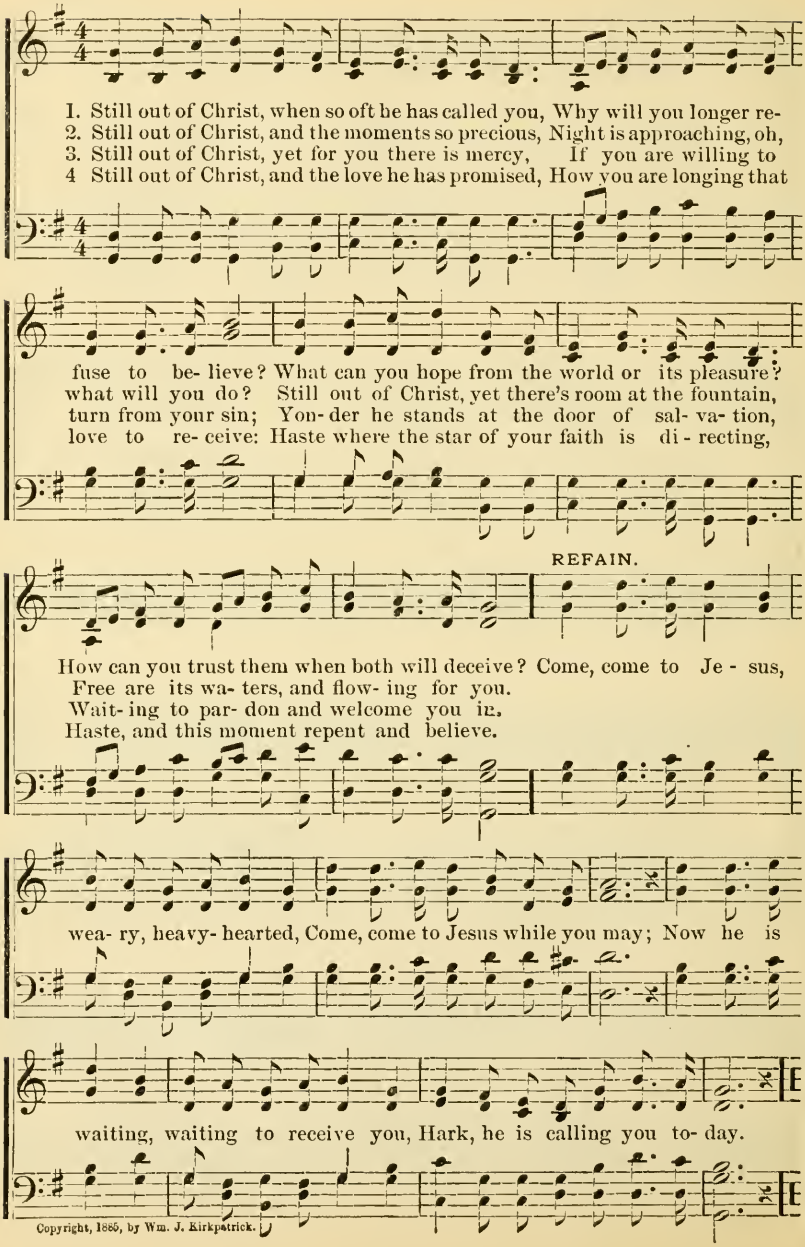
Still out of Christ.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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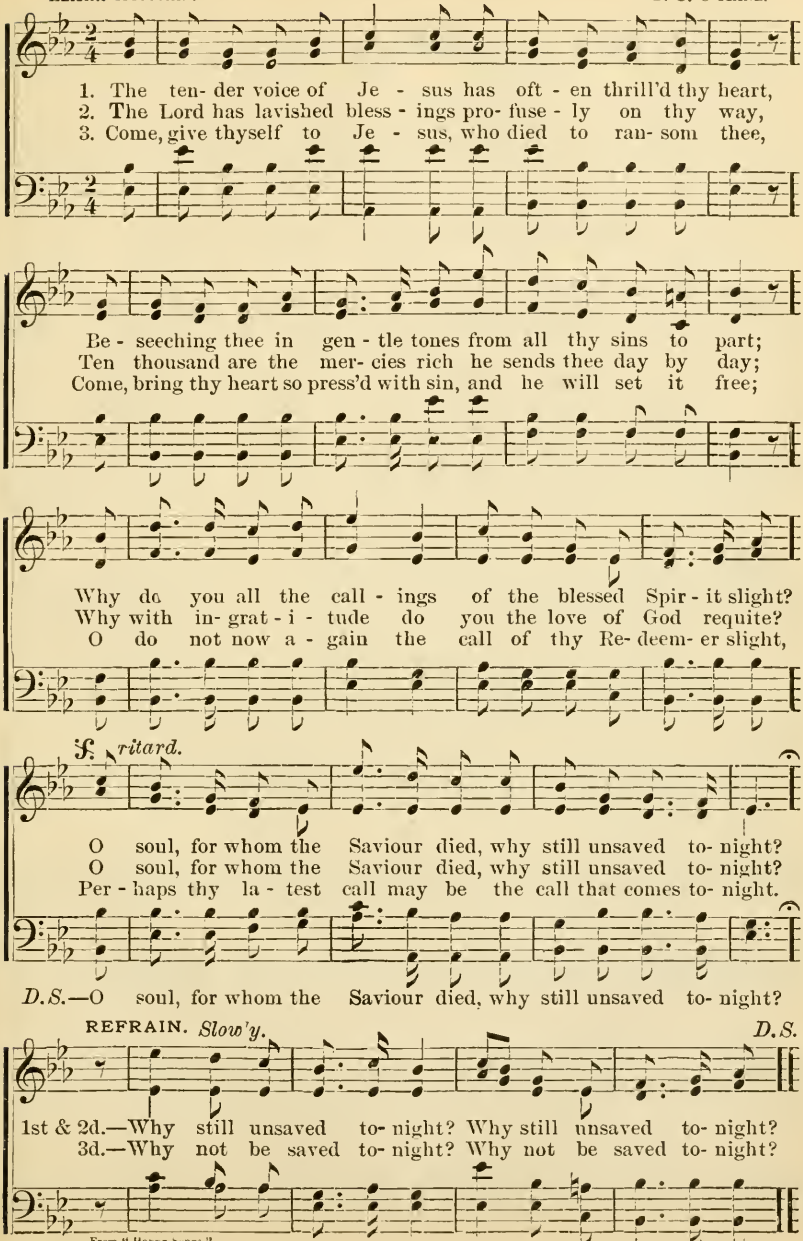
Why Still Unsaved To-night?

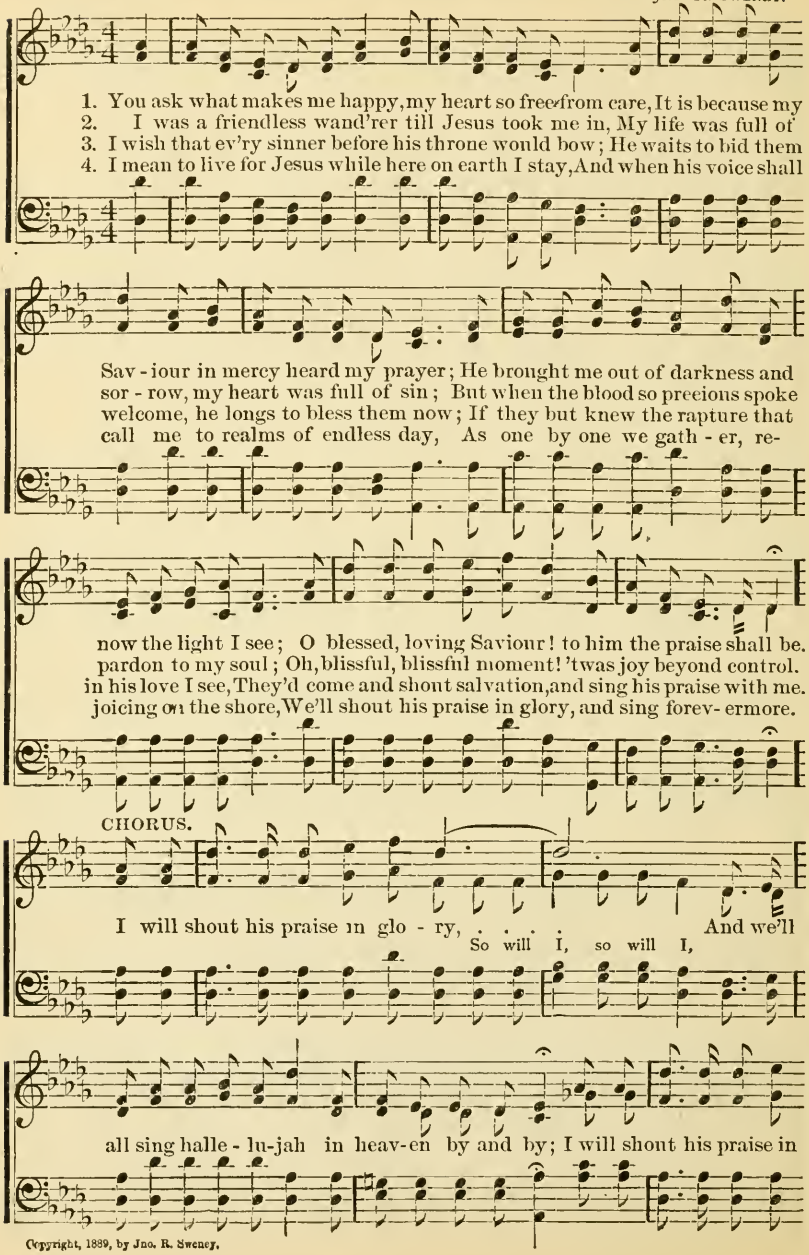
ELISHA HOFFMAN. T. C. O'KANE.



From "Happy Songs."

I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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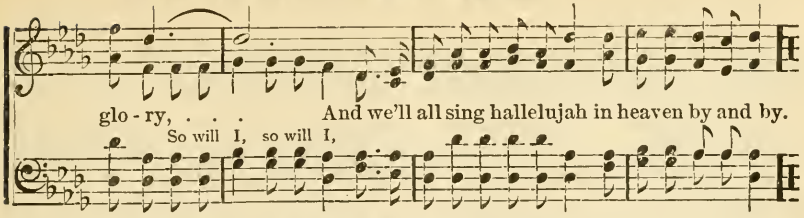
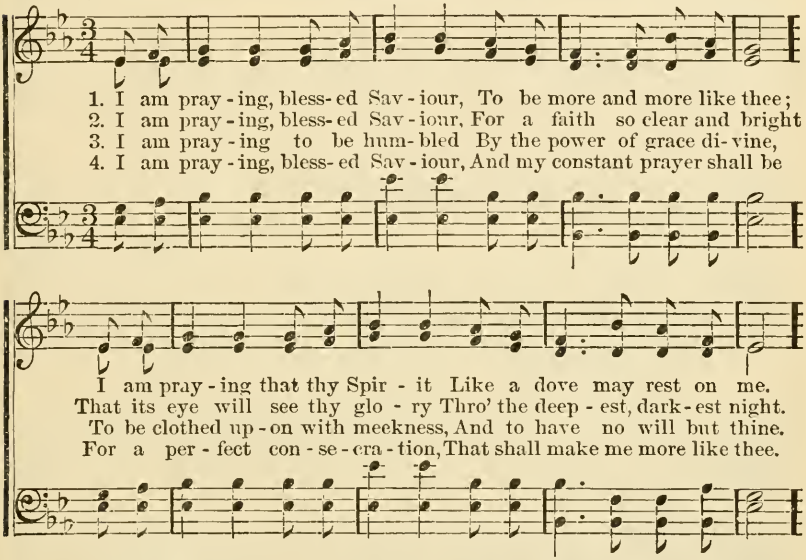
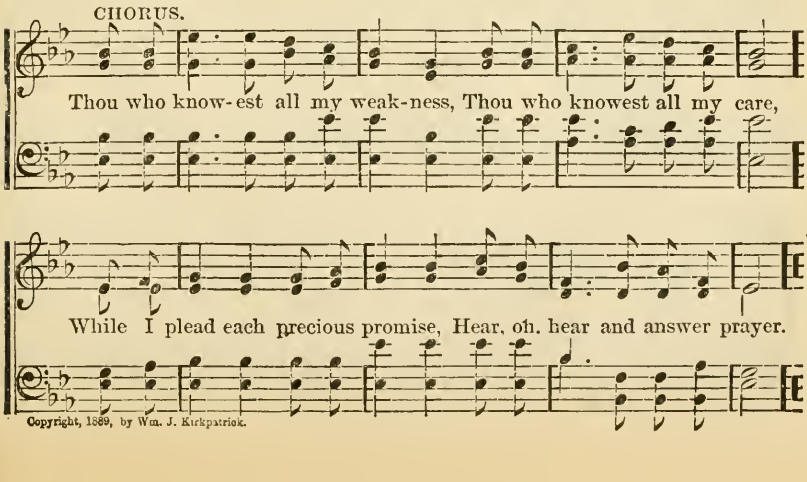


Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





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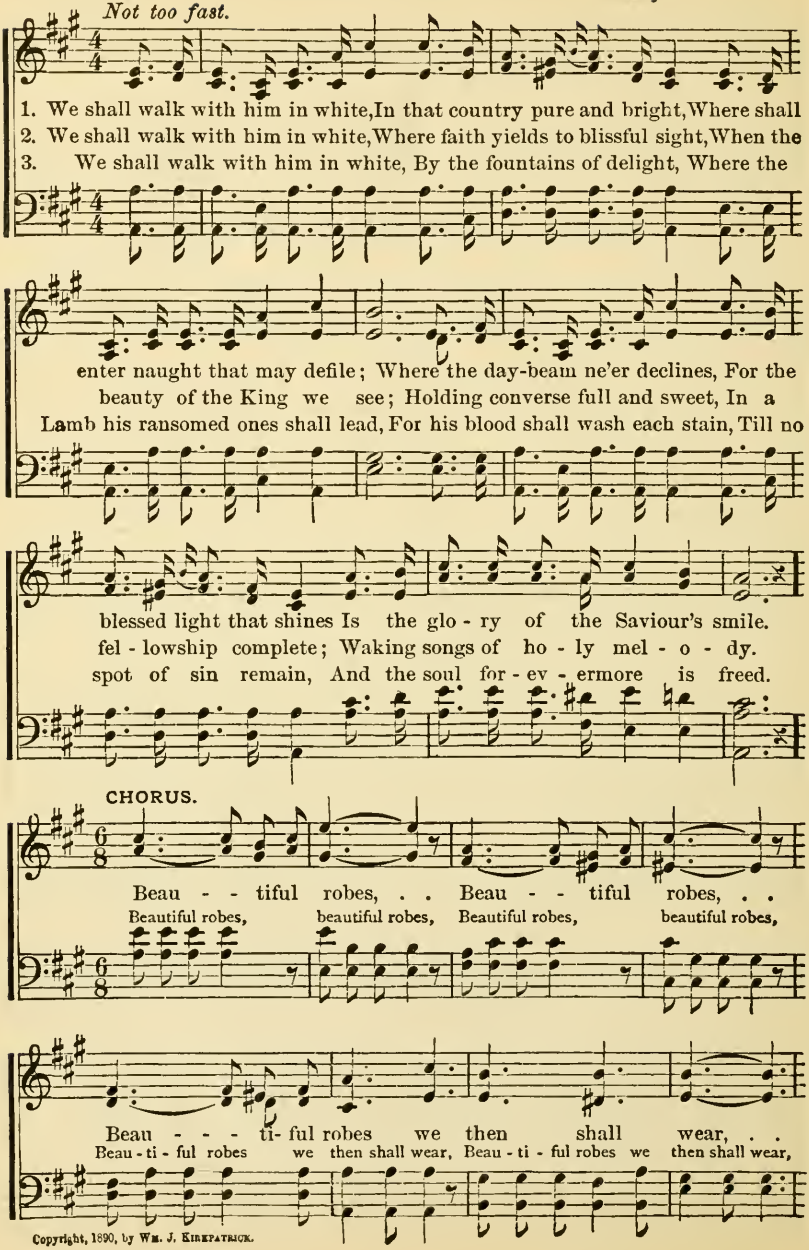
Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.



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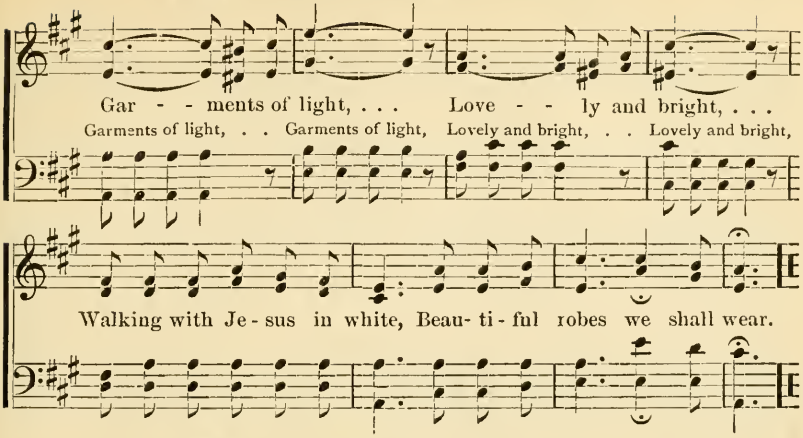
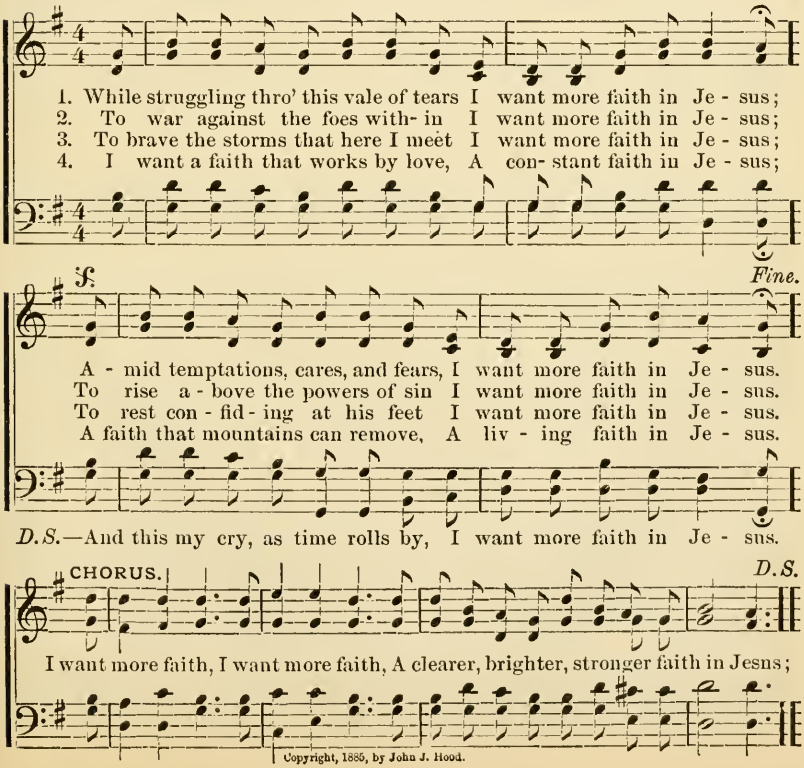


More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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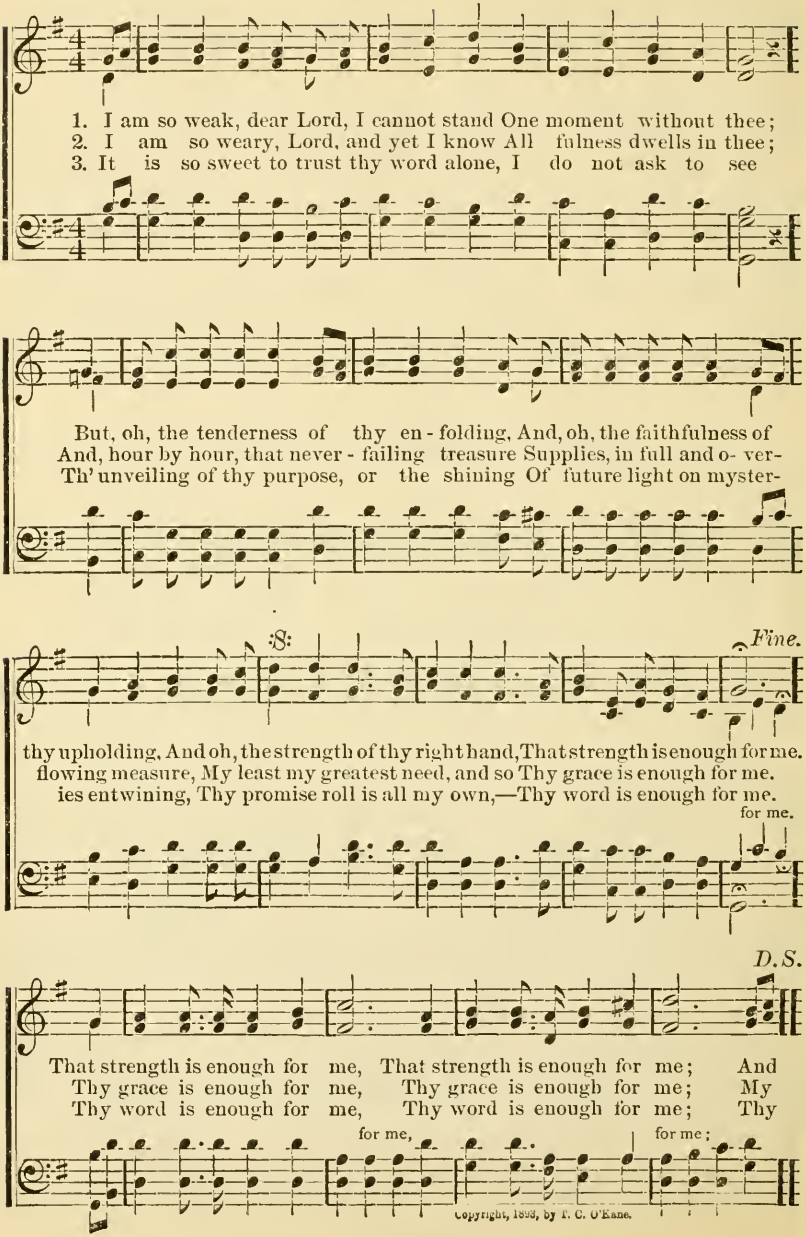
Every Need Supplied.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. T. C. O'KANE.



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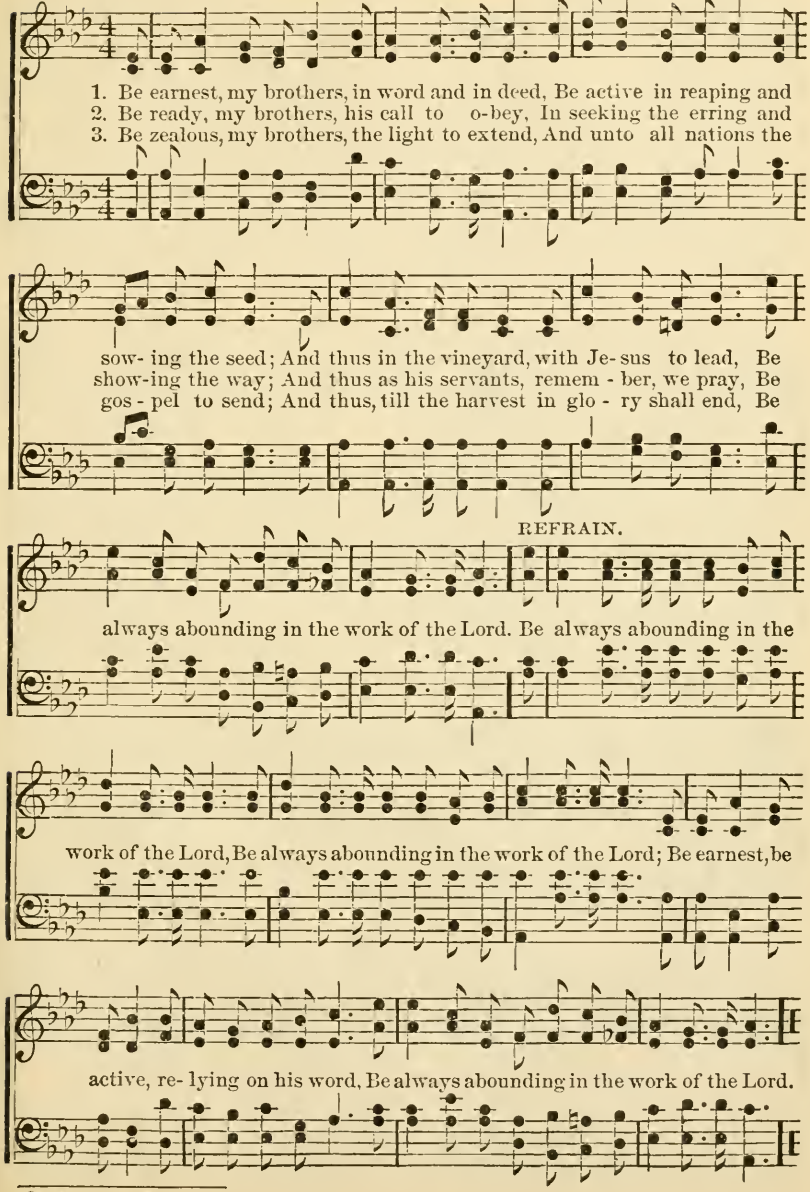
Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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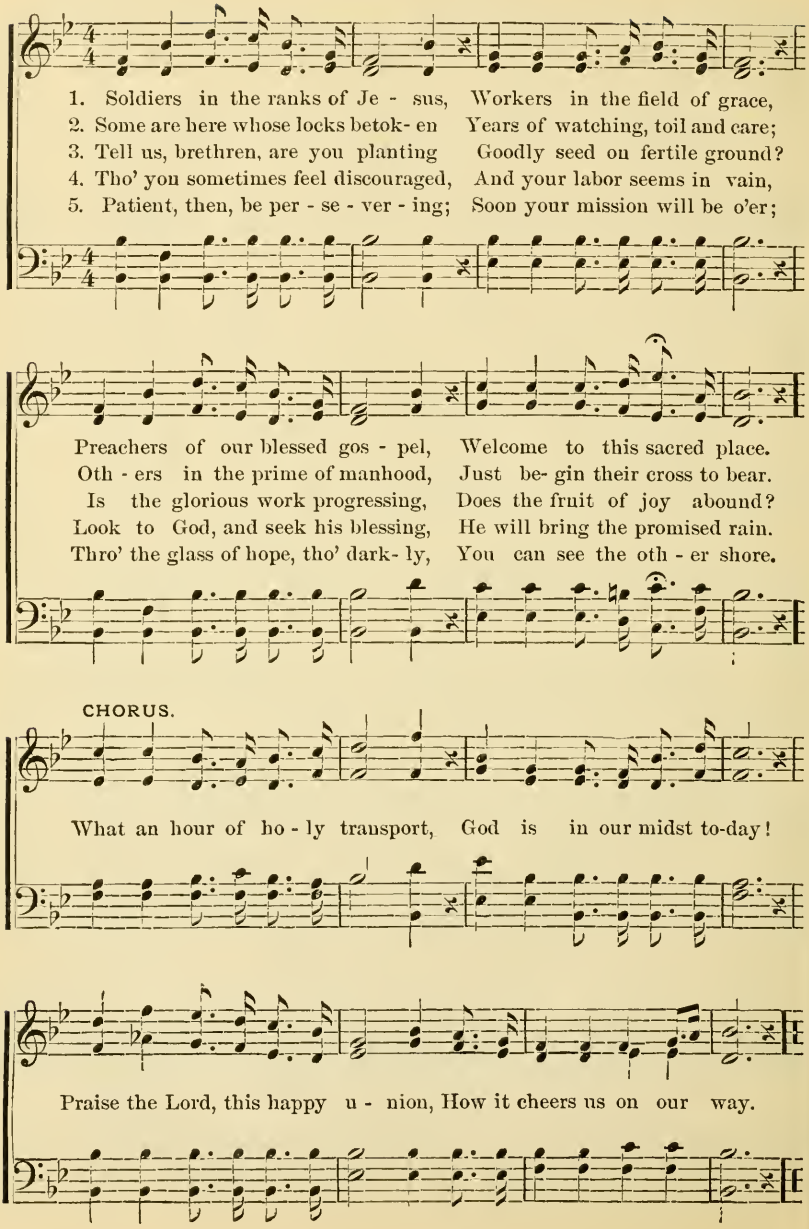
By permission. "Let brotherly love continue." S. J. Vail.



Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.* | 1st. | 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow:
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.

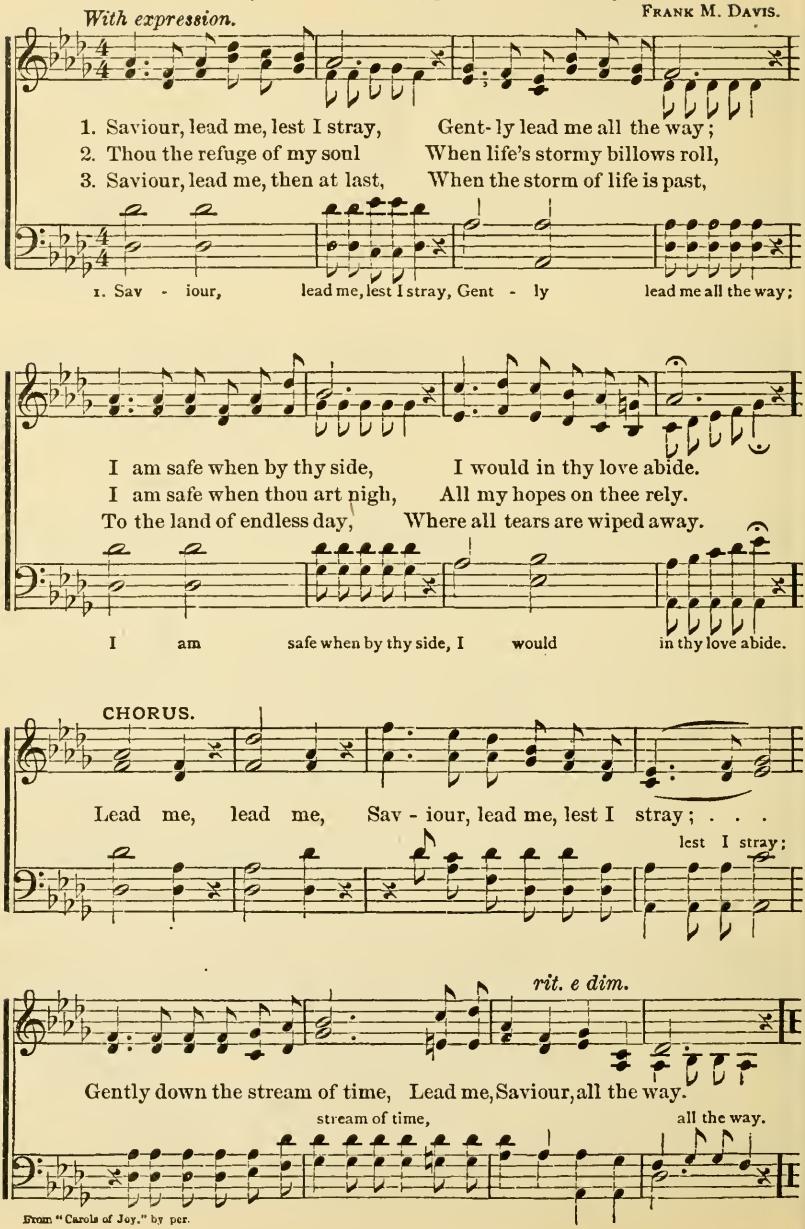
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, return ye un - to God! Oh, return ye un - to God!
And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane

Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. "For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

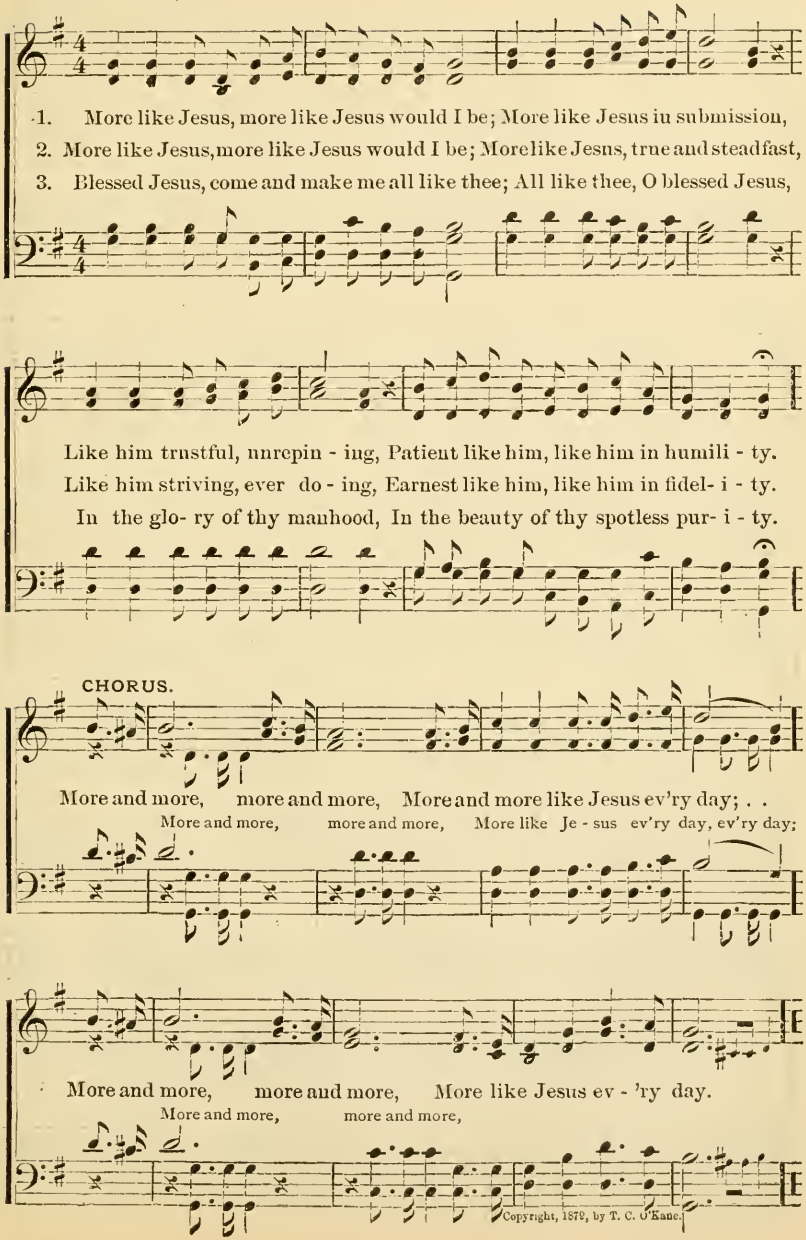
FRANK M. DAVIS.



From "Carols of Joy," by per.

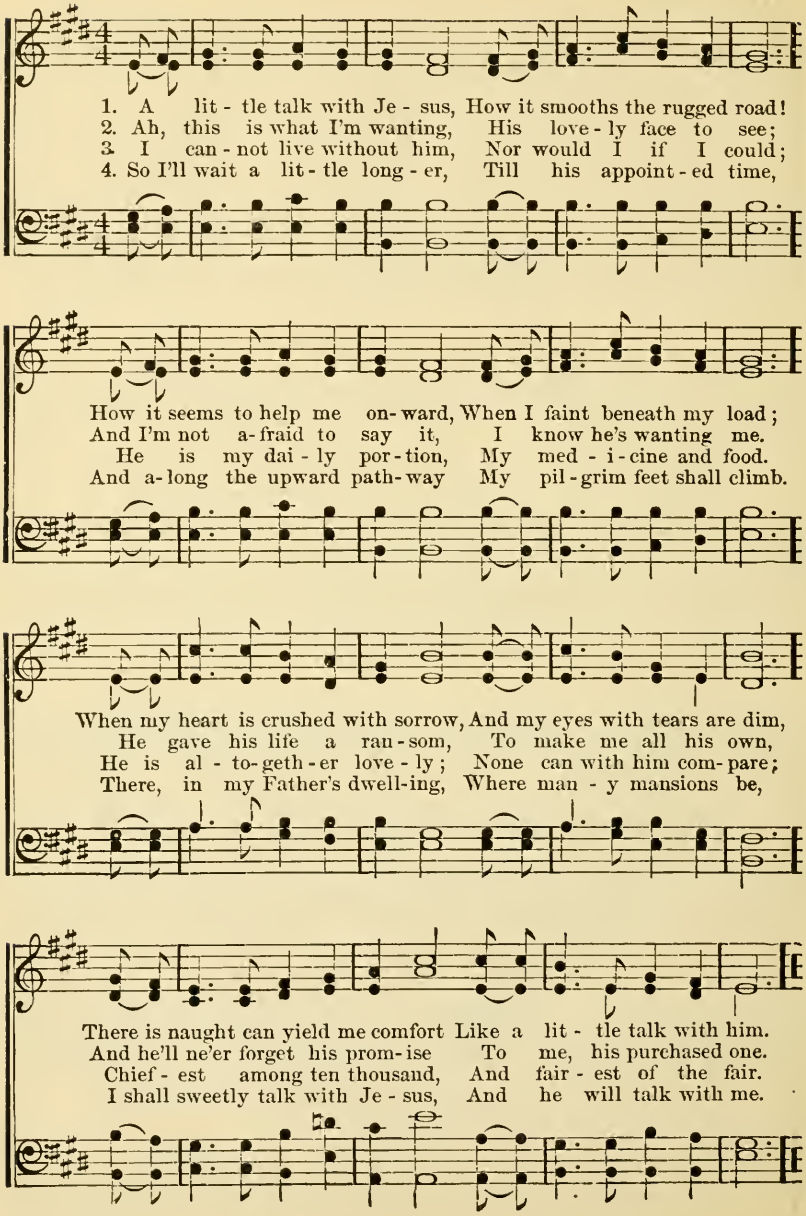
More Like Jesus.

Rev. F. Merrick, D. D. T. C. O'Kane.



A little Talk with Jesus.

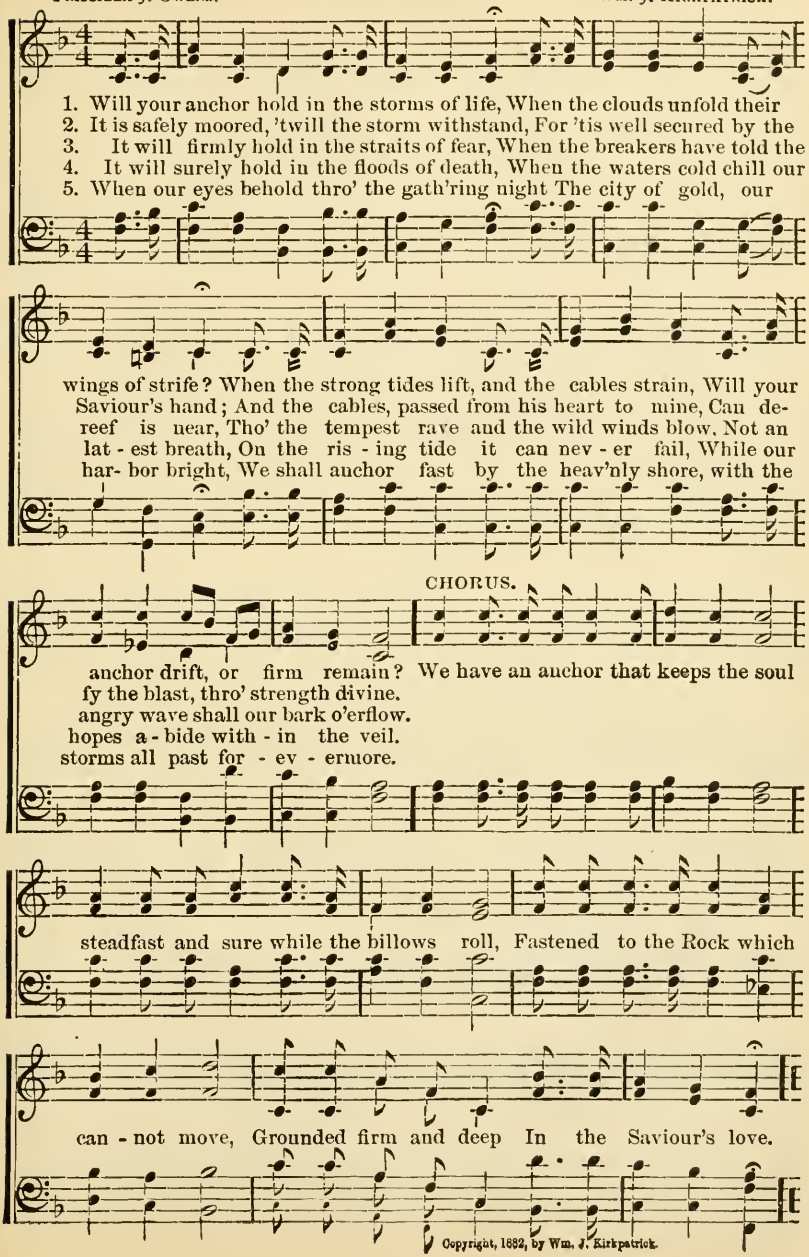
Wm. G. Fischer.



By permission.

We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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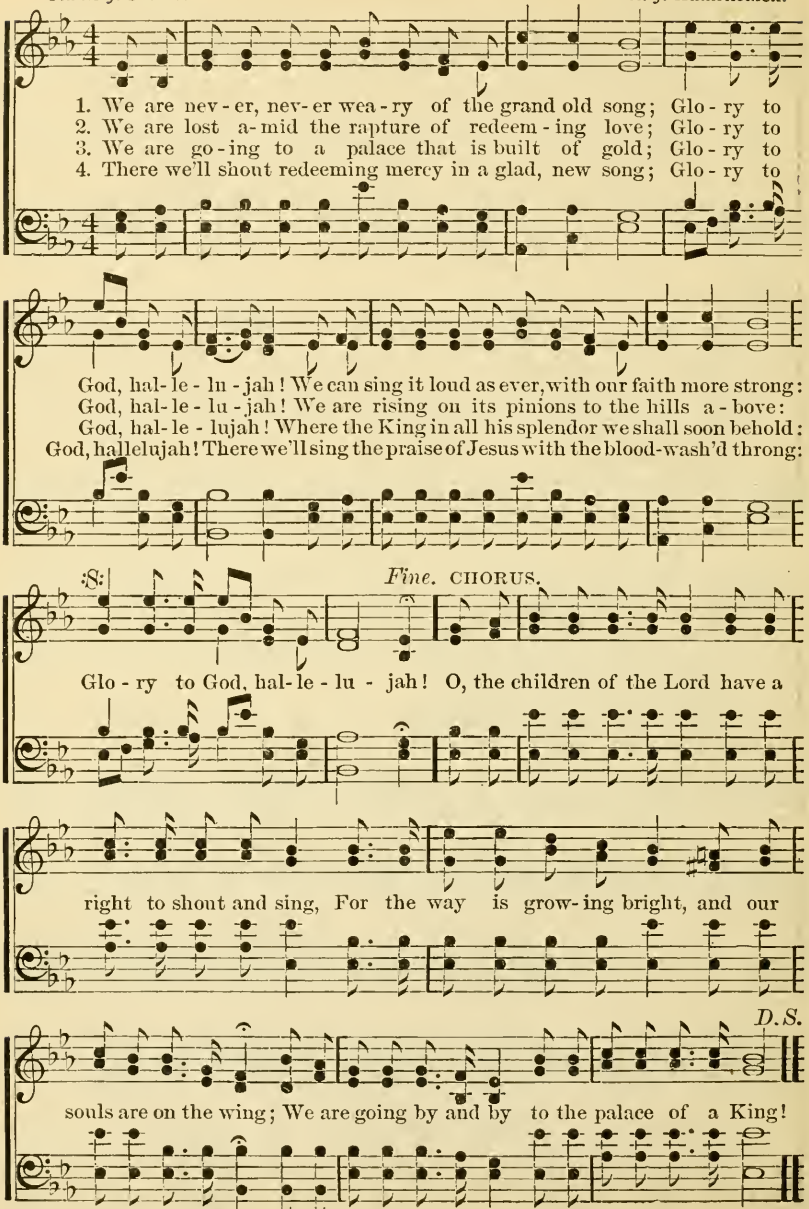
Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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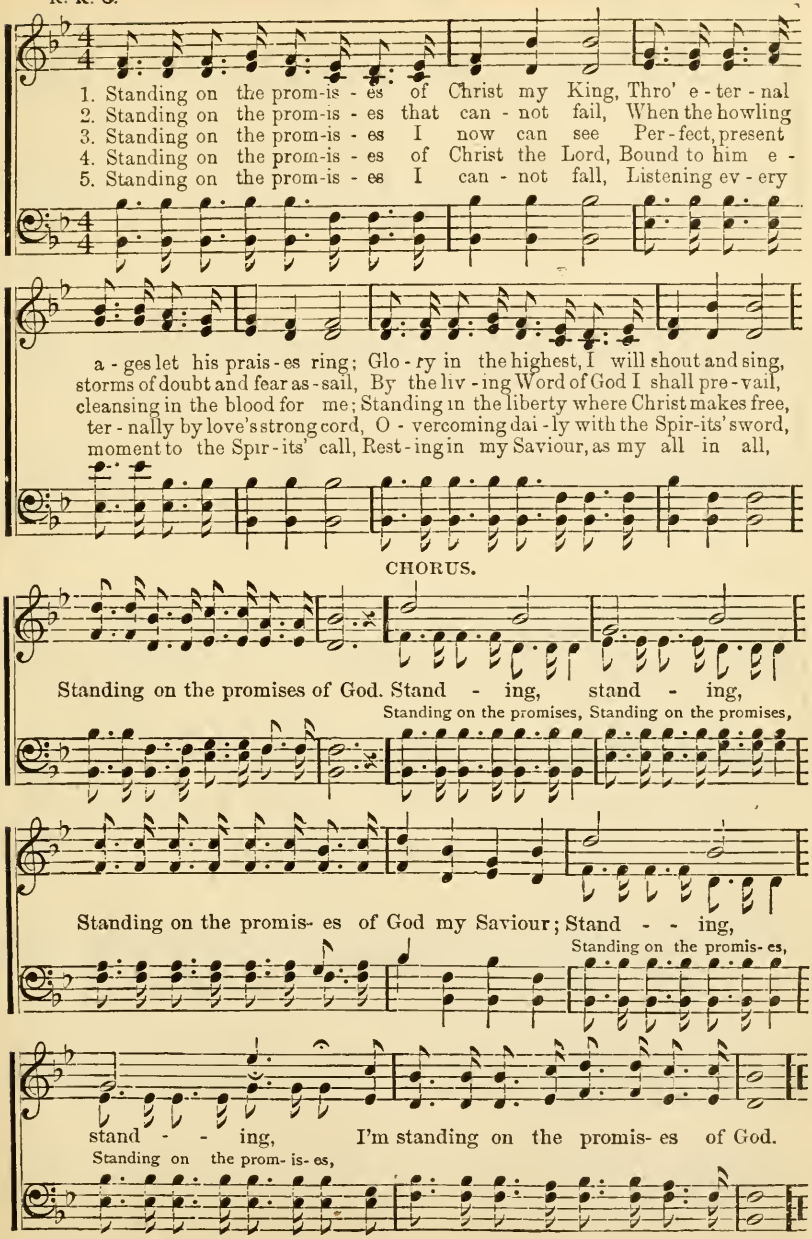
Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.



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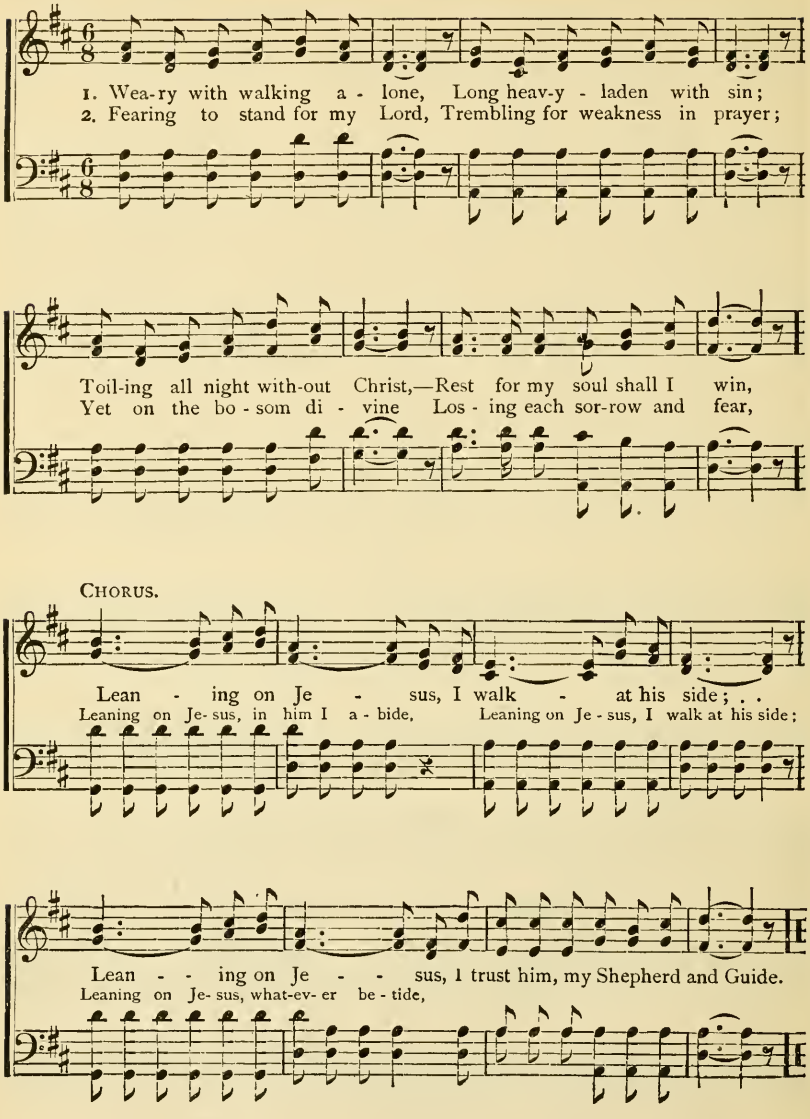
From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



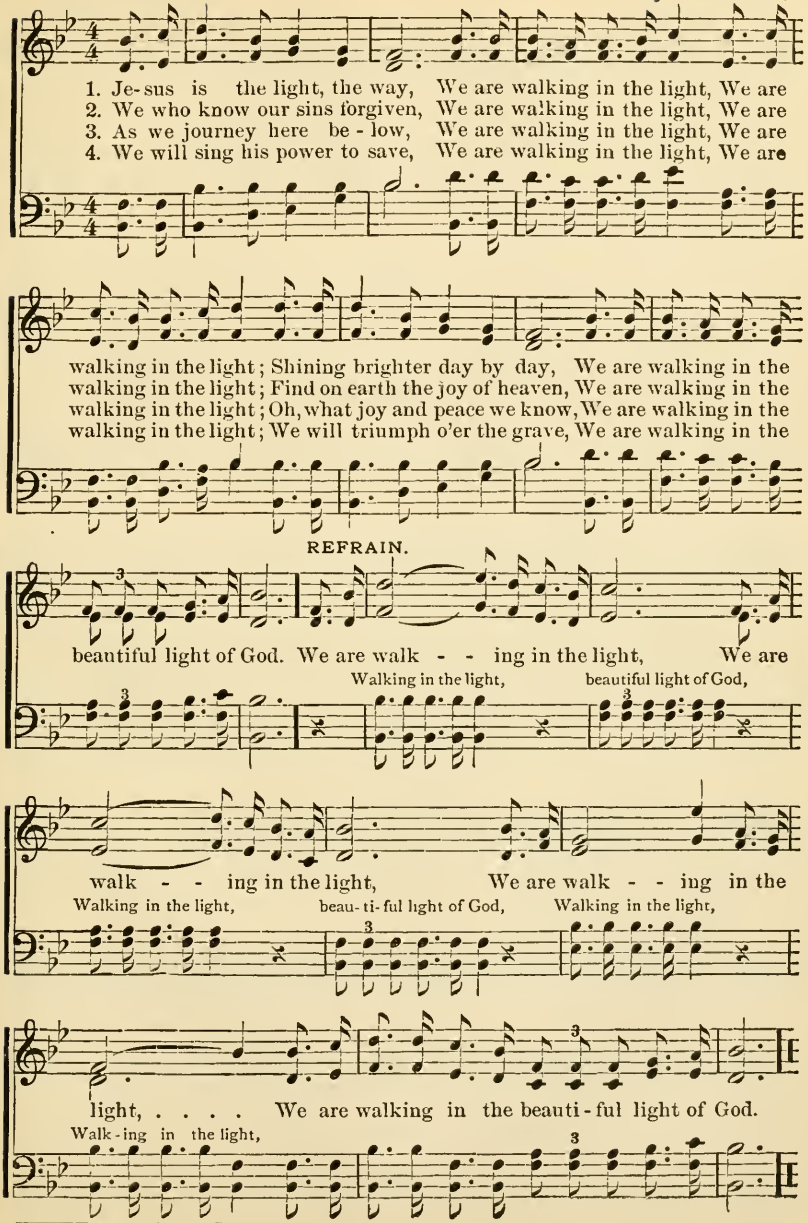
3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain,
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.

From "Leaflet Gems," by permission of John J. Hood.

The Beautiful Light.

R. Kelso Carter. Jno. R. Sweney.



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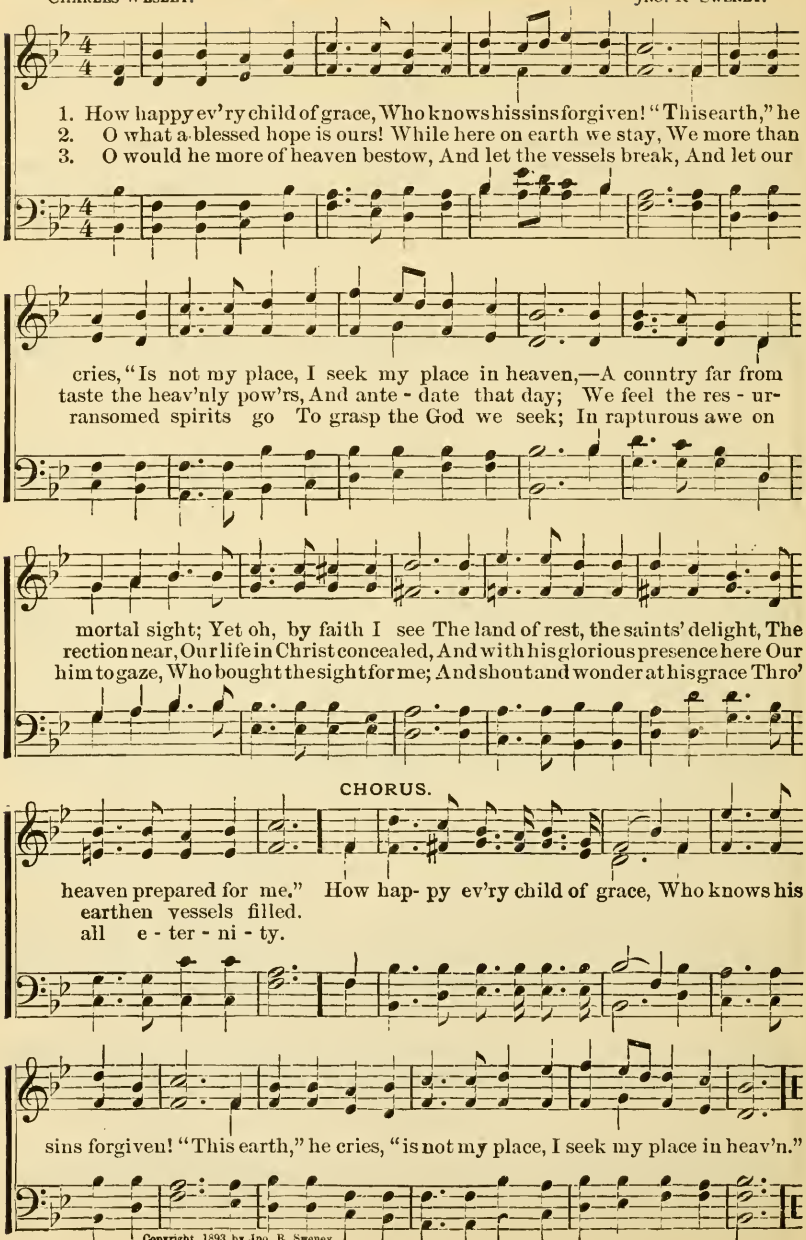
Full Assurance.

CHARLES WESLEY. JNO. R SWENEY.



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Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed- ness, What a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

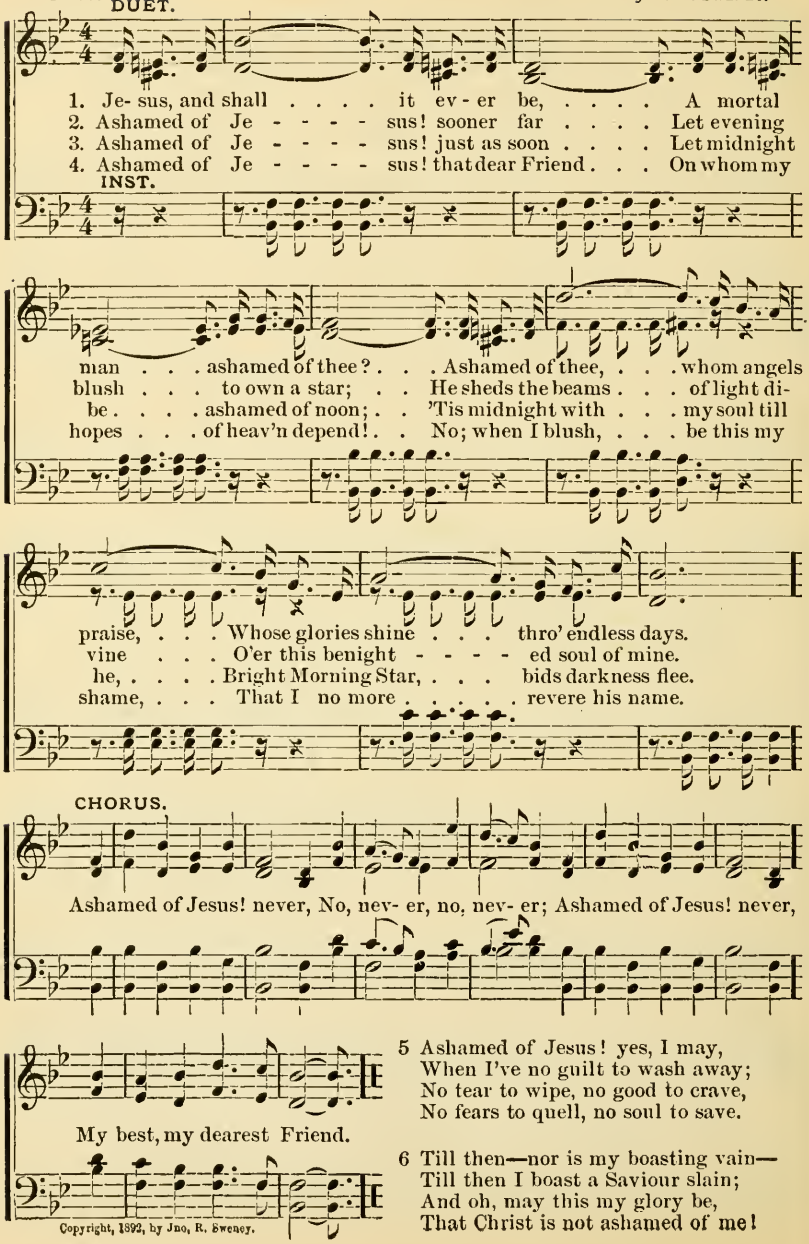
lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er- lasting arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean- ing on Je - sus,

By per. A. J. Showalter.

Ashamed of Jesus.

GRIGG. DUET. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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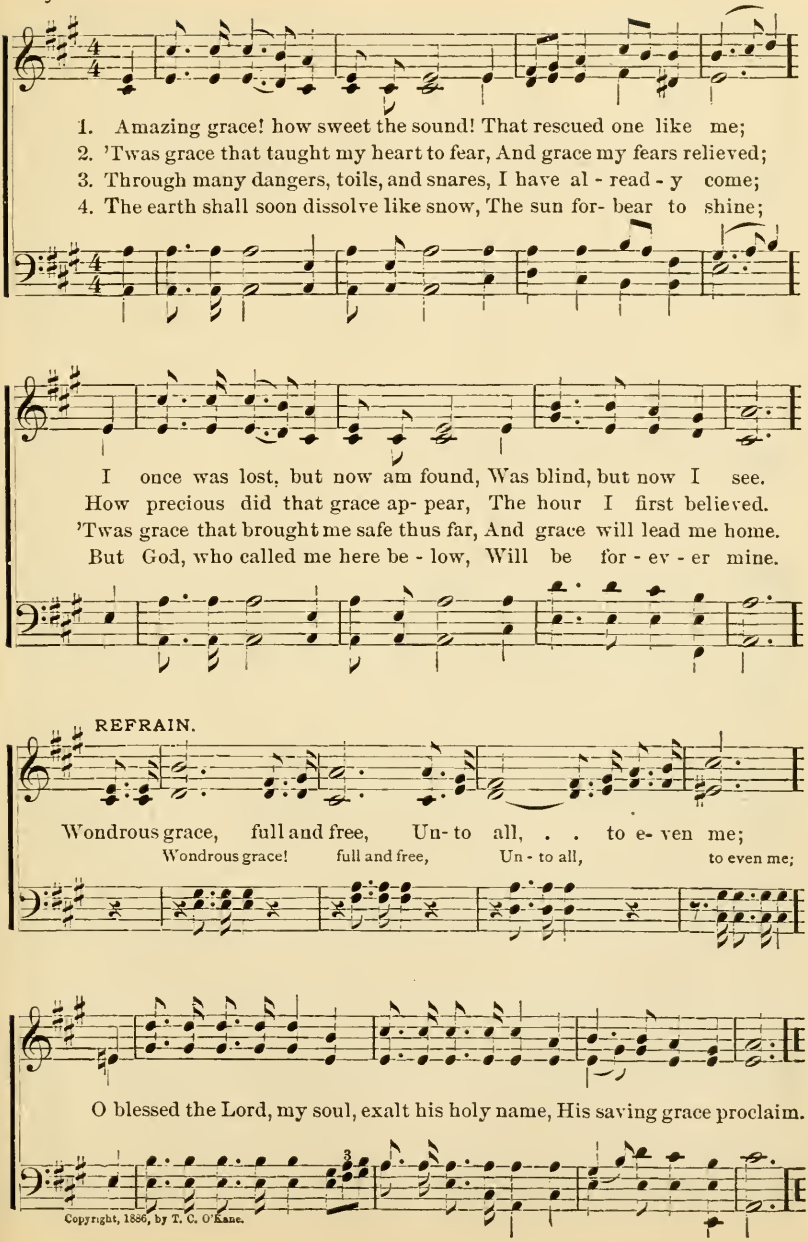
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Amazing Grace.

J. Newton. T. C. O'Kane.



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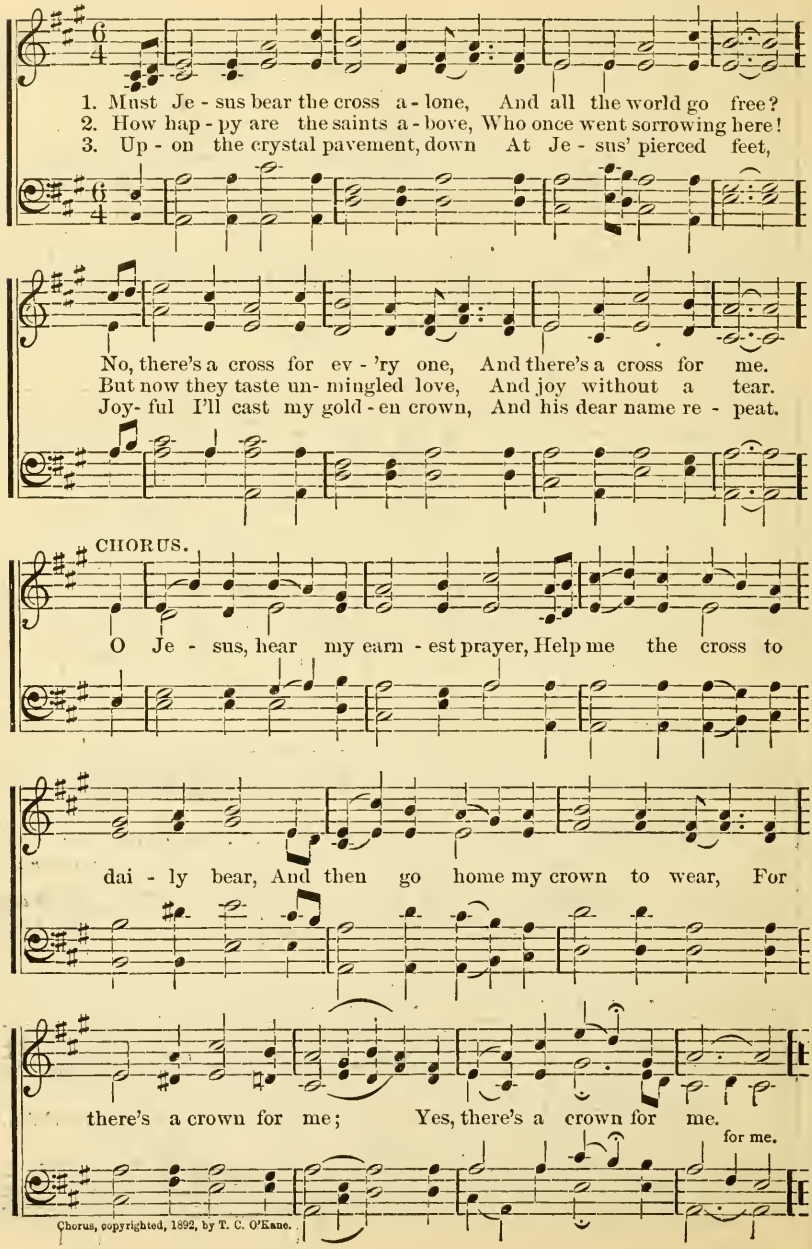
Cross and Crown.

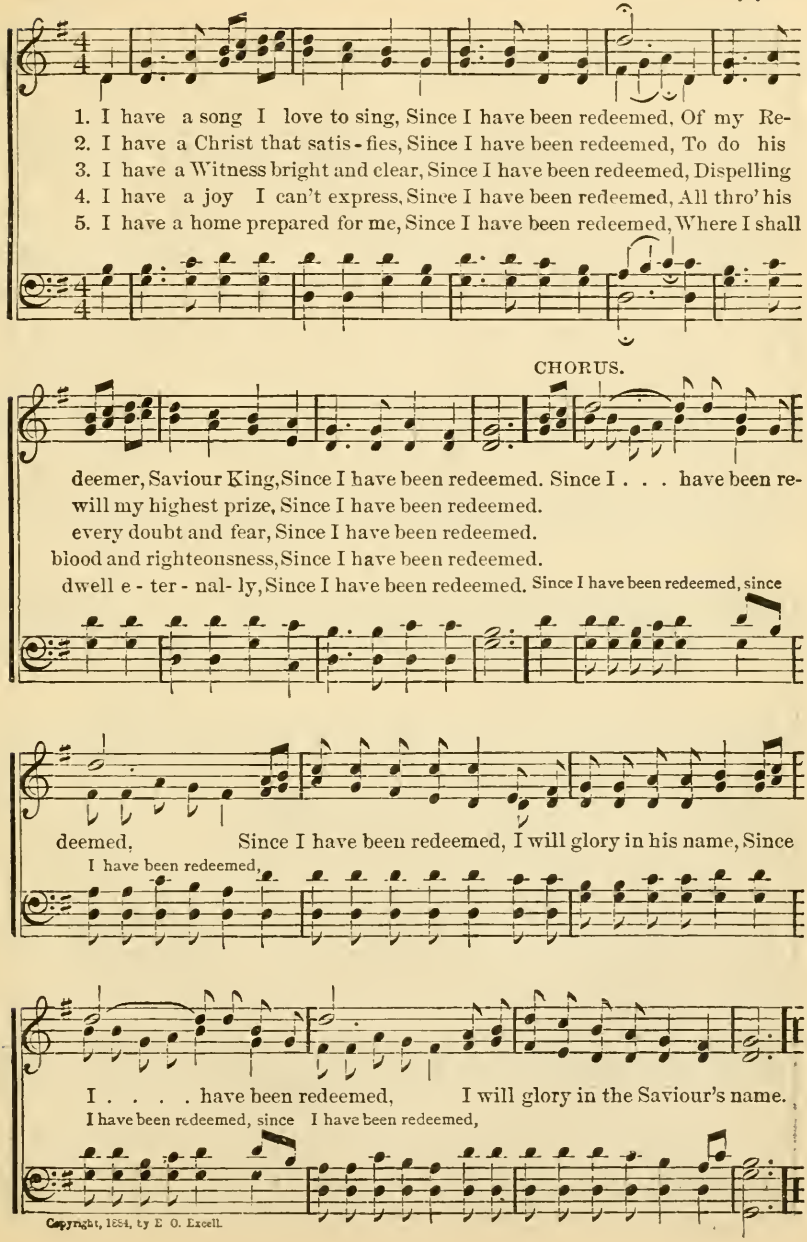
THOS. SHEPHERD, alt. Chorus by T. C. O'KANE. GEORGE N. ALLEN.



Chorus, copyrighted, 1892, by T. C. O'Kane.

Since I Have Been Redeemed.

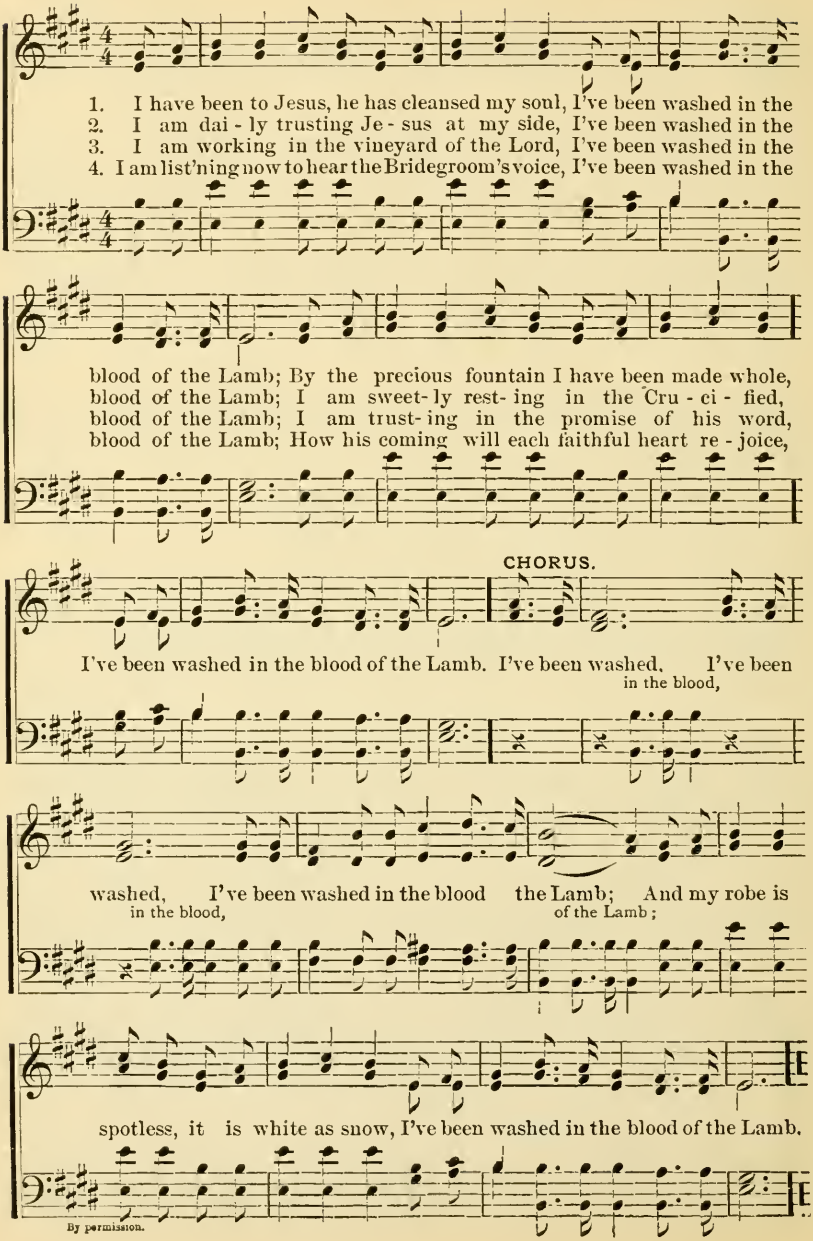
E. O. E. E. O. Excell. By per.



Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

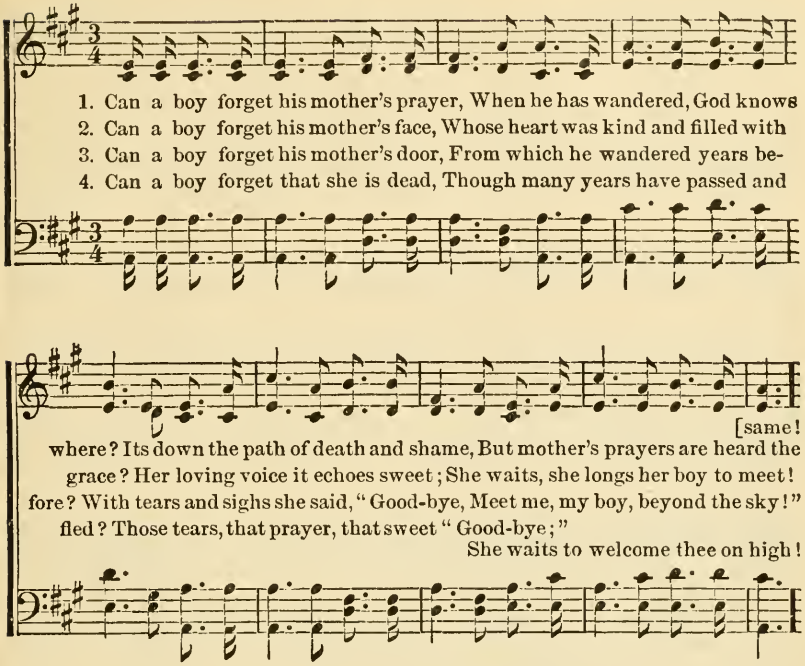
I've been Washed in the Blood.

W. T. Dale. D. E. Dorich.



By permission.

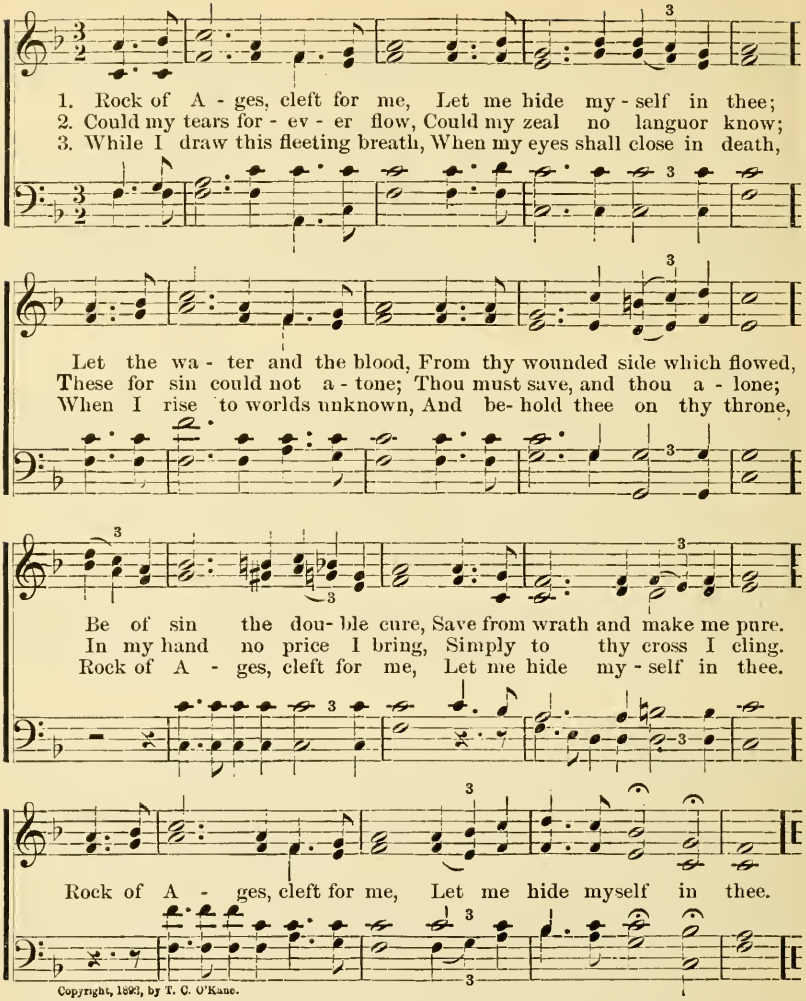
J. H. W. Rev. J. H. Weber. By per.



178

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Tune, CRANSTON. T. C. O'Kane.



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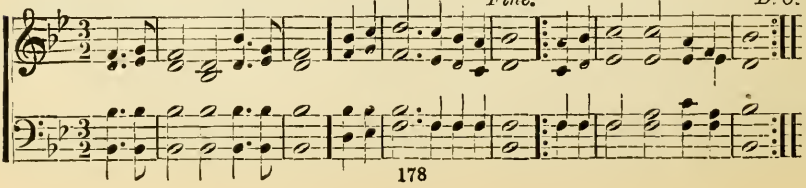
179

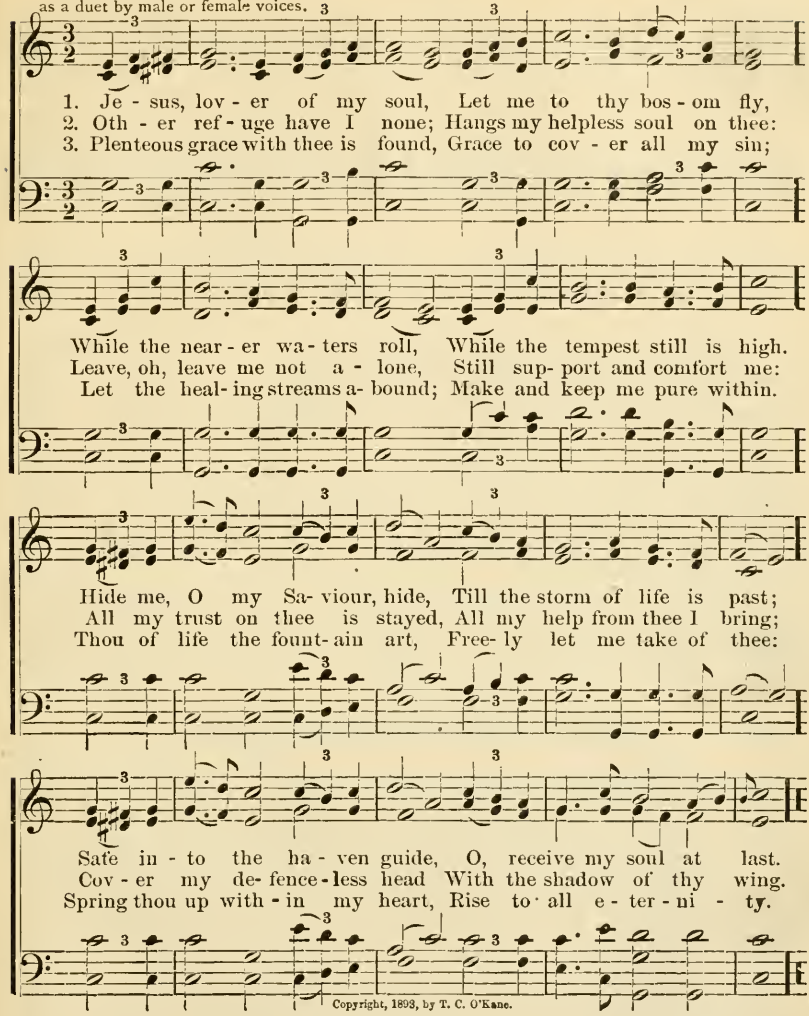
Tune, TOPLADY. 7s. Thos. Hastings.



180 Chas. Wesley. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

The first eight measures may be sung as a duet by male or female voices.

Tune, EDWARD. T. C. O'Kane.



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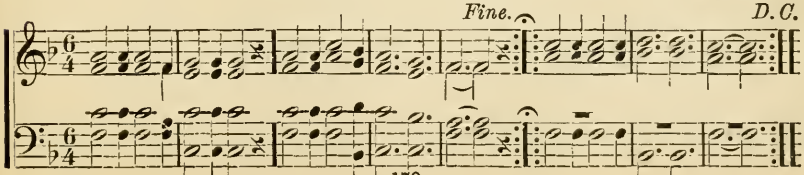
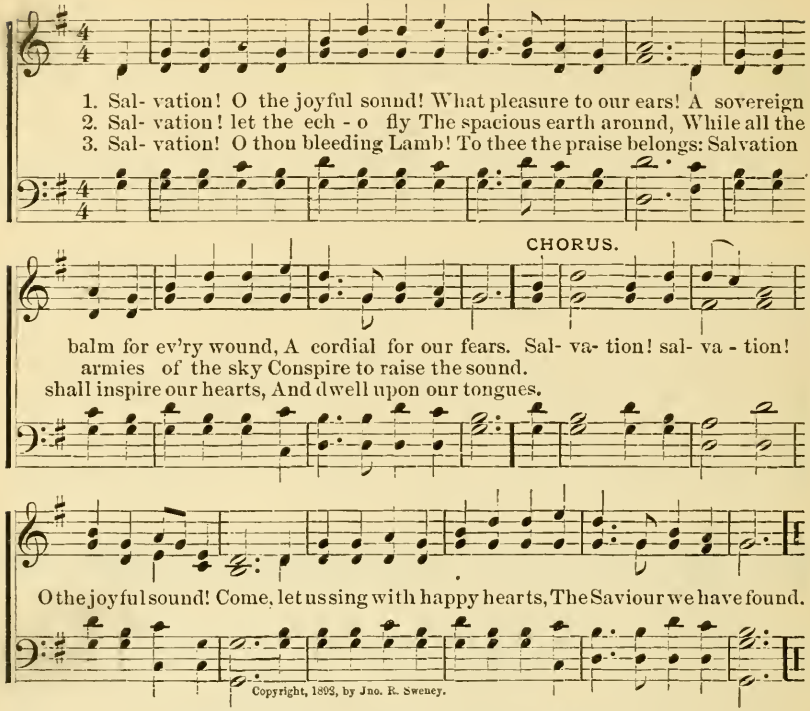
Tune, MARTYN. 7s. S. B. Marsh.



181 The Joyful Sound.

I. Watts. Jno. R. Sweney.



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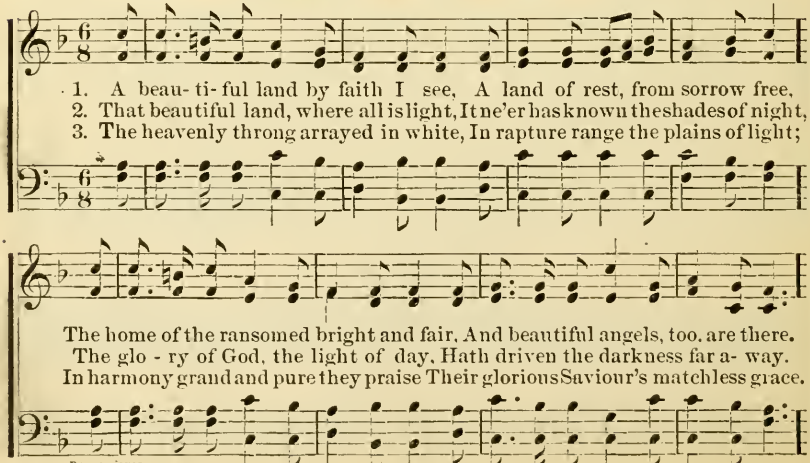
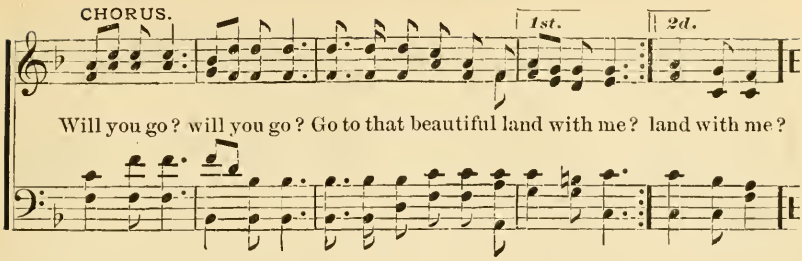
182 Will You Go with Me?

T. C. O'Kane.



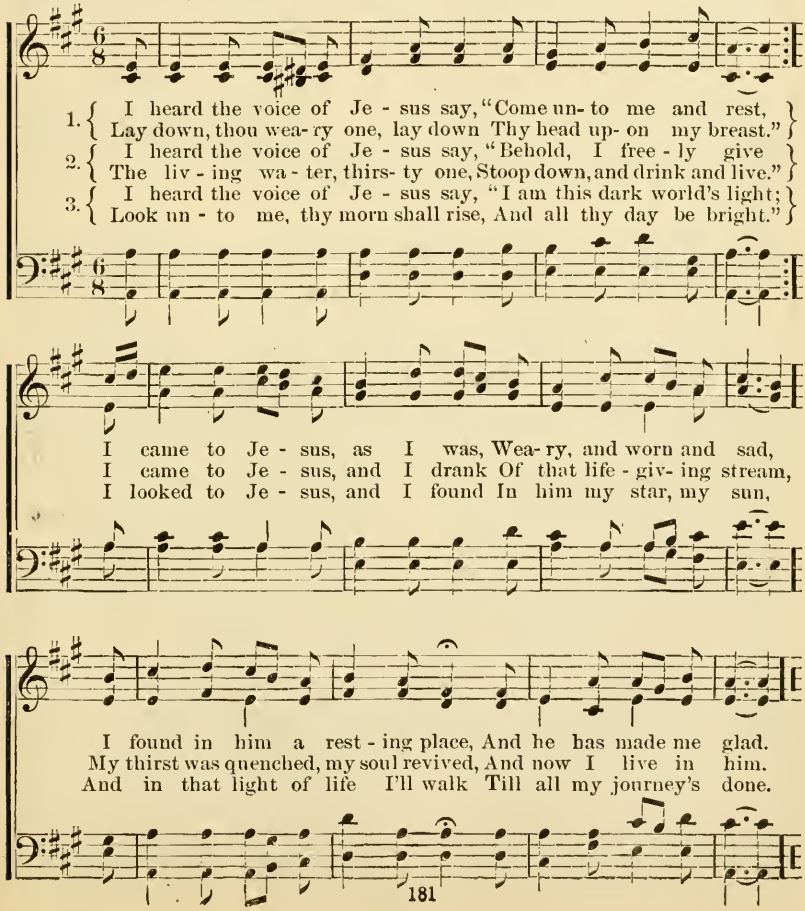
By permission.

Will You Go with Me?—CONCLUDED.



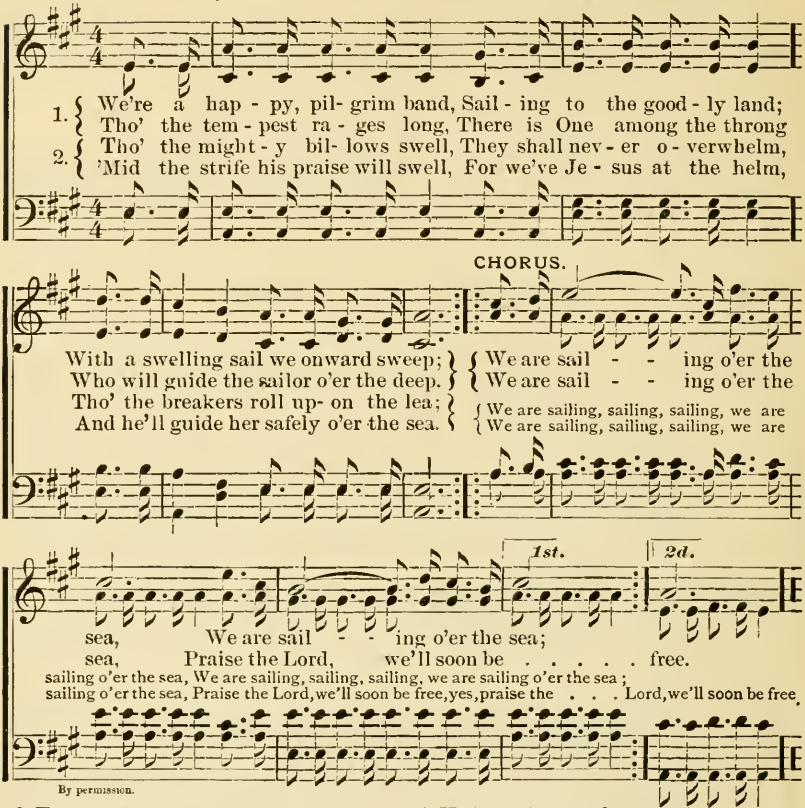
183 The Voice of Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. T. C. O'KANE.



184 We are Sailing O'er the Sea.

I. B. "They came over to the other side of the sea."—Mark v: 1. I. Baltzell.



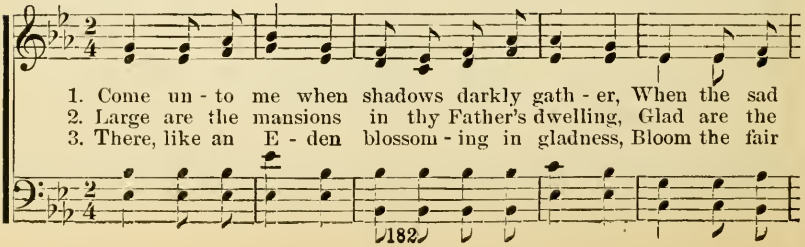
By permission.

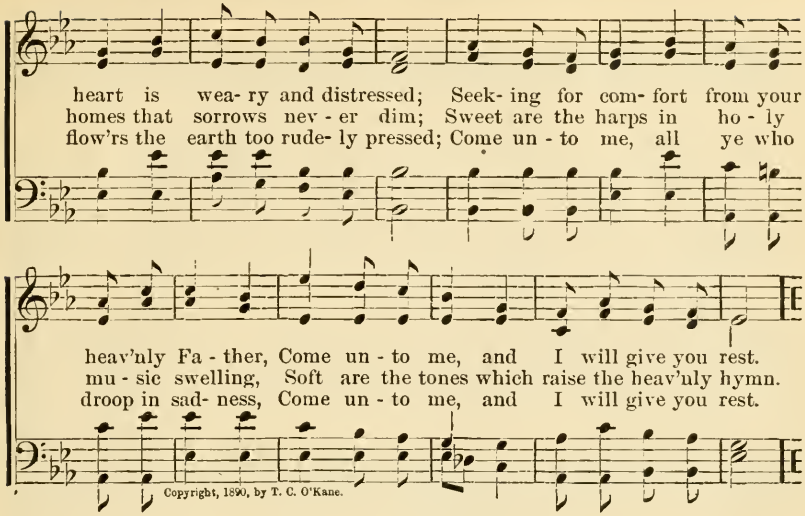
3 Though for many ages past
She has braved the stormy blast,
She's the old ship Zion as of yore;
Safe amid the rocks and shoals
She has landed many souls,
Safe at home, on Canaan's happy shore.

4 Ho! ye sinners, hear to-day,
There is danger in your way!
By the chart of folly you're misled;
There is danger underneath,
And above a storm of wrath,
And the rocks of destruction are ahead

185 I will Give You Rest.

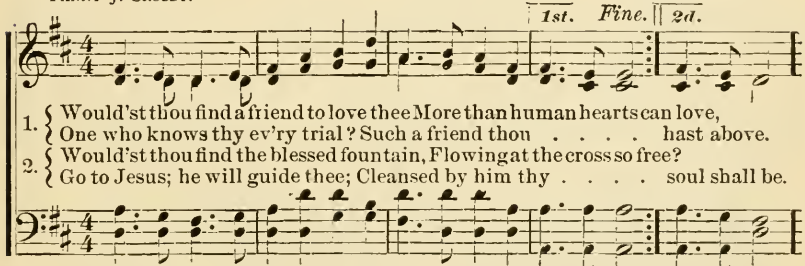
Mrs. C. H. Esling. T. C. O'Kane.





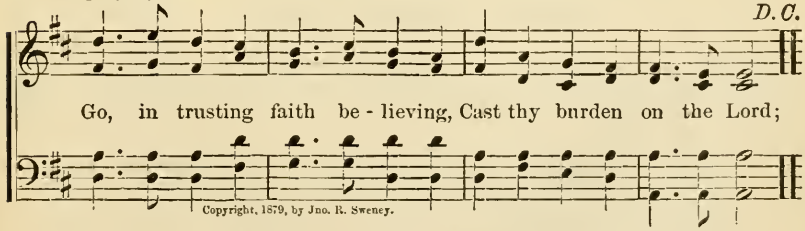
186 Go to Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



D. C.—He has promised to receive thee—Take thy Saviour at his word.

CHORUS.



3 Would'st thou find a friend to teach thee
How thy soul by faith may live,
How to reach those heights of rapture
Earthly joy can never give?

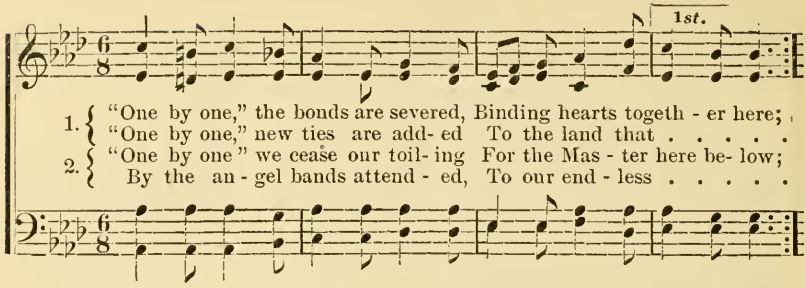
4 Would'st thou find a friend to shield thee,
When with clouds thy sky is dim?
Go to Jesus; ask his mercy;
Lo, he calls thee, go to him.

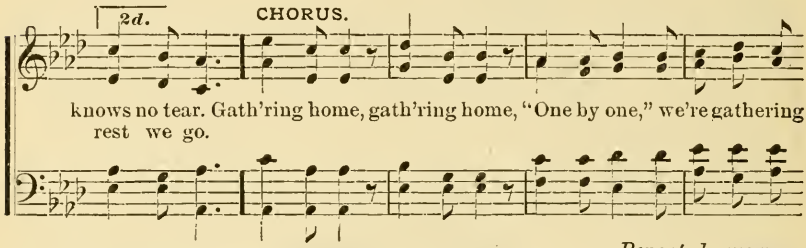
187

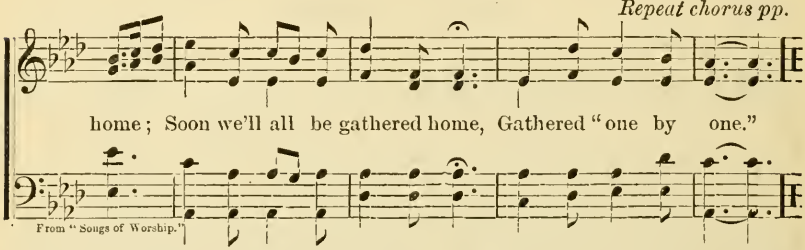
Gathering One by One.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'Kane.







From "Songs of Worship."

3 "One by one," we're gath'ring yon- [der,
Out of every clime and land;
"One by one" we're crossing over,
To the distant heavenly strand.

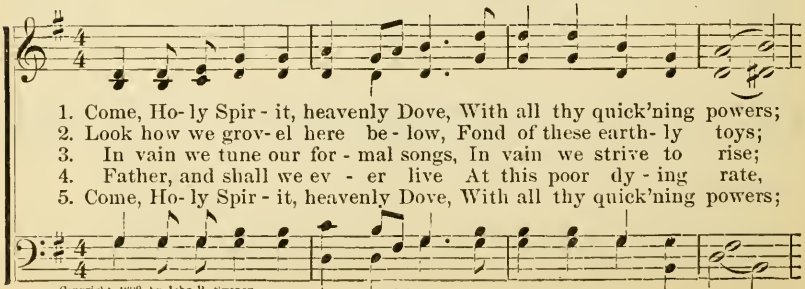
4 "One by one" the Saviour calls us
In his perfect bliss to share;
May we for the call be ready—
Oh, may none be missing there!

188

Come, Holy Spirit.

I. Watts.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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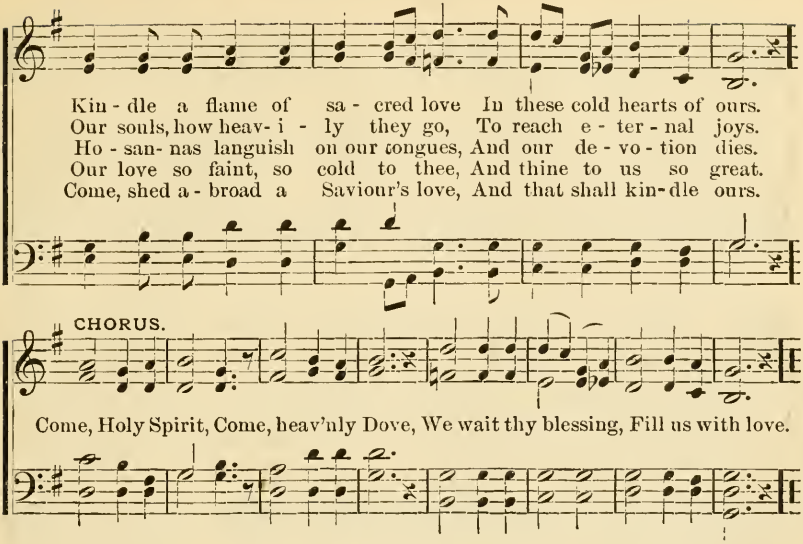
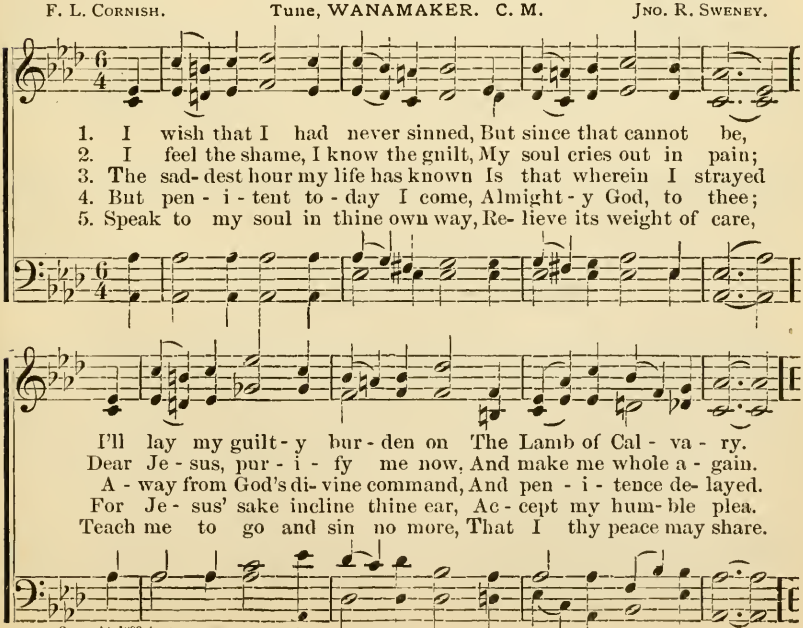
Come, Holy Spirit.—CONCLUDED.



189 I Wish that I had Never Sinned.

F. L. CORNISH. Tune, WANAMAKER. C. M. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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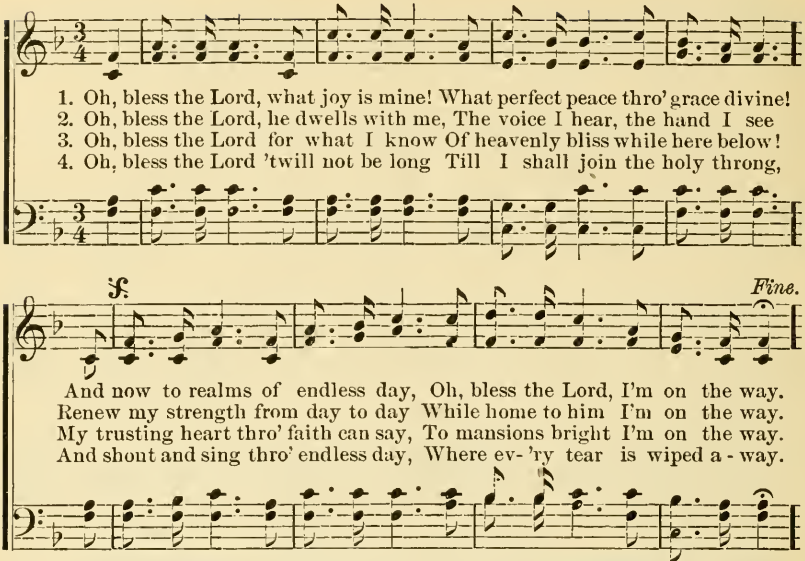
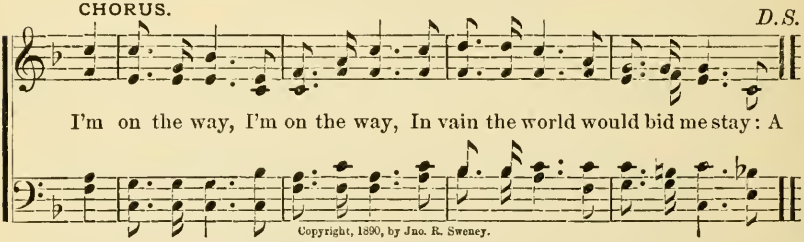
190 On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.



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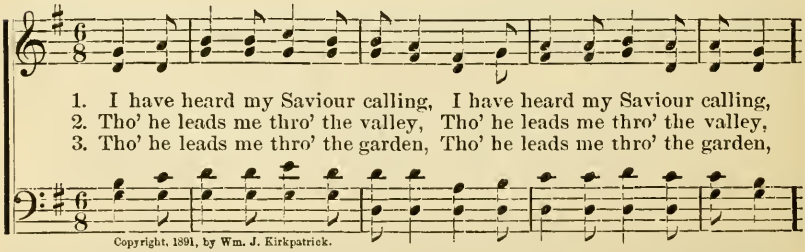
191 Follow All the Way.

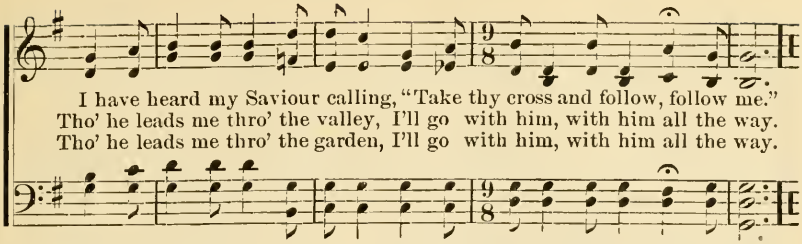
GEO. W. COLLINS. Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow,

Follow All the Way.—CONCLUDED.



I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 ‖: Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

7 ‖: I will follow on to know him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

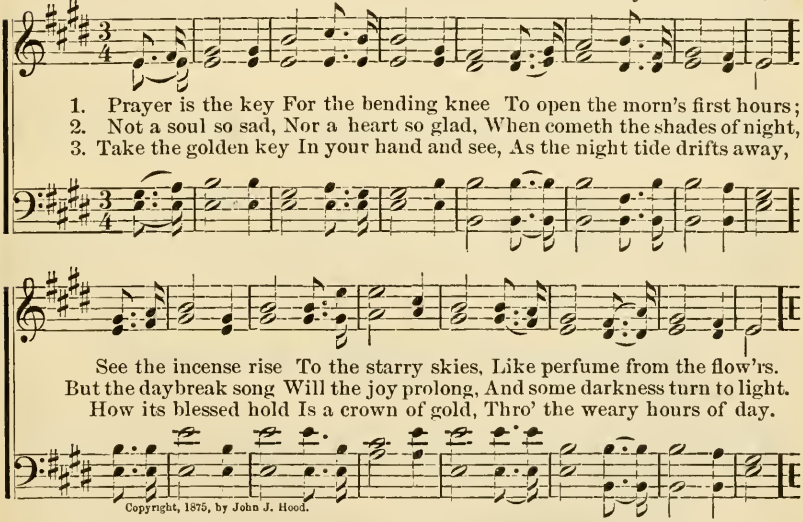
8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with him, with him all the way.

192 The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

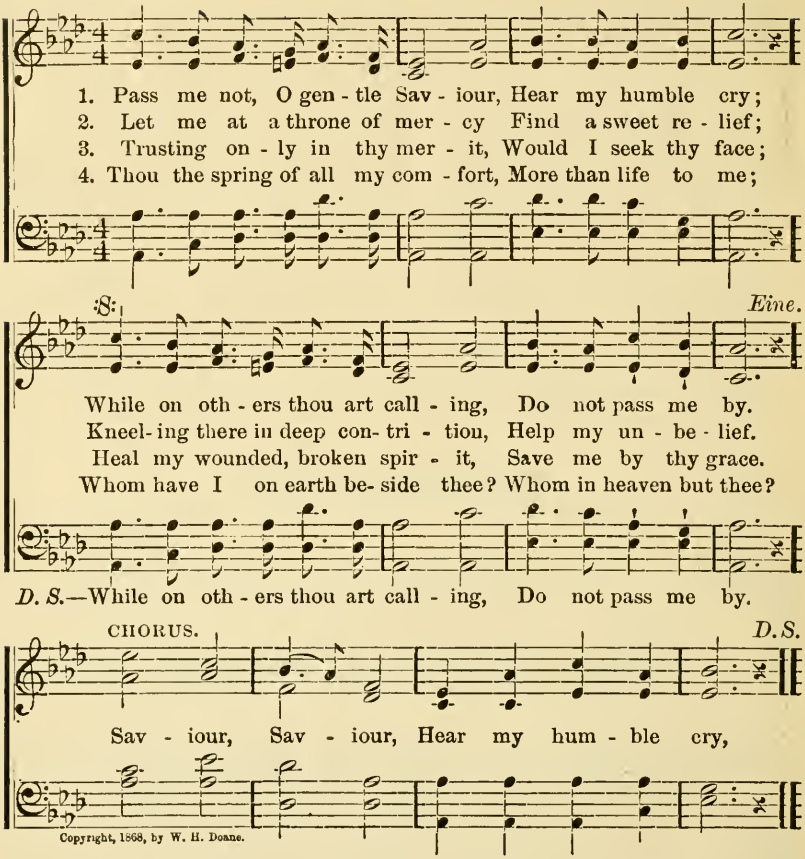
Copyright, 1875, by John J. Hood.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathes for aye.

193 **Pass Me Not.**

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



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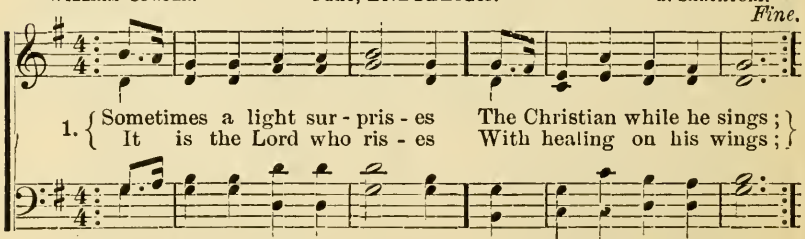
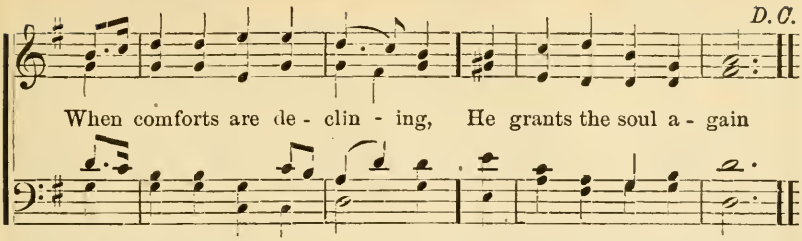
194 **Sometimes a Light Surprises.**

WILLIAM COWPER. Tune, ENDSLEIGH. S. SALVATORI.



Sometimes a Light, etc.—CONCLUDED.

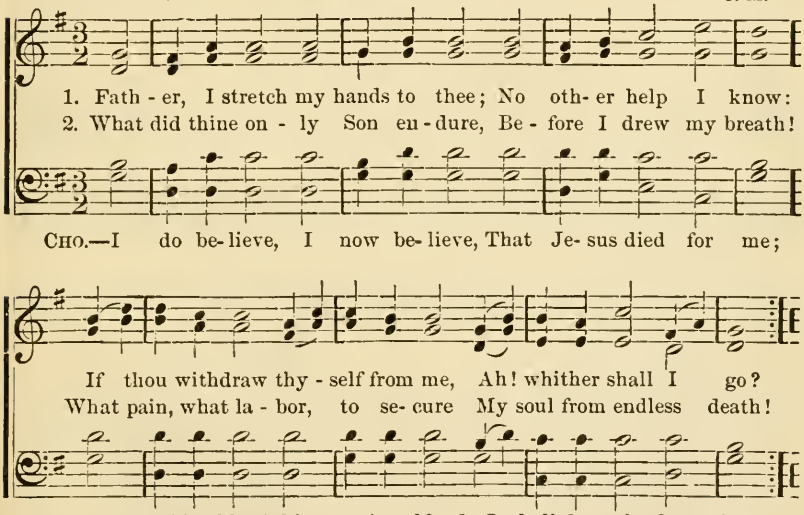


2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

195 I Do Believe.

CHAS. WESLEY. — C. M.



3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

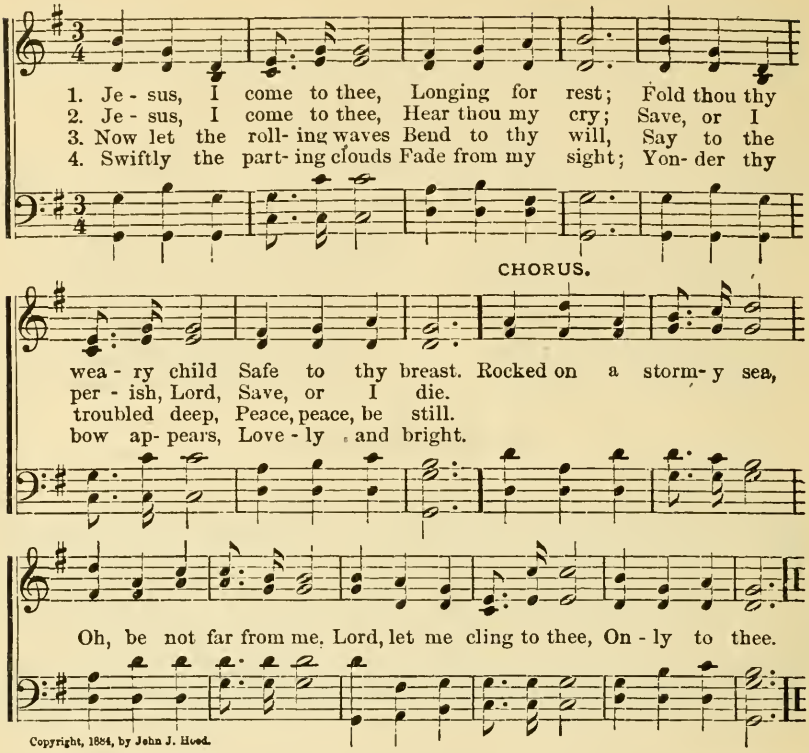
4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

196 **Jesus, I Come to Thee.**

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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197 **Nearer, My God! to Thee.**

1 Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

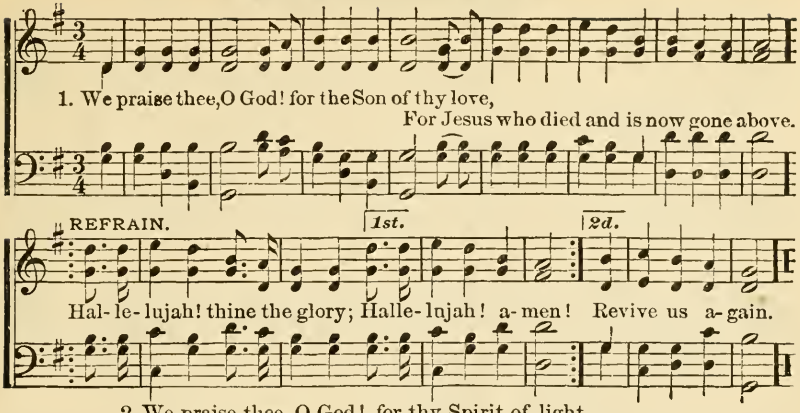
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

198 Wm. P. Mackay. **Revive us again.** J. J. Husband



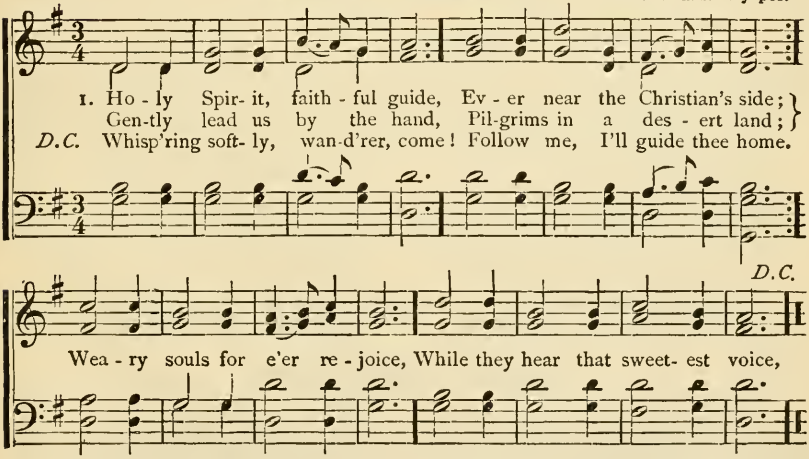
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

199 **Faithful Guide.**

M. M. Wells. By per.

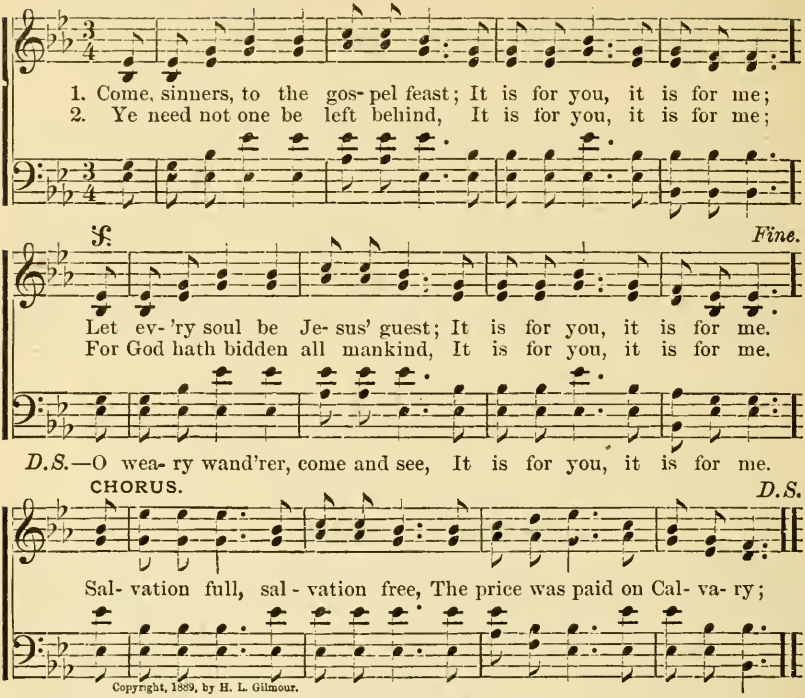


2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

200 The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY. Cho. by H. L. G. "Come, for all things are ready." Luke xiv; 16. H. L. GILMOUR. By per.



3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

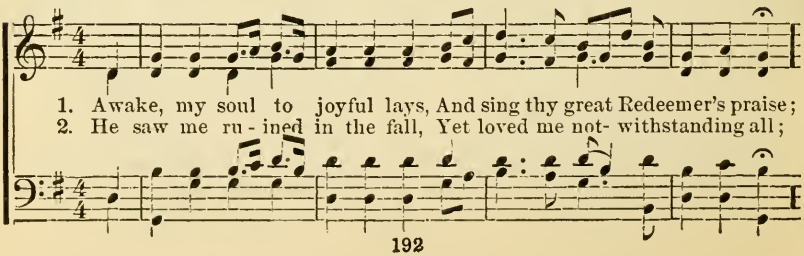
8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

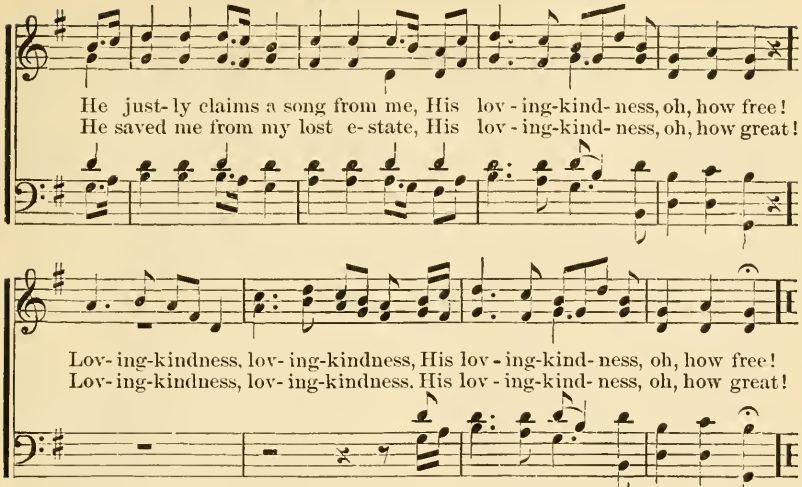
10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

201 Loving Kindness.

MEDLEY.



Loving Kindness.—CONCLUDED.

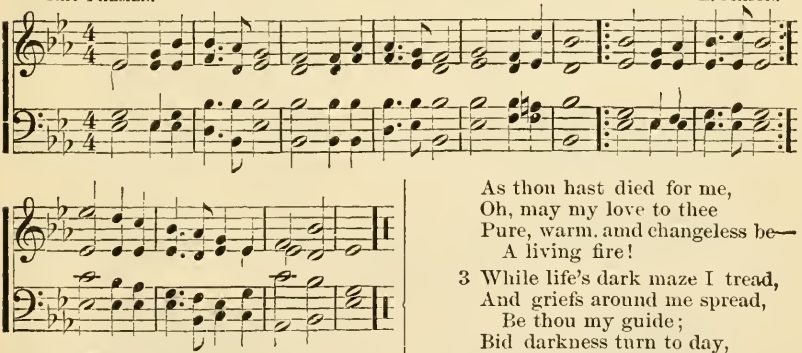


3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

202 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

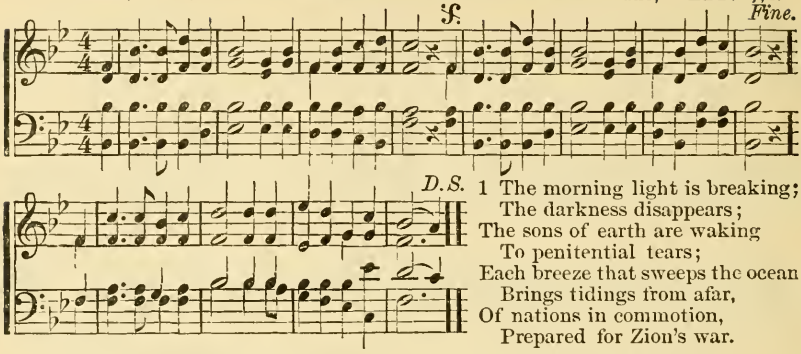
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

203 The Morning Light.

Samuel F. Smith. Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

204 Geo. Duffield, Jr. Stand up, stand up for Jesus. Tune above.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

205 Work, for the Night is Coming.

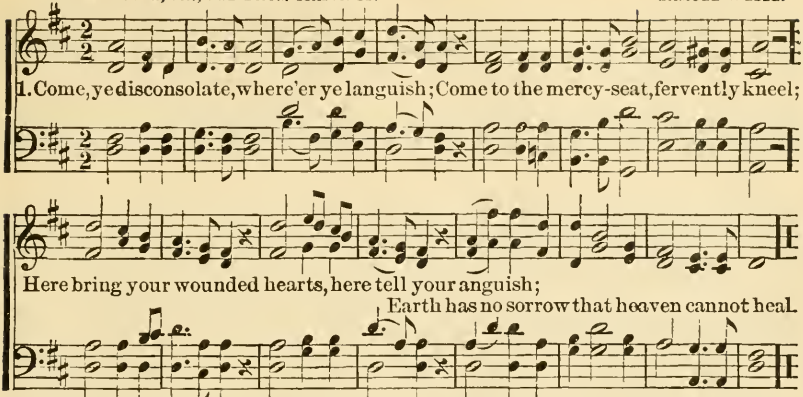
Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the days grow brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

206 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.

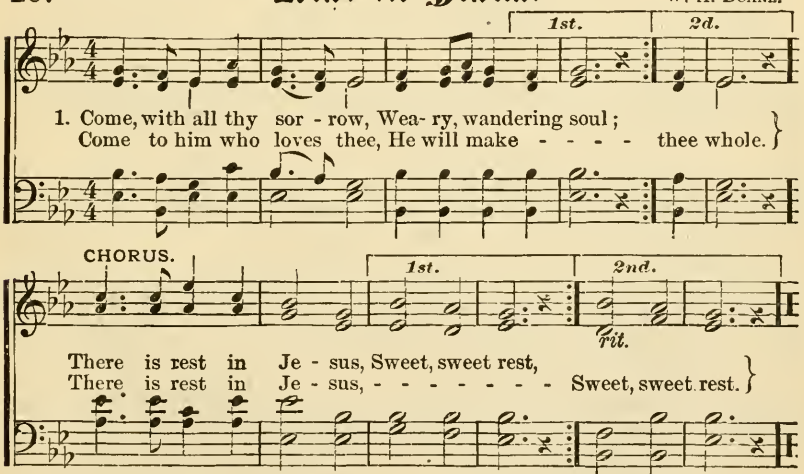


2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

207 Rest in Jesus.

W. H. DOANE.



2 He thy strength in weakness,
Will thy refuge be;
Cast on him thy burden,
He will care for thee.

3 Come, in faith believing,
To his will resigned;
Ask, and he will give thee;
Seek, and thou shalt find.

4 See the door of Mercy,
Wouldst thou enter there?
Knock, and he will open;
Lo! the key is prayer.

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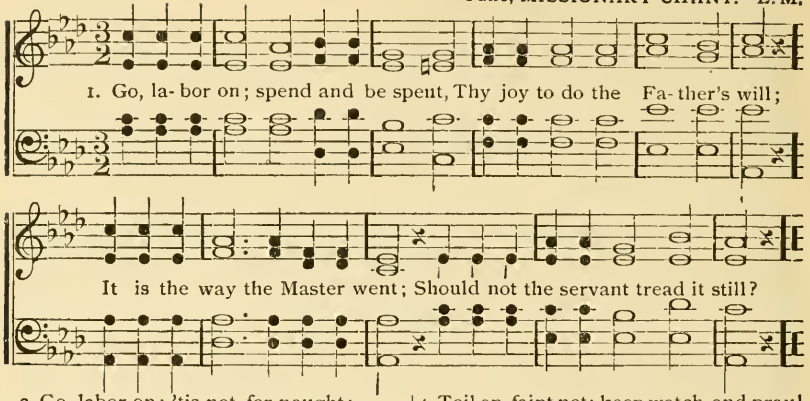
208 Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



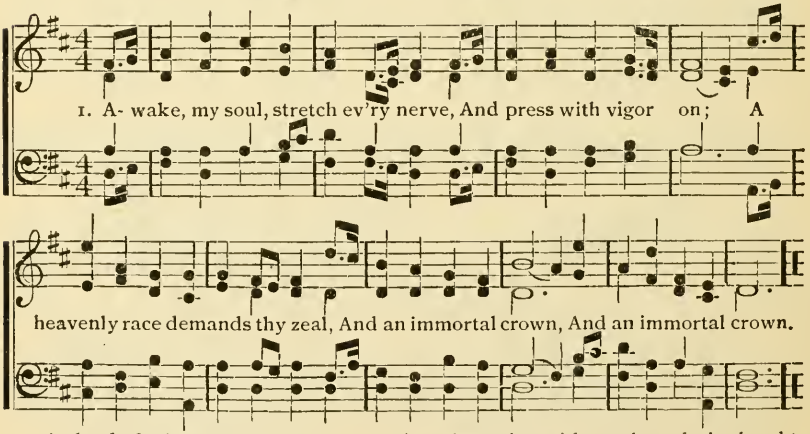
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

209 P. Doddridge. Awake, my Soul. Tune, CHRISTMAS. C. M.



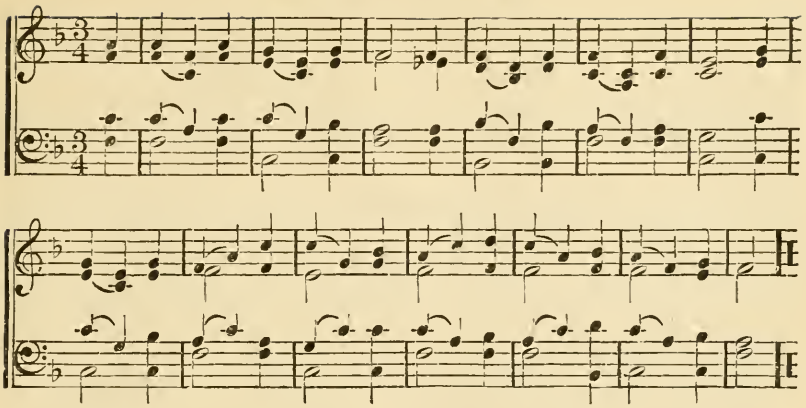
2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Dennis. S. M.



210 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

211 How Gentle God's Commands!

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find!

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

212 Sow in the Morn thy Seed.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

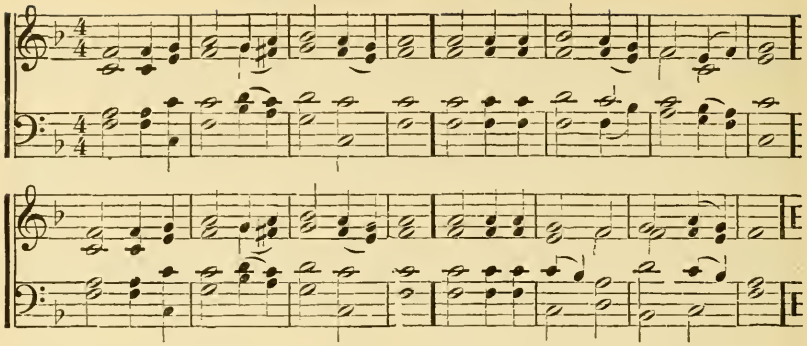
213 Did Christ o'er Sinners weep.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye

Hamburg. L. M.



214 While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave:
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

215 Just as I am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bids't me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

216 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

217 When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

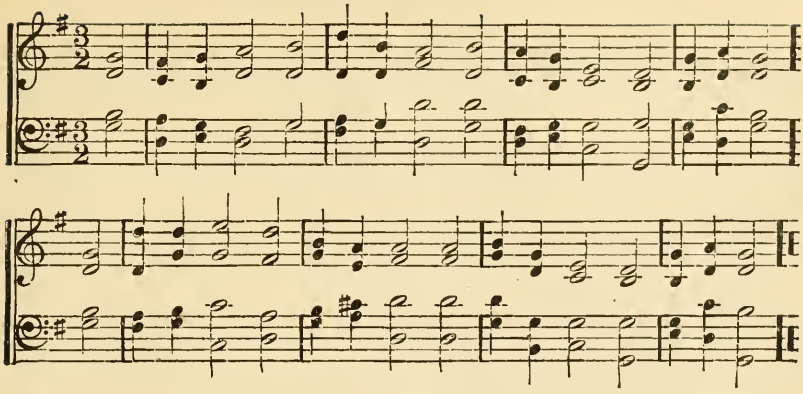
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rockingham. L. M.



218 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
prise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

219 So Let Our Lips and Lives Express.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

220 Another Six Day's Work is Done.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

221 Thine Earthly Sabbaths.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

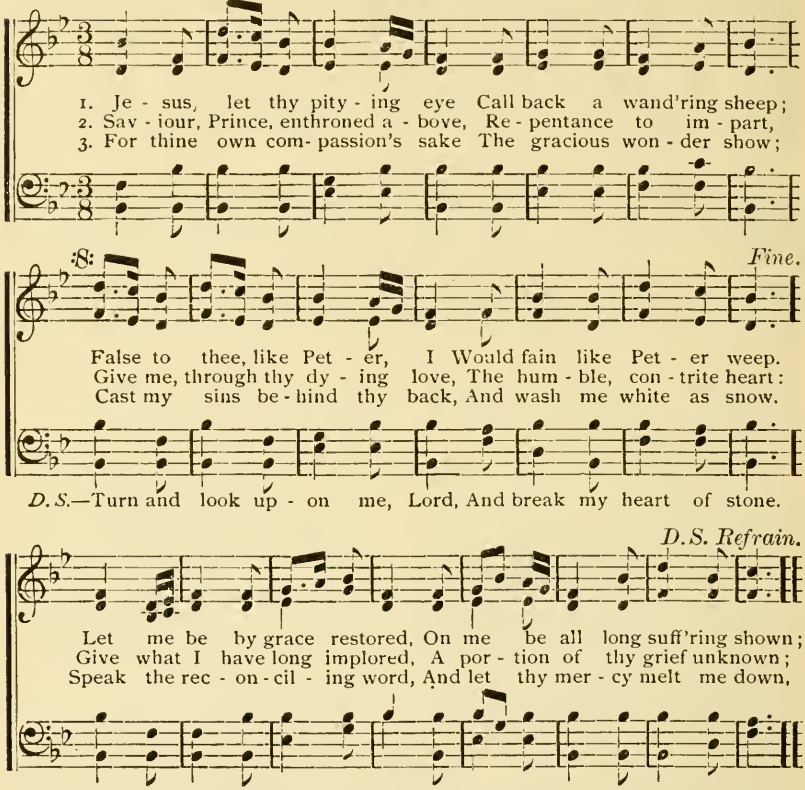
3 Oh, long expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

222 Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

223 Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye.

CHAS. WESLEY. Tune, PENITENCE. W. H. OAKLEY



224 Vain, Delusive World.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

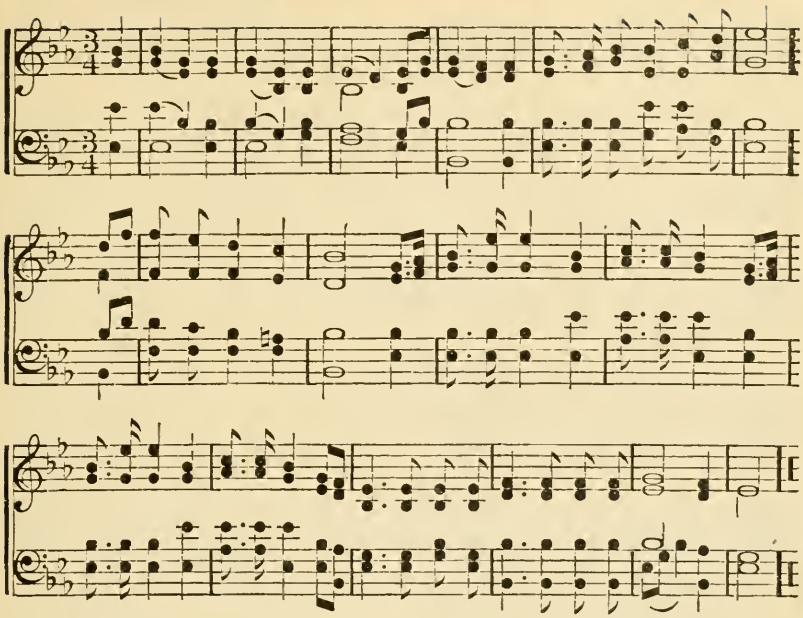
2 Other knowledge I disdain:
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus, etc.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus, etc.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend:
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus, etc.

5 Oh, that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied:
Only Jesus, etc. CHAS WESLEY.

Ariel. C. P. M.



225 O Love Divine.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

226 O could I Speak.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

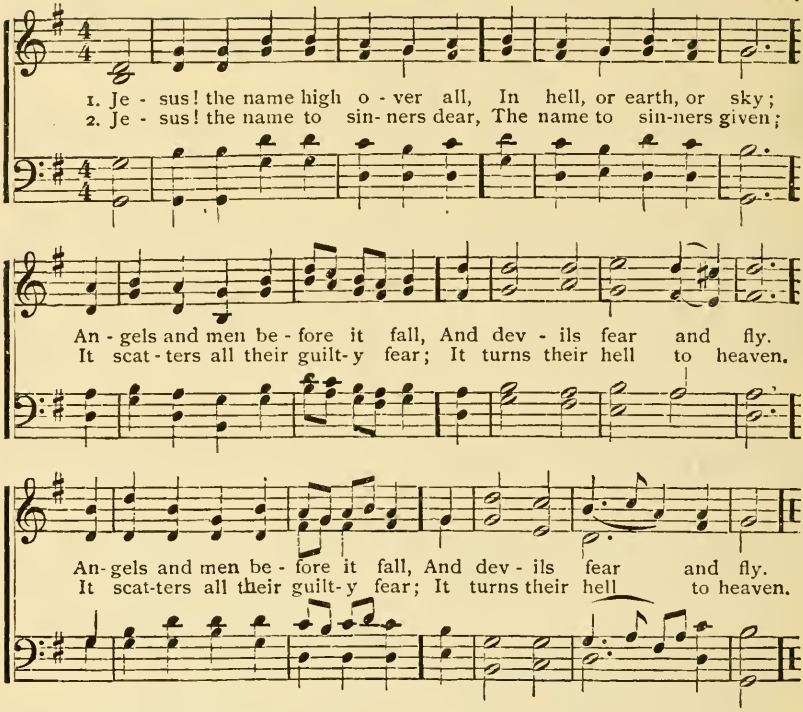
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

227 Jesus, the Name.

C. Wesley. Tune, CORONATION. C. M.



3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

228 Crown Him Lord of All. C. M

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

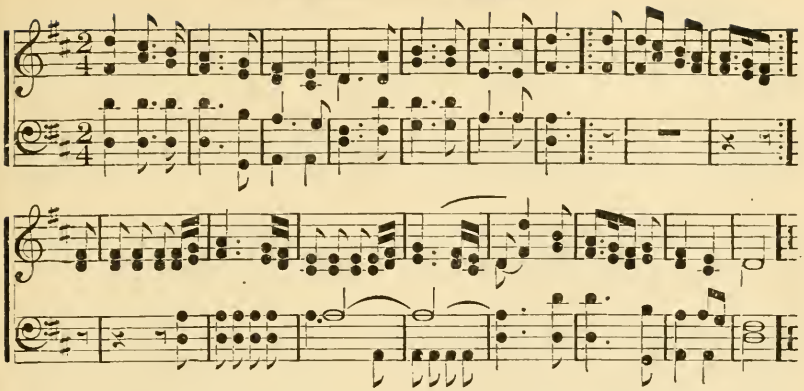
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Antioch. C. M.



229 O for a thousand tongues.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

230 Joy to the world!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

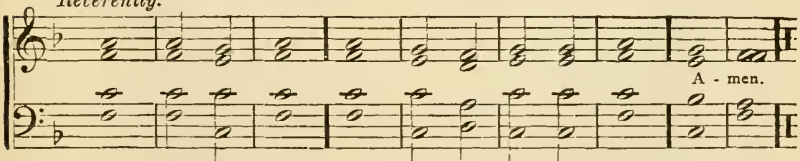
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

231 The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.

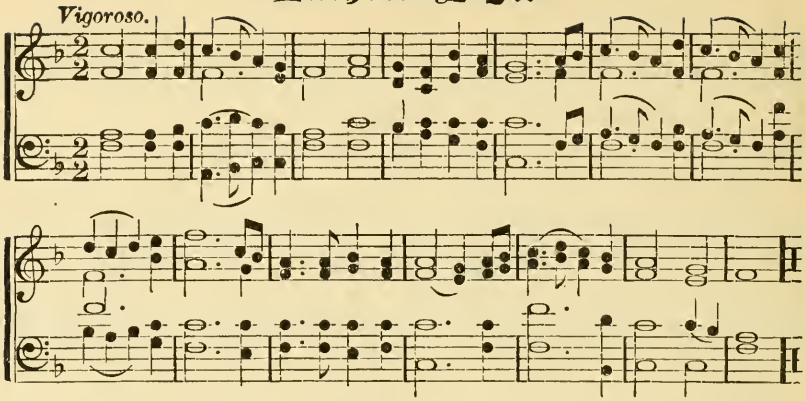


1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ‖ A- | men.

Luther. S. M.



232 I love Thy kingdom

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

233 Grace!

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

234 Stand up, and bless.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

235 Purity of heart.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

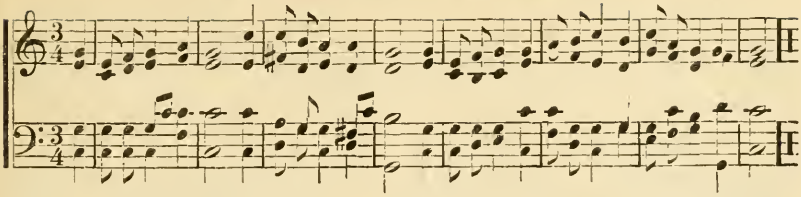
3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

236 Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



237 **And can I yet Delay?**

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conquerer.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

238 **A Charge to Keep I Have.**

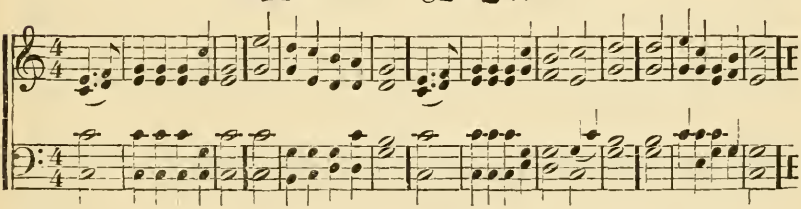
A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Laban. S. M.



239 **Come, Ye that Love the Lord.**

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

240 **My Soul, be on Thy Guard.**

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

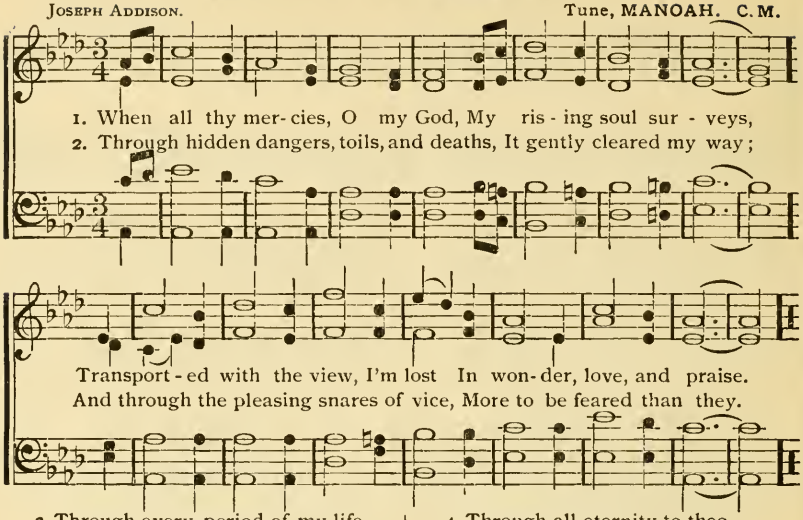
2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

241 When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON. Tune, MANOAH. C.M.

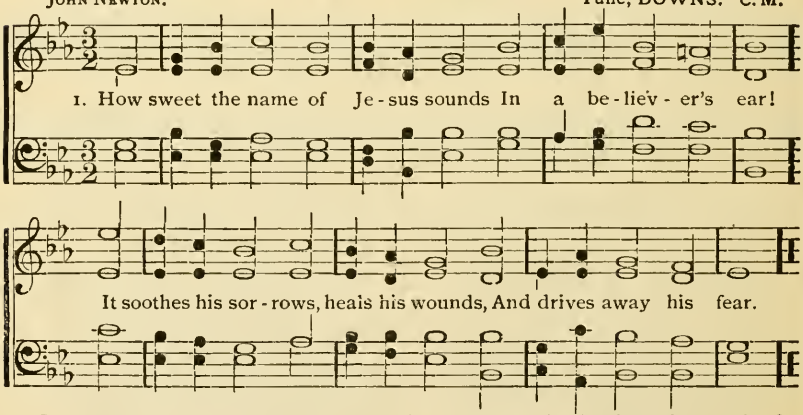


3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

242 How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON. Tune, DOWNS. C.M.



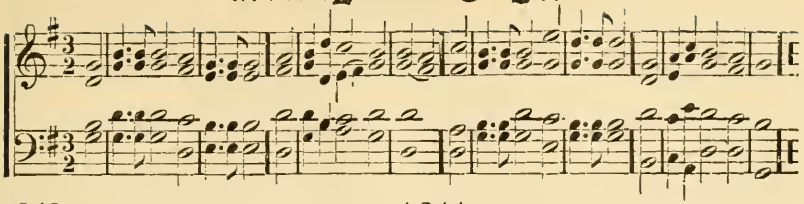
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Arlington. C. M.



243 **What Glory Gilds.**

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise:
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

244 **Am I a Soldier of the Cross?**

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

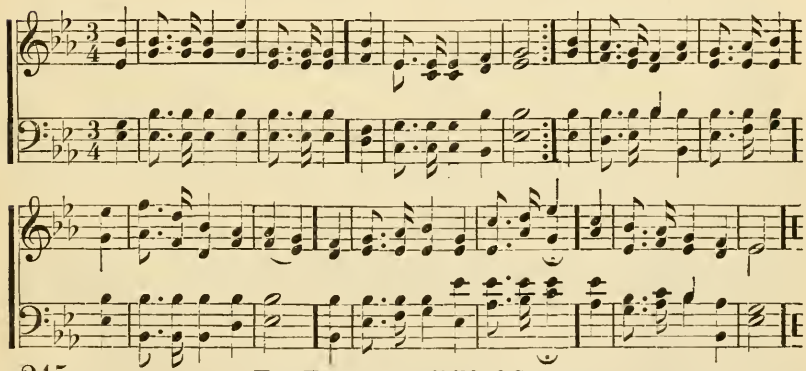
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Varina. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



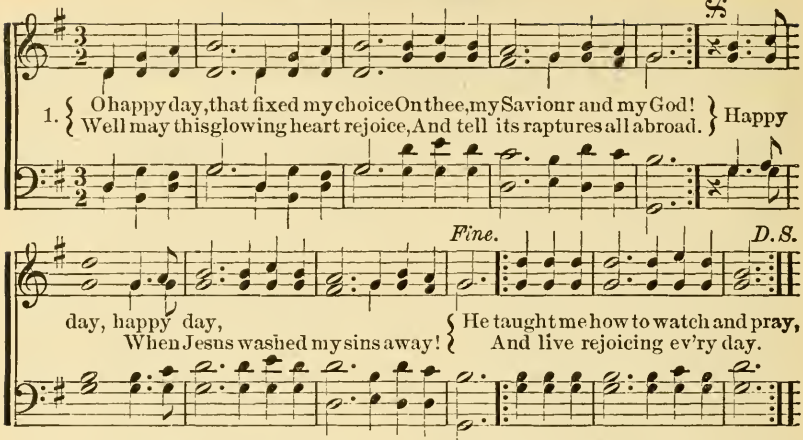
245 **How Happy every Child of Grace.**

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

246 P. DODDRIDGE. **Happy Day.** English Melody.



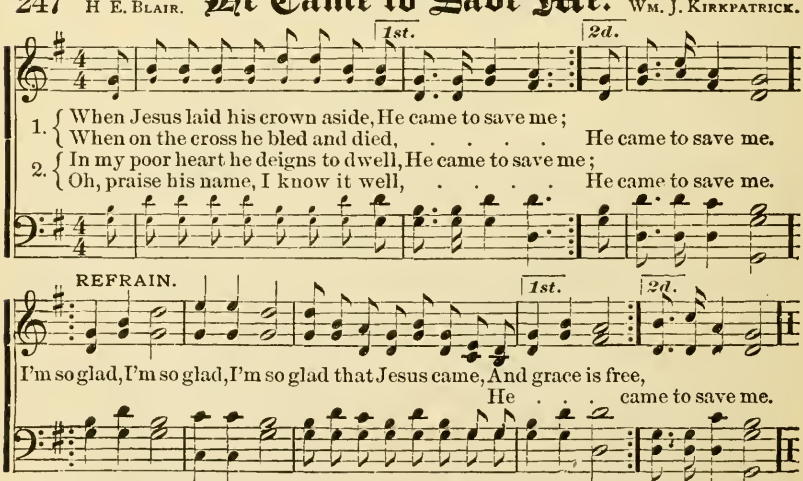
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

247 H. E. BLAIR. **He Came to Save Me.** WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

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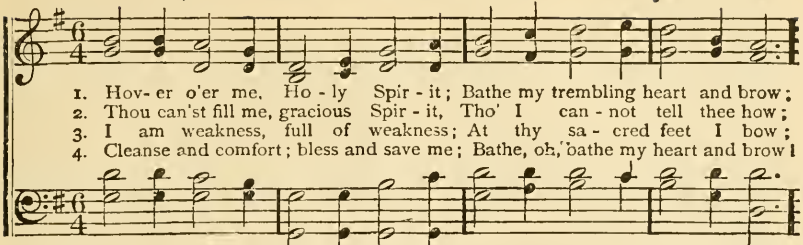
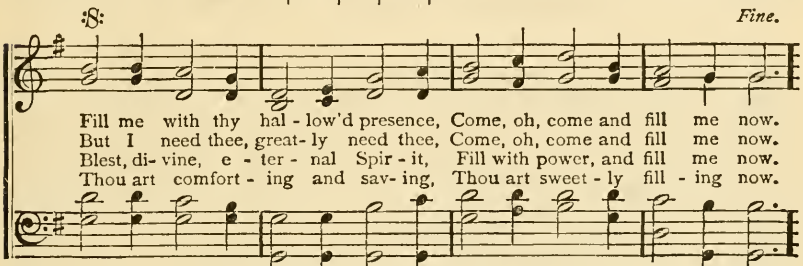
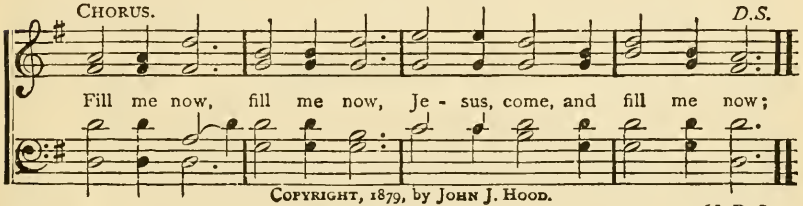
248 **Fill Me Now.**

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Swenby.







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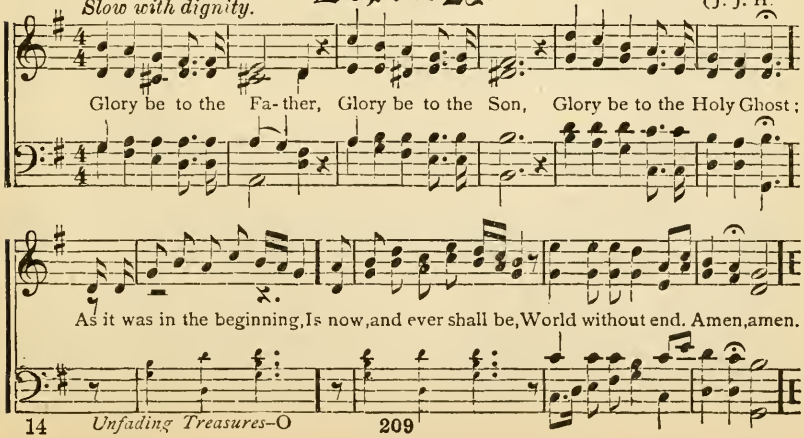
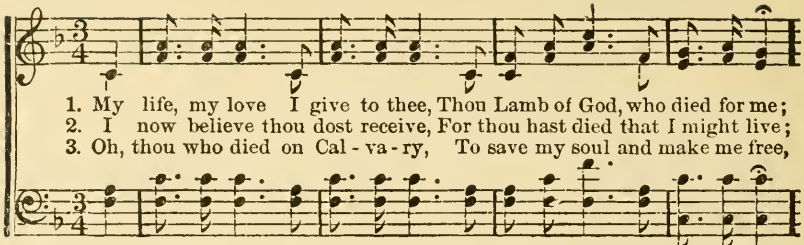
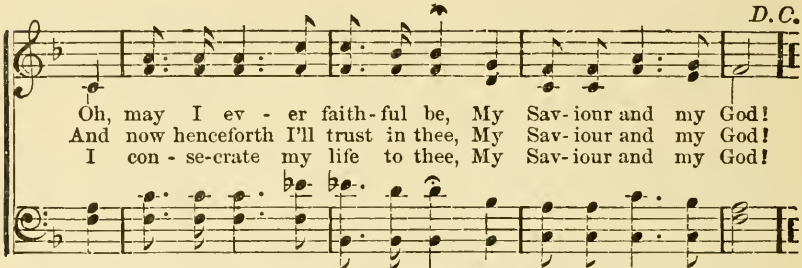
249 Words arr. by B. M. A. **Doxology.** {J. R. S. W. J. K. J. J. H.

Slow with dignity.



250 I'll Live for Him. C. R. Dunbar.





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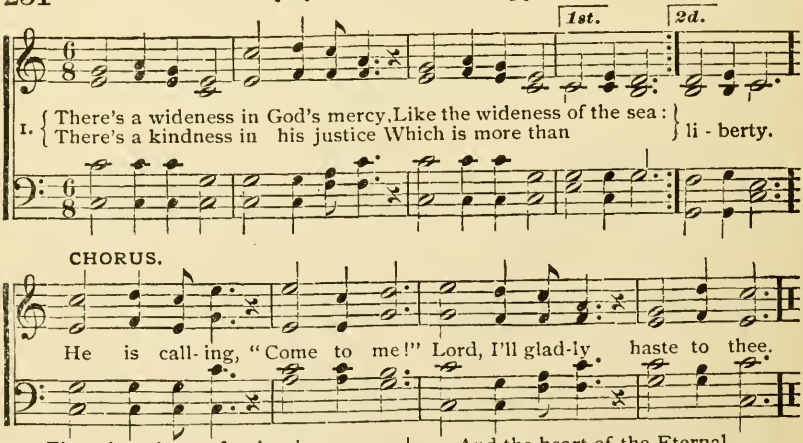
251 He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. Vail.



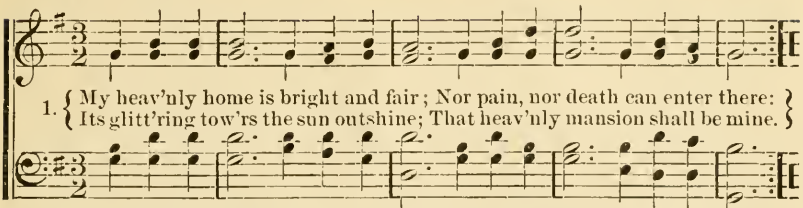
2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

252 I'm Going Home to Die no More.

Wm. Hunter, D. D. Arranged by Rev. Wm. McDonald.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there: }
   { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

Cho { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm going home to die no more! }
    { To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

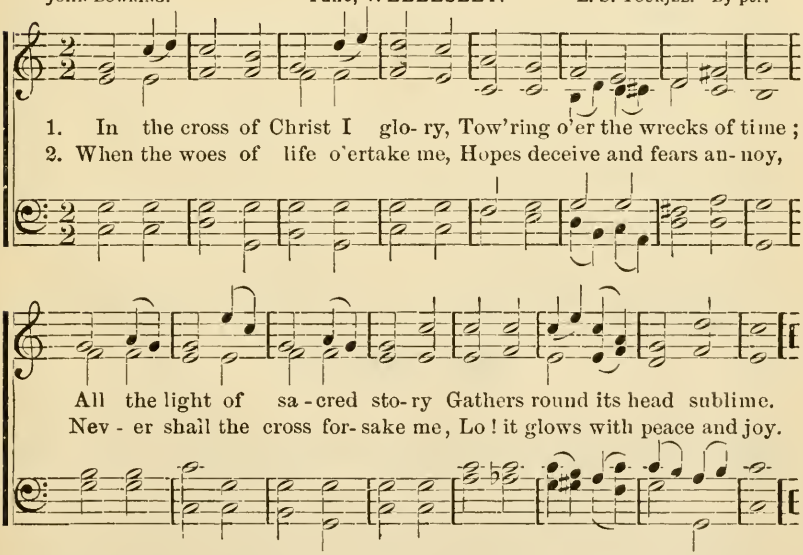
3 While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

253 In the Cross of Christ.

John Bowring. Tune, WELLESLEY. L. S. Tourjee. By per.

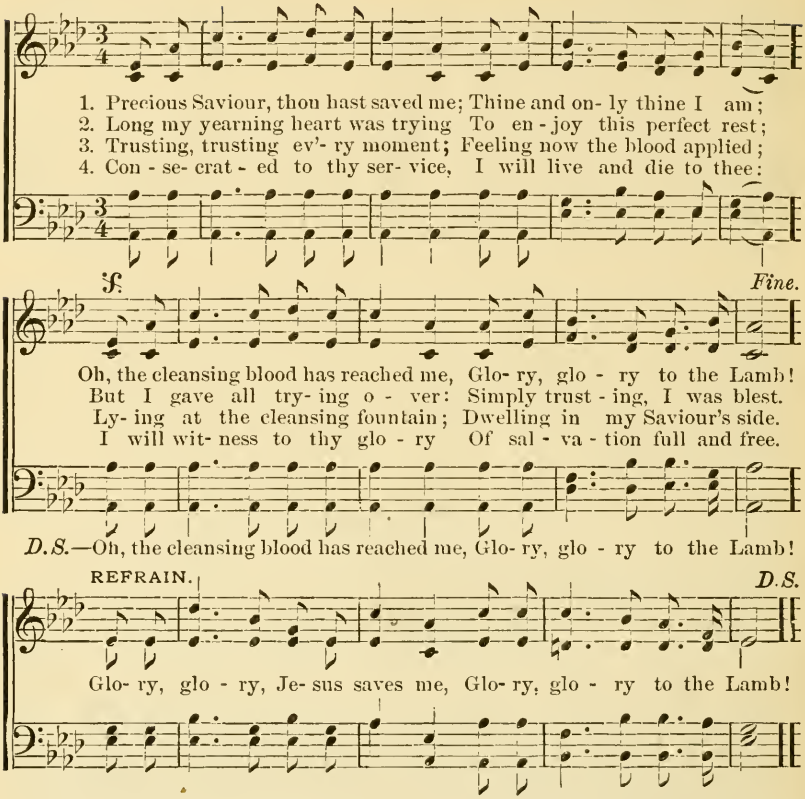


3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

254 Jesus Saves Me.

Louise M. Rouse. Miss Dora Boole.

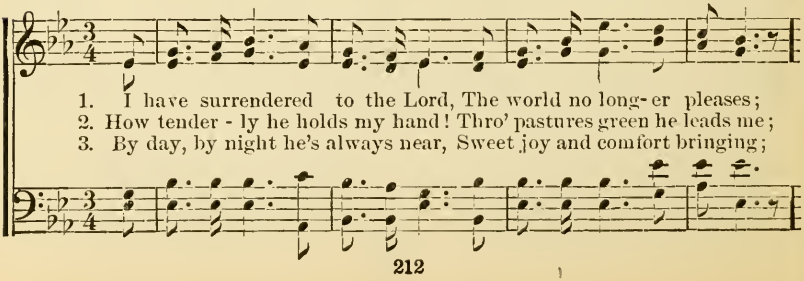


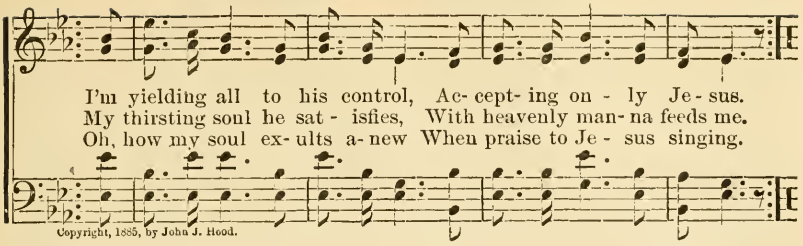
5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!

255 Surrendered.

H. L. G. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.





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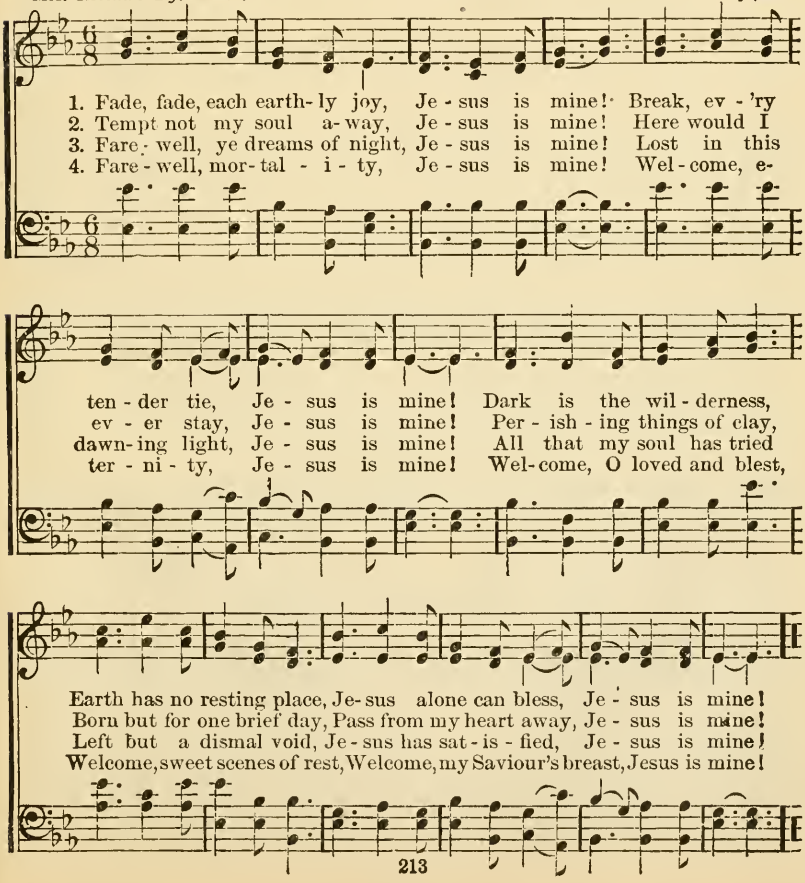
4 No noonday drought affects my soul,
In Jesus I'm confiding;
Oh, constant, sweet companionship,
With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure!
Oh, blest emancipation!
Oh, vanquished tempter of my soul!
Oh, free and full salvation!

256

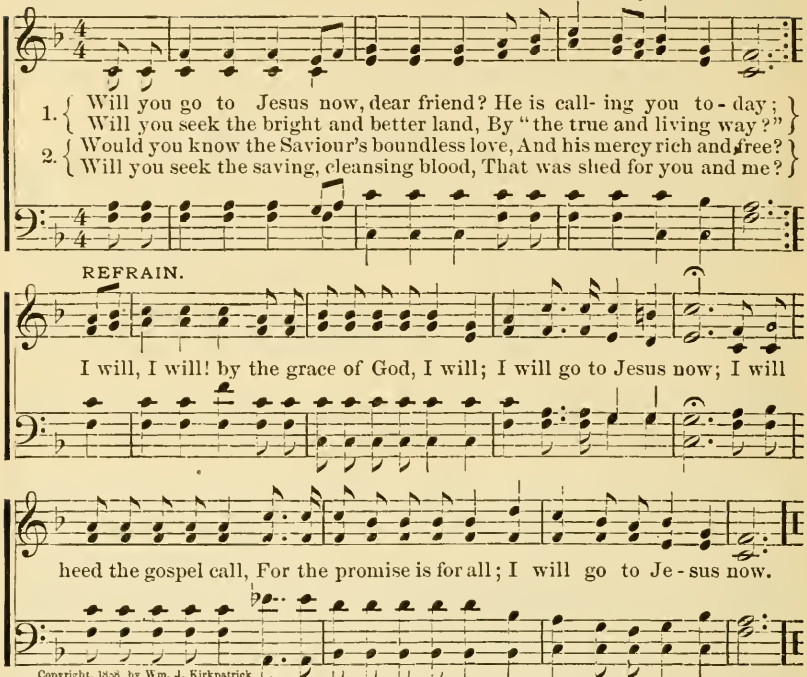
Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins. By per



257 By Grace I Will.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne?

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown,
Will you daily bear the cross for him'
Till he bids you wear the crown? '

Tune, "Pleyel's Hymn," on opposite page.

258 Depth of Mercy!

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

259 Hasten, Sinner, to be Wise.

Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course be run.

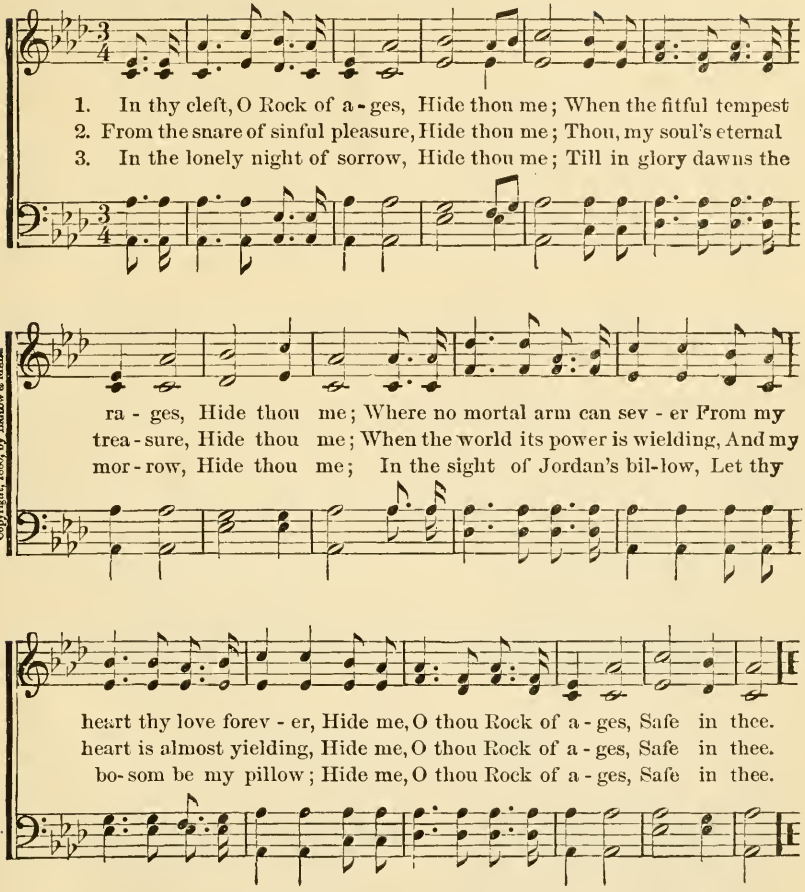
3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

260

Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. xxxii. 7. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



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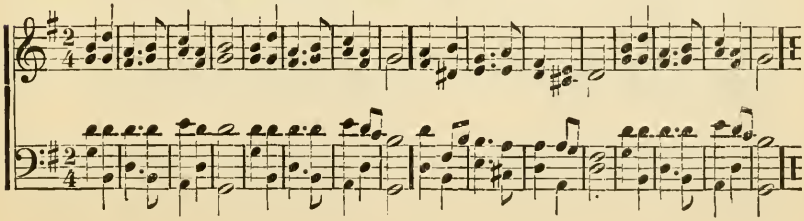
261

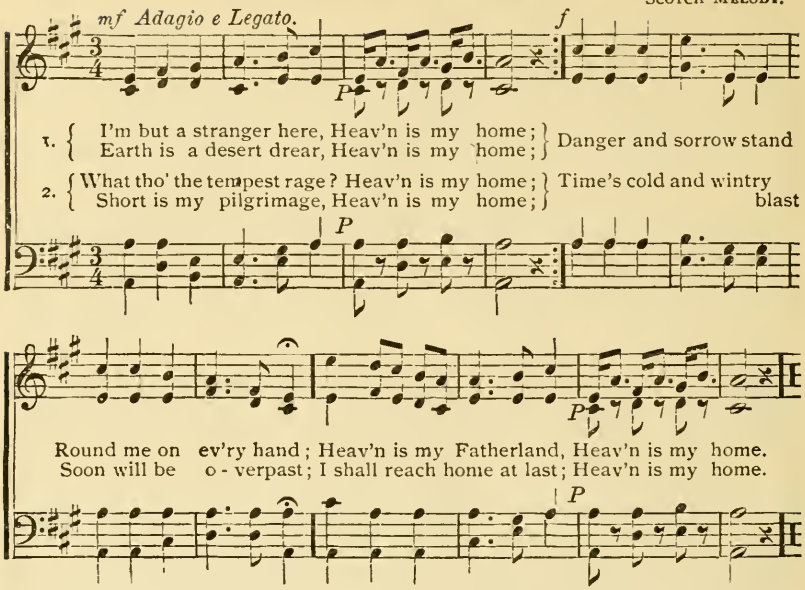
Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



Heaven is My Home.

Scotch Melody.



3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal;
Heav'n is my home;
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none;
Forward! the prize is won;
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

Tune, "Gould," on opposite page.

263 Saviour, Pilot Me.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still,"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

264 Till He Come.

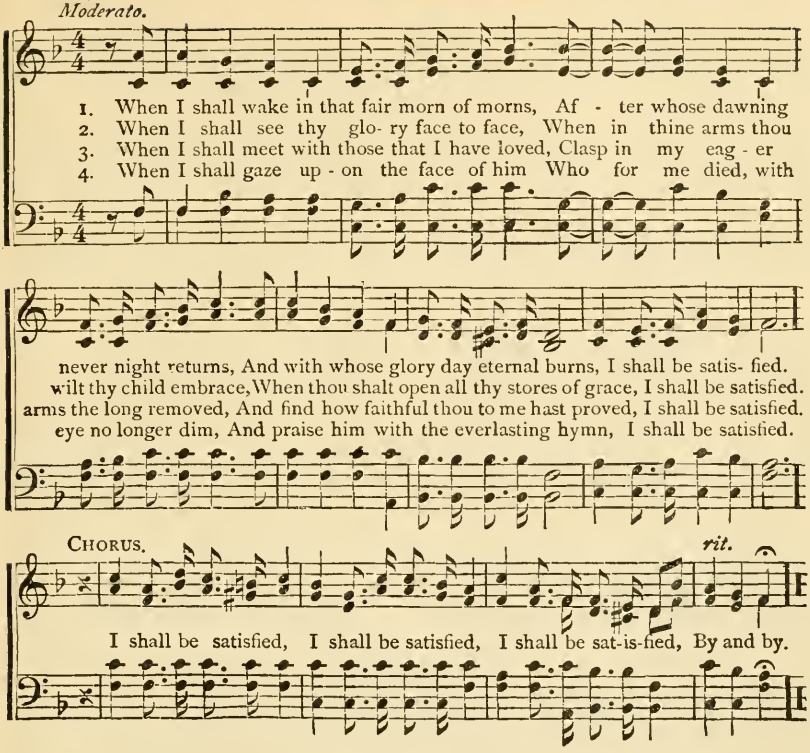
"Till he come!" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

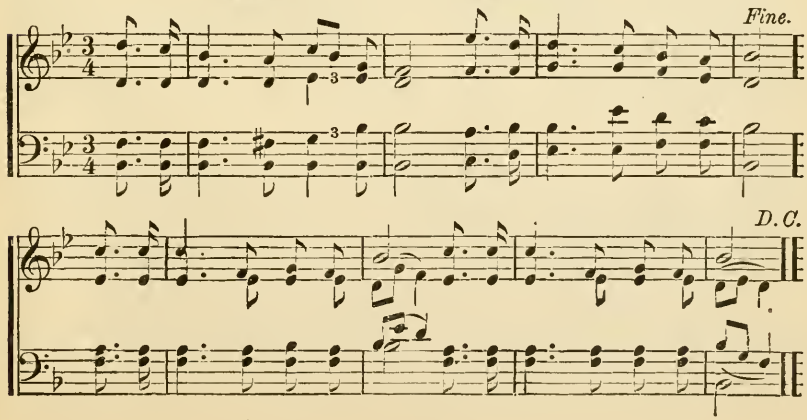
3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Calls us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

265 **I Shall be Satisfied.**

BONAR. *Moderato.* REV. T. C. NEAL.



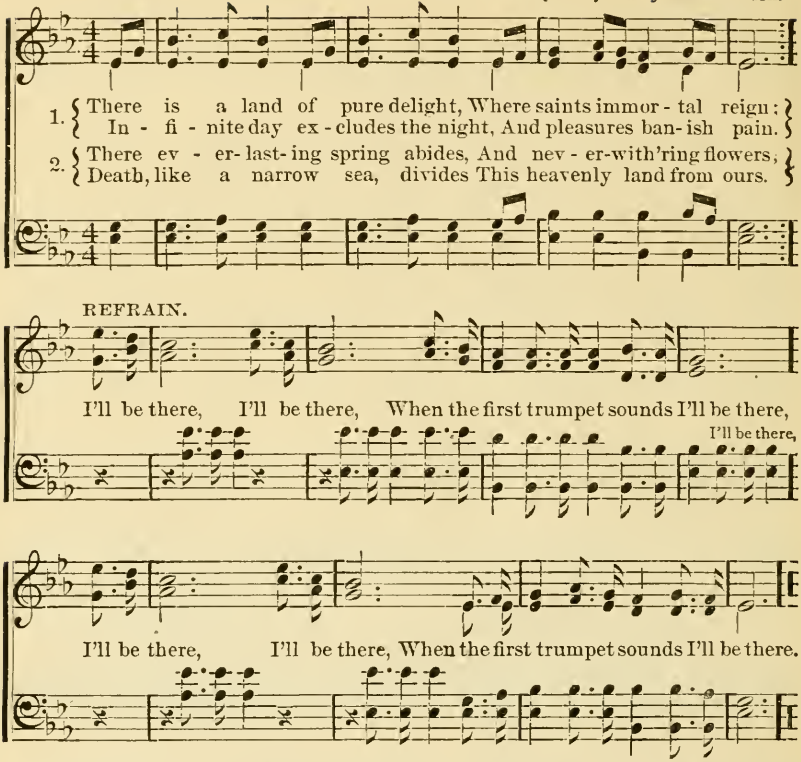
266 **Gould. 7s, 6 lines.** J. E. GOULD.



267

I'll be There.

ISAAAC WATTS. Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Copyright, 1887, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

---

268 **Lord, Dismiss Us.** *Tune, "Greenville," opposite page.*

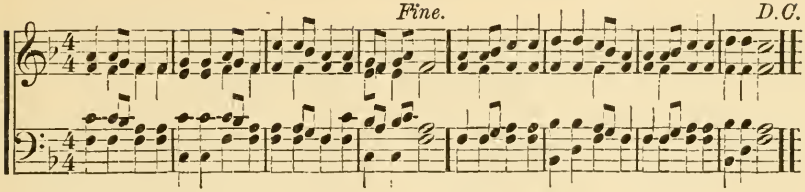
LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

269 Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart. Tune, GREENVILLE, 8, 7, 4.



Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

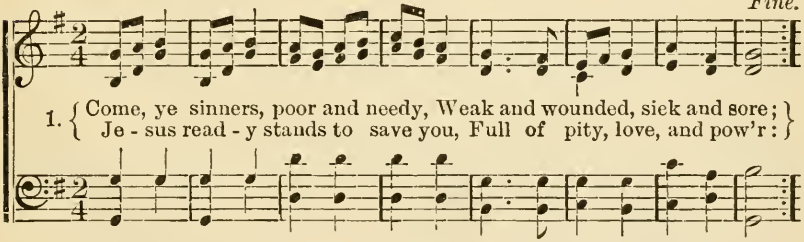
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him,
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

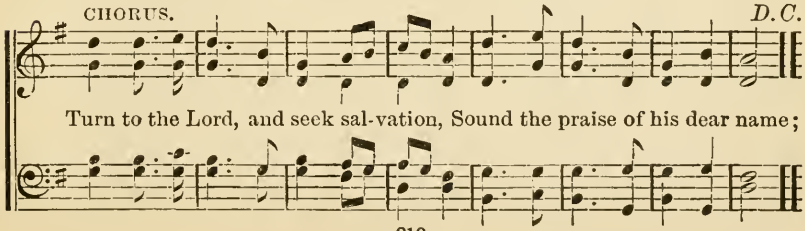
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

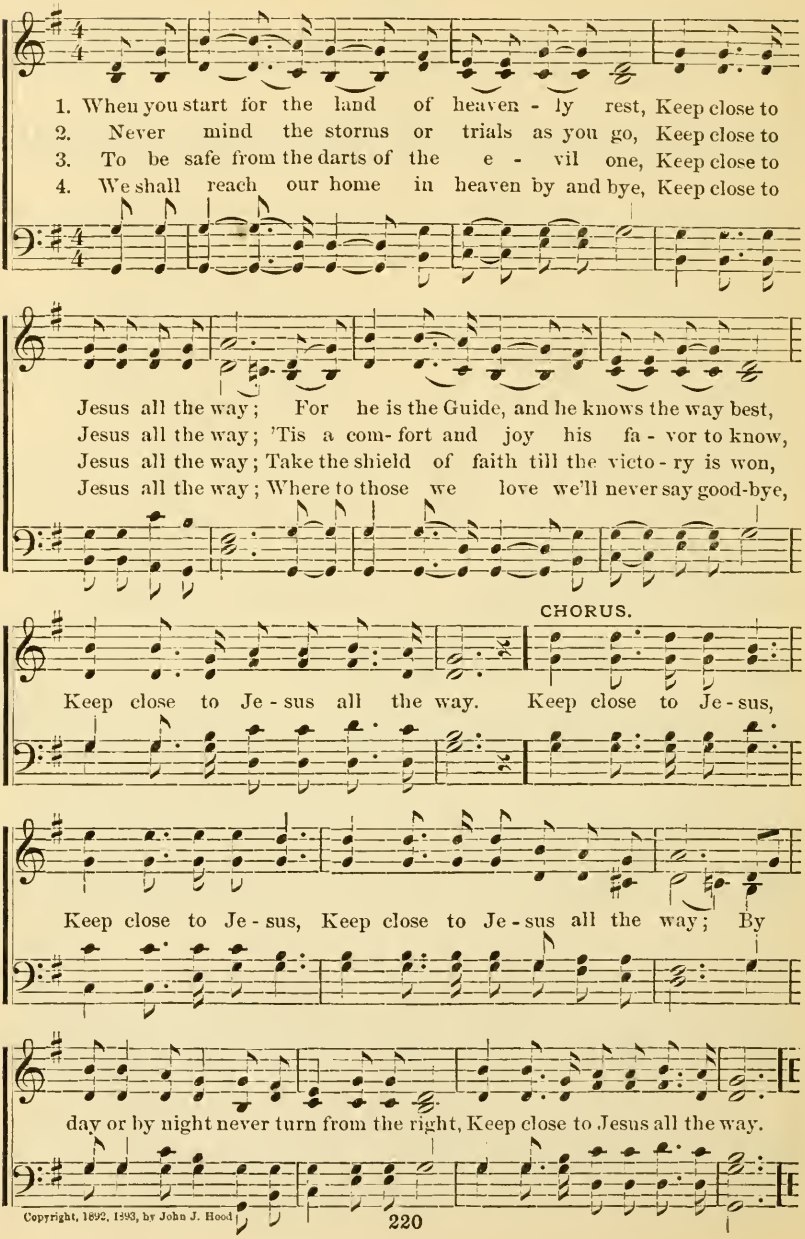
270 Turn to the Lord. 8, 7. Jeremiah Ingalls.





Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.



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